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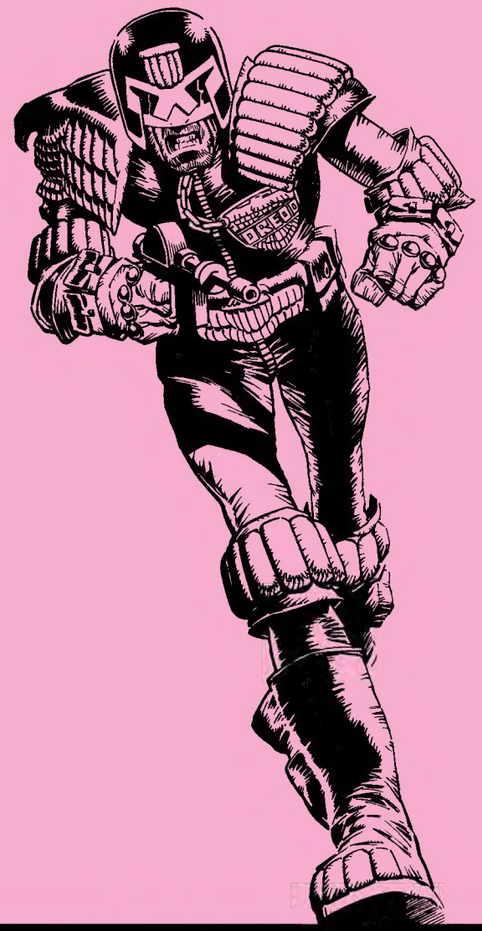
JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES

07

2000AD PROGS 322 - 375

YEAR: 2105 - 2106



JUDGE DREDD

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2000AD PROGS **322 - 375**

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Written by
John Wagner
Alan Grant

Art by
Steve Dillon
Ron Smith
Carlos Ezquerra
Cam Kennedy
Ian Gibson
Kim Raymond
Steve Dillon
Brett Ewins
Jim Baikie

JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 07

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 07

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JUDGE DREDD

CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 1

AROOOOOOO

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T FRAME

IN MEGA-CITY ONE, **JUDGE DREDD** MAKES HIS 300TH ARREST OF THE DAY –

CREEP WAS WALKING AROUND WITH A SAWN-OFF STUMP GUN. PUT HIM DOWN FOR **FOUR.**

INSIDE, MEATHEAD.

STC

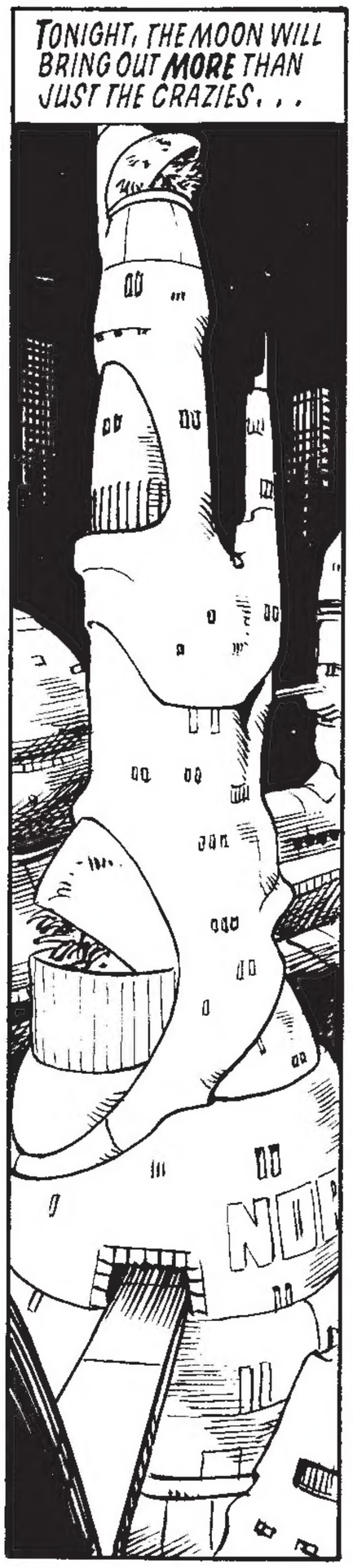
CONTROL TO ALL UNITS. YOU ARE REMINDED THERE IS A **FULL MOON** TONIGHT. ALL JUDGES WILL BE REQUIRED ON DUTY.

DREDD HERE. BEEN ON THE STREET THIRTY-SIX HOURS SOLID. BETTER BOOK ME **TEN MINUTES** IN THE **SLEEP MACHINE.**

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S **T.R.I.'S** – ***TOTAL RELAXATION INDUCERS*** – ALLOW A FULL NIGHT'S REST TO BE COMPRESSED INTO TEN MINUTES...

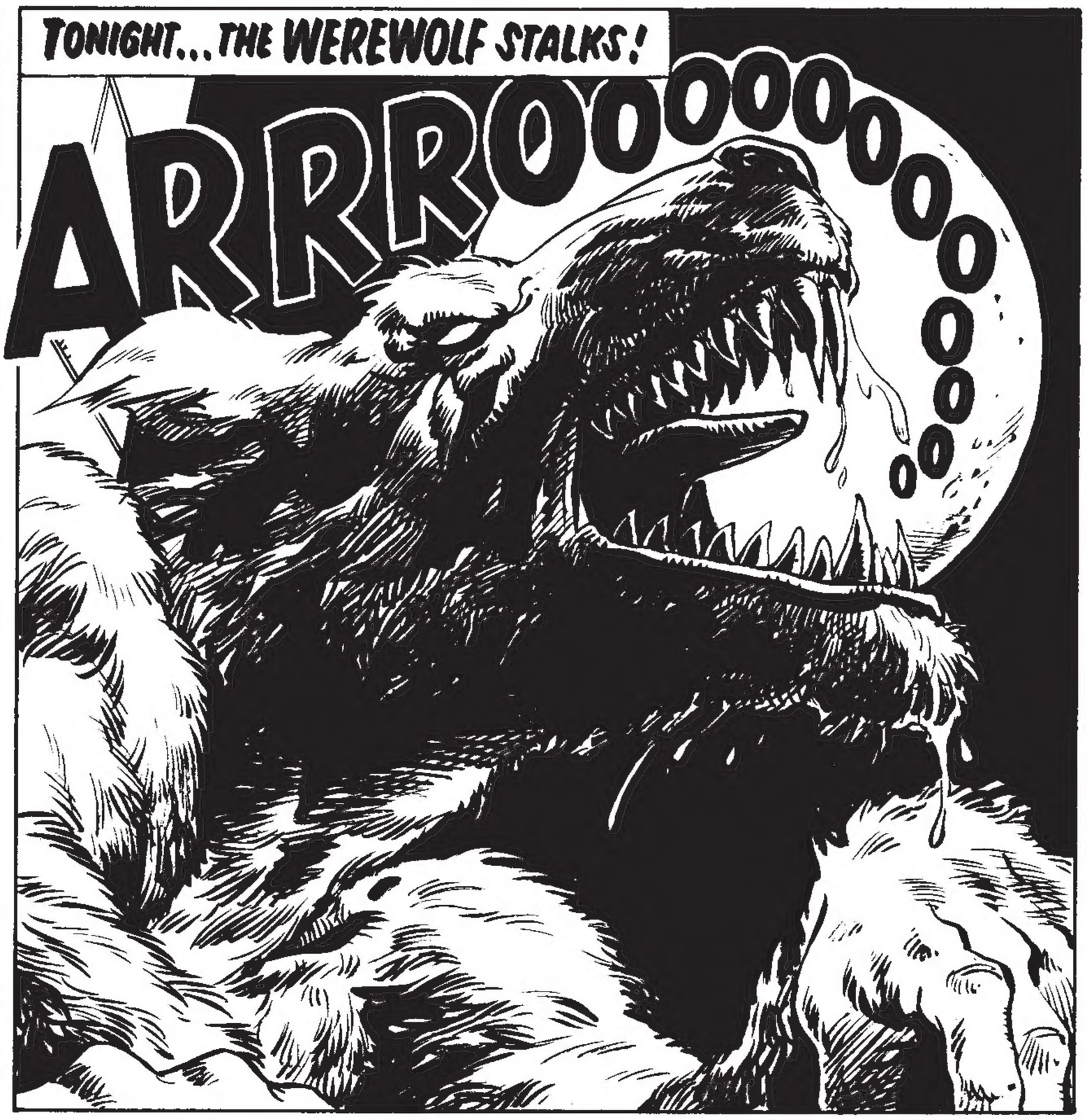
...LEAVING A JUDGE FULLY REFRESHED AND FIT FOR THE MOST ARDUOUS DUTY...

...AND THIS NIGHT WILL BE ARDUOUS -
ONE THING ABOUT THIS CITY THAT NEVER CHANGES - FULL MOON ALWAYS BRINGS OUT THE CRAZIES.


TONIGHT, THE MOON WILL BRING OUT MORE THAN JUST THE CRAZIES...

A CRACK HAS OPENED IN THE FOUNDATIONS OF NORMAN PITLIK CITYBLOCK -

-A CRACK THAT STRETCHES DOWN TO THE NIGHTMARE WORLD OF THE UNDERCITY!


TONIGHT...THE WEREWOLF STALKS!
ARRROOOOOOOOO

WH-WHAT WAS THAT?

AROOOO

IT-IT'S COMING CLOSER!

OH, IT'S NOTHING! PROBABLY JUST SOME OF THE BLOCK **JUVES** SPUGGING ABOUT.

STILL, IF YOU'RE WORRIED, JUST CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER.

OH, RAMONE!

OH, RENE!

RRRRRR

RRRRRR

RRRRR!

OH G-G-G-!

GRAAH!

SLASHH!

A!EEEEE!

IT IS TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE JUDGES ARE CALLED TO THE LONELY PEDWAY —

I WAS J-JUST TAKIN' MY EVENING CONSTITUTIONAL WHEN I-I S-SAW 'EM!

IT-IT WASN'T ME, JUDGE! H-H-H-HONEST!

CALM DOWN, CITIZEN. IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, YOU'VE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, DREDD?

WE CAN RULE **HIM** OUT, ANYWAY. VICTIMS HAVE BEEN RIPPED TO SHREDS AND PARTIALLY **EATEN**. SOME KIND OF **ANIMAL** IS MY GUESS.

ANIMAL? IN **THIS** CITY?

DREDD

EITHER THAT, OR WE GOT A CITIZEN WHO DOESN'T CUT HIS TOENAILS.

MUNK, PUT OUT A **GENERAL WARNING** AND WAIT HERE TILL FORENSIC ARRIVE.

KORKORAN — WITH ME.

MEANWHILE, ON A A QUIET CITY LINKWAY —

LOOK **OUT**, DARLENE!

OH NO! I'VE **HIT HIM!**

THUDD!

HE'S STILL ALIVE!

WAIT, DARLENE! THERE WAS SOMETHING KINDA FUNNY ABOUT THAT GUY —

RRRAAHHH

AIEEEEE!

NAARRR!

SWEET MERCY! DARLENE!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

D-DID YOU SEE WHAT IT WAS, FLOYD?

A JUDGE! STOP! STOP!

A WEREWOLF, JUDGE! IT BIT MY WIFE - RAN OFF!

YOU'RE JOKIN', CITIZEN.

FOGG

VROOMMM

YOU! HALT!

DROKK! THEY WEREN'T KIDDING!

NEXT PROG: BADGE OF THE WEREWOLF!

JUDGE DREDD

CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 2

A FULL MOON SHINES ON MEGA-CITY ONE - AND SINISTER BEASTS ARE AT LARGE!

THREE DIRECT HITS AND IT'S STILL CLIMBING!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T FRAME

SWITCHING TO INCENDIARY!

FWUMP!

AROOOOOOOOOOO

CONTROL! THIS IS FOGG! YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THIS, BUT I JUST BAGGED ME A WOLFMAN!

PAT-WAGONS ARE SOON ON THE SCENE. JUDGE FOGG DISMISSES THE CREATURE'S VICTIM –

BETTER GET THAT **BITE** TREATED, CITIZEN. YOUR NEAREST MED-UNIT IS **FOSTER GRANT** BLOCK.

BLEEDING'S STOPPED NOW, **FLOYD**. FORGET THE HOSPITAL, I JUST WANT TO GET HOME AND LOCK THE DOOR.

OKAY, DARLENE. WE'LL PUT SOME ANTISEPTIC ON IT WHEN WE GET THERE.

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY –

CONTROL TO DREDD! JUDGE FOGG REPORTS SIGHTING AND SLAYING OF NON-HUMAN PERP. COULD BE A LINK WITH YOUR **PITLIK PEDWAY KILLINGS**.

CREATURE DESCRIBED AS HUMANOID, AVERAGE HEIGHT, THICKLY BUILT, HEAVY **PELT** COVERING ENTIRE BODY. LONG **CLAWS** AND DISTENDED **CANINES**. DISTINCT **WOLFISH** APPEARANCE TO HEAD.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT – **WEREWOLF**?

YEAH – AN' I'M **BUGS BUNNY**!

AROOOOOOOO

UP THERE!

DROKK!

VRRMM

MOVE IT, BUGS!

TWO OF THEM, DREDD! GORGING ON ANOTHER KILL!

ONE OF THE BESTIAL SHAPES SNARLS DEFIANCE-

AREN'T WE SUPPOSED TO USE SILVER BULLETS OR SOMETHING-?

STOW THE SILVER BULLETS- BIKE CANNON!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

THE OTHER WEREBEAST CLAMPS JAWS AROUND ITS PREY-

IT'S RUNNING FOR IT!

DON'T SHOOT, KORKORAN! JUST A CHANCE THE VICTIM'S STILL ALIVE!

BOOTKNIVES!

GRARRR!

AAGGH!

RRRR

DROKK! THE THING JUST WON'T DIE!

CHEW A HIGH EXPLOSIVE, FIDO!

DREDD

IT'S DEAD **NOW.**

SO'S THE VICTIM.

DREDD! LOOK AT THIS!

IT'S WEARING THE REMNANTS OF A **JUDGE'S UNIFORM.**

BRAM

WEIRD... **BRAM** - I REMEMBER THAT NAME...

I'LL RUN THIS CARCASE DOWN TO **FORENSIC** FOR EXAMINATION. YOU GET THAT WOUND TREATED – NO TELLING **WHAT** YOU MIGHT HAVE PICKED UP FROM THOSE FANGS.

DREDD TO CONTROL – TWO MORE OF THOSE WOLFMEN FOUND. PUT OUT A GENERAL WARNING – COULD BE MORE ABOUT.

AND SEND A SQUAD TO CLEARWAY 433 – THERE'S A BIT OF **CLEANING UP** TO DO.

*SOON, AT **FORENSIC** –*

THERE'S THE DATA ON **BRAM.** A GOOD JUDGE, BUT SOME OF HIS DECISIONS WERE BECOMING A BIT **ERRATIC.** HE TOOK THE **LONG WALK** DOWN TO THE **UNDERCITY.**

*WHEN A JUDGE'S USEFUL LIFE WAS OVER, HE COULD CHOOSE TO TAKE **THE LONG WALK** – TO BRING **LAW** TO ONE OF THE LAWLESS AREAS BEYOND THE CITY'S BOUNDARIES –*

UNDERCITY GATE 31

OPEN THE UNDERCITY GATE!

*ONE SUCH AREA WAS THE **UNDERCITY** – THE SEALED-OFF REMAINS OF THE OLD CITY ON WHICH MEGA-CITY ONE HAD BEEN BUILT –*

CLANGG!

FAREWELL, BRAM! YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED!

YOU RECKON THIS WEREWOLF **KILLED** BRAM – TOOK HIS UNIFORM.

FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN, THEY'RE NOT EXACTLY **FASHION-CONSCIOUS.**

ACCORDING TO THE RECORDS, BRAM TOOK A BAD LAS BURN ON HIS LEFT THIGH BACK IN '99.

MY DOK, DREDD - A LASER SCAR!

DON'T ASK ME HOW, BUT THIS THING IS - OR WAS - JUDGE BRAM.

ATTENTION JUDGE DREDD! REPORT TO MED-BAY IMMEDIATELY!

IT'S KORKORAN. SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO HIM -

HE STARTED SPROUTING HAIR A FEW MINUTES AGO. SHAPE OF HIS FACE IS DISTORTING - TEETH ENLARGING - FOAMING AT THE MOUTH...

DROKK! HE'S TURNING INTO A WOLFMAN!

NEXT PROG: HOWLING FURY!

JUDGE DREDD

MEGA-CITIZEN DARLENE O'SMITH HAS BEEN ATTACKED BY ONE OF THE WEREWOLVES AT LARGE IN THE FUTURE CITY. NOW, SHE AND HER HUSBAND FLOYD RETURN TO THEIR APARTMENT —

I FEEL... STRANGE, FLOYD. CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT BLOOD... AND MEAT... RAW MEAT.

THERE THERE! BEING ATTACKED BY THAT WOLFMAN WOULD GIVE ANYONE THE HEEBIE JEEBIES.

YOU JUST SIT THERE AND I'LL GET SOME ANTISEPTIC FOR THAT BITE.

MY HEAD — BLOOD! — FEELS LIKE IT'S SPLITTING! BLOOD! I...

WANT...

BLOODD!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T FRAME

CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART3

RRRR

HERE WE ARE, DARLENE! A LITTLE DAB'LL DO YA! HA HA HA!

DARLENE?

RRRRRRRRR

DARLENE...

RRRAGG!

EEAAAGH!

ARROOOOO

IN A HALL OF JUSTICE MED-BAY, THE SAME STARTLING CHANGE COMES OVER A SECOND WEREWOLF VICTIM —

THE SHAPE OF HIS FACE IS DISTORTING — TEETH ENLARGING — FOAMING AT THE MOUTH.

KORKORAN IS TURNING INTO A **WOLFMAN!**

IT WOULD APPEAR THAT WAY. THE METAMORPHOSIS IS OCCURRING RAPIDLY. I'LL **SEDATE** HIM.

GRAAH!

RIPPPP!

DROKK! HE'S LOOSE!

AAGH!

KORKORAN

GRUD! HE'S BITING ME!

GET A GRIP OF YOURSELF, KORKORAN!

GRAH!

GUESS KORKORAN'S NOT AT HOME!

BITE ON THIS!

BOKK!

GRAIEEE!

THE SEDATIVE! QUICKLY!

OKAY, DREDD! GOT HIM!

"YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT", THEY SAY... MAYBE THEY SHOULD'VE MADE IT "**YOU ARE WHAT EATS YOU**"!

AND I THOUGHT ALL THAT WEREWOLF BALONEY WAS JUST SUPERSTITION.

OBVIOUSLY NOT. LOCK KORKORAN UP TIGHT. DO WHAT YOU CAN FOR THE OTHERS.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I JUST REMEMBERED - **THE WEREWOLVES HAD ANOTHER VICTIM!**

DREDD RADIOED JUSTICE CENTRAL, AND -

VICTIM'S NAME: DARLENE O'SMITH. RESIDENT APARTMENT 6494M, BUCK CHEGWIN BLOCK.

PUT OUT A PRIORITY ONE - ALL UNITS IN THAT VICINITY TO CONVERGE ON BUCK CHEGWIN!

WITHIN SECONDS, JUDGES ARE RACING UP TO THE CHEGWIN BLOCK -

AROOOOOOOO

BUCK CHEGWIN

MEANWHILE -

STOP THAT TERRIBLE RACKET!

I'M SURE THEY'VE GOT A DOG IN THERE!

WHAT'S A DOG?

Thop! Thop!

DID YOU HEAR? STOP THAT RACKET OR... I'M... sending... for the... judges...

SLAMM!

H-HOLY ANNA! WAS **THAT** A DOG...?

CRASH!

GRAAARR

WHEN JUDGES ARRIVE –

DROKK! WE'RE TOO LATE!

NOW COME ON, DARLENE – WE DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU...

DON'T THINK SHE'S GOT THE MESSAGE!

BADAMM!

BADAM!

DREDD ARRIVES –

GET A FLEET OF MEAT WAGONS TO BUCK CHEGWIN!

YOU MISSED ALL THE ACTION, DREDD.

THERE SHE IS – THE LAST OF THE WEREWOLVES!

YOU GOTTA BE JOKING!

I WANT ALL THESE VICTIMS LOCKED UP AND UNDER GUARD. IF THINGS RUN TRUE TO FORM, WE'VE GOT THE MAKINGS OF A **WHOLE WOLFPACK** HERE.

NEXT PROG:

INTO THE NIGHTMARE!

JUDGE DREDD

CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 4

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T FRAME

WEREWOLVES HAVE APPEARED IN MEGA-CITY ONE. NOW, IN THE FORTIFIED **HOLDING PENS** BENEATH THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, THE UNFORTUNATE **VICTIMS** HAVE BEEN ROUNDED UP –

THE CONDITION IS KNOWN AS **LYCANTHROPY** – THE ABILITY TO CHANGE INTO **WOLF FORM**. VICTIMS BECOME FRENZIED **CARNIVORES**, POSSESSED OF **IMMENSE STRENGTH**.

SCANT COMFORT TO **KORKORAN** AND THE OTHERS. ANY PROGRESS ON A **CURE**?

NOT YET, BUT THE LABS HAVE ISOLATED THE **CAUSE** IN THIS CASE.

IN THE TEK LABS – WE FOUND A NEW **RADIOACTIVE CHEMICAL** IN THE BODIES OF THE WEREWOLVES – A SUBSTANCE CAPABLE OF BRINGING ABOUT DRAMATIC CHANGES IN BODY CHEMISTRY. IT'S IDENTIFIABLE BY THE BRIGHT GREENISH GLOW. I CALL IT **CASSIDIUM**.

FAME AT LAST, HUH, CASSIDY?

CASSIDY

AW, C'MON – I HAD TO CALL IT SOMETHING.

ANYWAY, I'VE DEVELOPED A **NEUTRALISING AGENT.** WHEN EVEN A **MINUTE** QUANTITY IS ADDED TO THE CASSIDIUM, IT CHANGES IT TO A HARMLESS **ALGAE.**

SO ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS **LOCATE** THE **CASSIDIUM SOURCE.**

THERE WE HAVE A HEADSTART, DREDD - **JUDGE BRAM.**

BRAM TOOK THE **LONG WALK** TO THE **UNDERCITY.** IT'S PROBABLE HE PICKED UP THE CONTAMINANT THERE.

THAT'S POSSIBLE. NO TELLING WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING IN THAT HELLHOLE SINCE THE **APOCALYPSE WAR.**

I WANT **YOU** TO HANDLE THIS, DREDD. FIND THAT SOURCE AND NEUTRALISE IT.

WHAT ABOUT THE WEREWOLVES THEMSELVES? IF THIS CONDITION CAN BE PASSED ON THROUGH THEIR **SALIVA**, THEY'LL HAVE TO BE **ELIMINATED TOO.**

EXACTLY. HAVE FUN.

THANKS.

LATER THAT MORNING -

OPEN THE UNDERCITY GATE!

ROSEMAN TO DREDD!

GLAD I CAUGHT YOU. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED...

WE'VE FOUND A **CRACK** IN THE FOUNDATIONS OF **NORMAN PITLIK BLOCK** - RUNS RIGHT DOWN TO THE **UNDERCITY.** PROBABLY HOW THE WEREWOLVES GOT HERE.

THEN THE GATE CLANGS SHUT - AND DREDD IS SWALLOWED BY THE DANK DARKNESS -

WA

THE UNDERCITY! THE OLD CITY THAT LAY BENEATH THE STREETS OF THE SPRAWLING MEGALOPOLIS.

LONG AGO, IT HAD BECOME SO POLLUTED, SO RUN-DOWN, SO DECAYED THAT JUDGES HAD DECIDED TO **CONCRETE OVER IT** AND START AGAIN.

NOW IT WAS A REFUGE FOR HALF-HUMANS, MUTANTS, ESCAPED CRIMINALS AND OTHER OUTCASTS FROM THE CITY ABOVE.

PLACE IS SO VAST I COULD SEARCH FOR WEEKS AND GET NOWHERE. BETTER MAKE FOR PITLIK – BOUND TO BE SOME WEREWOLF TRACES THERE.

FOODEE!

FOODEE!

GIVEE FOODEE!

BLIND BEGGARS – BEEN SO LONG IN THE PIT, THEY'VE LOST THE USE OF THEIR EYES.

CLEAR THE WAY!

NO! NO! FIRST GIVEE FOODEE – OR WE TAKEE!

CREEPS WON'T TAKE A TELLING!

BLAM!

CLEAR THE WAY, I SAID!

AIEEE!

BANG BANG! NO NO!

RUNNEE QUICKEE!

KRUMP!

URGGH!

PATHETIC SCUM. PEOPLE WHO'VE SUNK AS LOW AS THE HOLE THEY LIVE IN. GOT NO TIME TO HELP 'EM.

EVEN IF I DID, I WOULDN'T!

COMPUTER - PLOT ME A COURSE FOR NORMAN PITLIK.

WILCO. HOLDEE TIGHTEE!

AND STOW THE HUMOUR!

THROUGH THE RUINS TO WHERE THE FOUNDATIONS OF NORMAN PITLIK PIERCE THE CONCRETE ROOF -

CRACK'S WIDE ENOUGH, ANYWAY - AND PLENTY OF WEREWOLF TRACES ON THE GROUND.

RUMBLE!

SPOUT!

UHHGH!

LIQUID CONCRETE! THEY'RE SEALING OFF THE CRACK ALREADY. A WISE MOVE. PITY ABOUT THE UNIFORM, THOUGH...

DREDD FOLLOWS THE TRAIL TO OLD TIMES SQUARE –

SONY

TRACKS PETER OUT ON THIS HARD SLAB...

ROCKY 37 | 2 | MAD MAX 25

SIRLOIN STEAK

STEAK & BREW

W46 ST

BROADWAY

ONE WAY

BROADWAY... MIGHT AS WELL BE NO WAY!

SUDDENLY –

R'RUMMBLE!

ROBOTS! FOUND THEMSELVES AN OLD STEAM ENGINE!

GRAAHH!

DROKK! A WHITE WEREWOLF!

NEXT PROG:

ASSAULT ON BROADWAY!

JUDGE DREDD
CRY OF THE WEREWOLF
PART5
JUDGE DREDD HAS BEEN SENT DOWN TO THE UNDERCITY TO NEUTRALISE THE CASSIDIUM SOURCE - THE RADIOACTIVE CHEMICAL WHICH HAS CREATED A RACE OF WEREWOLVES.
THERE, HE COMES UPON A GROUP OF FUGITIVE ROBOTS-
IN THE NAME OF THE LAW - HALT!
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T FRAME
I WANT THE WHITE WEREWOLF!
WE SLEW FIFTY WEREWOLVES TO CAPTURE THIS - THEIR LEADER. HE IS OUR TROPHY! THE SYMBOL OF OUR DOMINANCE OF EAST UNDERCITY!
BEGONE, UPSIDER JUDGE - OR YOU PAY THE PRICE FOR TRESPASSING ON ROBOT TERRITORY!
FZZAAKKK!
16

DREDD'S SECOND SALVO SHATTERS THE WHITE WEREWOLF'S CHAINS!

SPANG!

HE'S FREED THE WEREWOLF! KILL IT!

AROOOO!

THINK AGAIN! AS RENEGADE MACHINES YOU HAVE NO RIGHTS UNDER **ANY** LAW!

FZAKKA!!

THEN DREDD WHEELS —

AND SPEEDS AWAY UNDER A HAIL OF FIRE!

JUDGES! YOU WOULD THINK THEY HAD ENOUGH TO DO WITHOUT COMING DOWN HERE TO BOTHER US.

WHAT DOES A JUDGE WANT WITH A **WHITE WEREWOLF** ANYWAY?

AROOOOo.

HE'S MOVING FAST. DON'T WANT TO LOSE HIM – **INFRA-RED ON.**

*THE INFRA-RED BEAM SHOWS UP **HEAT TRACES** LEFT BY THE WEREWOLF'S PASSAGE –*

WITH A LITTLE LUCK, THE BEAST WILL LEAD ME BACK TO ITS OWN TERRITORY – AND THE CASSIDIUM.

DREDD FOLLOWS THE FLEEING WEREWOLF THROUGH THE CRUMBLING CAVERNS OF THE GRIM NETHER-WORLD –

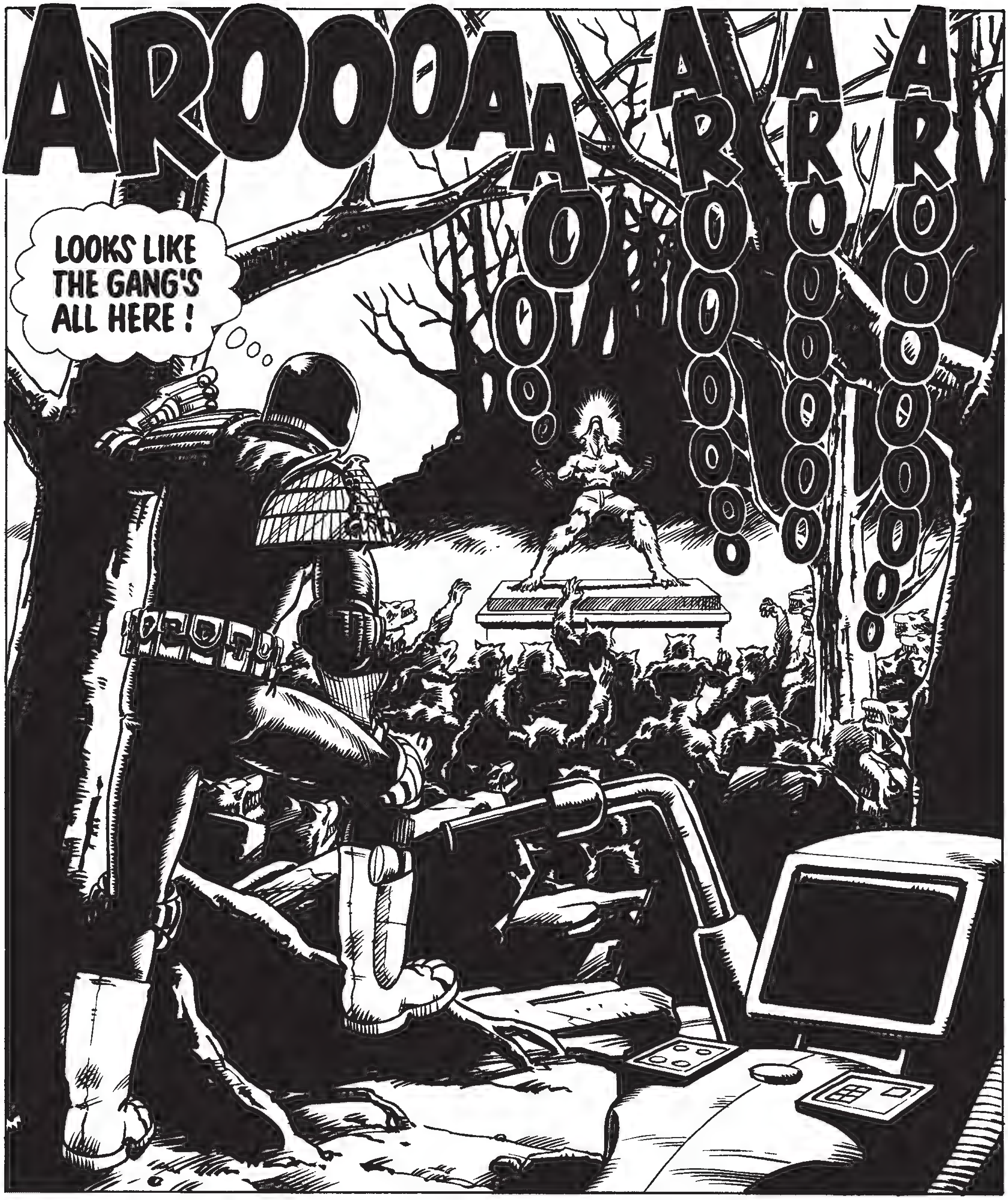
AROOOOOOOOO

THE TRAIL LEADS TO A DESOLATE AREA OF DECAYED WOODLAND –

CENTRAL PARK

AROOOOOOO
AROOOOOOO

DROKK!


AROOOAAAOOOOO
AAROOOOOOO
AROOOOOOO
AROOOOOOOO
LOOKS LIKE THE GANG'S ALL HERE !

THEN DREDD'S EYE CATCHES SIGHT OF A GHOULISH GREEN GLOW –

CASSIDIUM! A WHOLE **LAKE** OF THE STUFF!

NO WAY I'M GONNA GET THIS **NEUTRALISING AGENT** TO THE CASSIDIUM WITHOUT BEING SEEN.

IT'LL HAVE TO BE STRAIGHT THROUGH THEM – AND HOPE FOR THE BEST!

BIKE CANNON!

VRMM!

BUDDA BUDDA

DOWN, FIDO!

HERE GOES NOTHIN' !

BLAM! BLAM!

THE CONCENTRATED NEUTRALISING AGENT SPREADS THROUGH THE POOL, TURNING THE DEADLY CASSIDIUM INTO A **HARMLESS BROWN ALGAE** –

I'LL SAY THIS FOR CASSIDY – HIS STUFF **WORKS!**

BUT WHETHER I'LL EVER GET BACK TO TELL HIM IS ANOTHER MATTER !

GRAAA!

GRAAAH!

NEXT PROG: **ONCE BITTEN, TWICE DOOMED !**

JUDGE DREDD

CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 6

THE UNDERCITY – THE DECAYING RUINS BENEATH MEGA-CITY ONE – WHERE JUDGE DREDD HAS NEUTRALISED THE CHEMICAL POOL WHICH SPAWNED A RACE OF WEREWOLVES.

NOW, DREDD MUST ESCAPE THE BLOOD-CRAZED PACK!

GRAAaIEEE!

BADAM! BADAM!

AROOO OOOOOO

CLEAR THE WAY, WOLFBOYS – YOU'RE MESSING WITH A MEGA-CITY JUDGE!

BUDDA! BUDDA! BUDDA! BUDDA!

GRAAAAAHHH!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T FRAME

ABOVE THE MELEE, THE **WEREWOLF LEADER** ANTICIPATES THE BLOODY RESULT OF THE CONFRONTATION –

BA DAM!

– AND MOVES TO FORESTALL THE ESCAPE!

AROOOO!

WITH FIRE AND FURY, DREDD CLEAVES HIS PATH –

ROLL OVER, ROVER! I'M COMIN' THROUGH!

HIGH EXPLOSIVE!

BADA A M!

BEHIND DREDD, THE HOWLING PACK PAUSES – DAUNTED. . .

. . . AND HAVING CONSIDERED THE **PERIL** OF **PURSUIT**, TURNS BACK TO **GORGE** ON THE REMAINS OF THEIR FALLEN COMPANIONS!

AROOOO!

RIPPPP!

I'M THROUGH - BUT MY BUSINESS WITH THE WEREPACK IS FAR FROM OVER.

THE SOURCE IS DESTROYED - BUT THE CONDITION CAN BE PASSED ON BY THE WEREWOLVES' BITE.

BEFORE THE CITY ABOVE CAN BE SAFE, **EVERY LAST WEREWOLF MUST DIE!**

GRRAAAHHHH!

THE WHITE WEREWOLF!

NAAAAR!

BEING CUT TO RIBBONS! GOTTA REACH MY GUN -

NARR RGG!

SLASHH!

CRUNK!

RRR R RR

WHITEY'S COMIN' IN FOR THE KILL. FIGURES ME FOR JUDGE-STEAK -

GRREEEEAARHH!

ONLY ONE STAKE YOU'RE GONNA GET, FIDO -

THROUGH THE HEART!

DEAD - BUT IT'S TOO LATE FOR ME. I'VE BEEN BITTEN - INFECTED BY THE WEREWOLF CURSE!

GOT JUST OVER AN **HOUR** BEFORE I TURN WOLF MYSELF.

AN HOUR TO FIND A WAY TO WIPE OUT THE WHOLE PACK - AND MYSELF.

YES - **KILL MYSELF.** FOR I CAN **NEVER** RETURN TO THE CITY TO SPREAD THIS VILE CONTAMINATION!

THERE IS A WAY... A SLIM HOPE - BUT SLIM IS BETTER THAN NOTHING. I'LL NEED THIS CARCASE.

WITH HASTE BORN OF DESPERATION, THE DOOMED LAWMAN SPEEDS ACROSS THE NIGHTMARE CITY -

THE **RAD-PIT** I PASSED ON MY WAY - THAT MIGHT SERVE MY PURPOSE.

*ON A WALKWAY SPANNING THE RAD-PIT, DREDD SETS **EXPLOSIVE CHARGES** -*

ONE CHARGE AT EITHER END OUGHT TO DO IT.

THE RADIOACTIVE HEAT IS ALMOST UNBEARABLE EVEN FROM HERE. **NOTHING** COULD SURVIVE A PLUNGE INTO THAT.

BITE'S STARTING TO TAKE EFFECT... CAN FEEL A **CLOUDINESS** IN MY HEAD...

MUST HURRY... **HURRY!**

DREDD PROPS THE WEREWOLF'S BODY ON HIS LAWMASTER -

BIKE - THIS IS MY **FINAL COMMAND**... USE YOUR **VOCAL SYNTHESISER** TO **DUPLICATE** THE **CRY** OF THE **WHITE WEREWOLF.** BROADCAST IT **LONG** AND **LOUD.**

IF BY SOME CHANCE YOU MANAGE TO SURVIVE THIS, RETURN TO THE CITY. TELL THEM WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

TELL THEM I DIED DOING MY DUTY.

AS DREDD WALKS AWAY, HIS BIKE SETS UP A BLOOD-CURDLING WAIL –

ARROOOOOOOOO

A WAIL WHICH IS SOON ANSWERED FROM THE DECAYED REMNANTS OF CENTRAL PARK –

AROOOOOOO

AROOOOOOOO

THEN, DRAWN BY THEIR LEADER'S CALL, THE WEREWOLVES COME RUNNING!

AROOOOOOOOO

THE CRY IS ANSWERED, THEY'RE COMING... BUT TIME IS RUNNING OUT...

HURRY! HURRY – BEFORE I'M TOO FAR GONE TO CARE!

NEXT PROG: CRY OF THE JUDGE-WOLF!

JUDGE DREDD
JUDGE
THE UNDERCITY! ON A CRUMBLING WALKWAY SPANNING A RAD-PIT THE WEREWOLF PACK HAVE BEEN LURED BY THE CRY OF THEIR LEADER.
THERE THEY GATHER IN CONFUSION. THEIR LEADER – THE WHITE WEREWOLF – IS DEAD... AND THE GHASTLY CRY COMES FROM A JUDGE'S LAWMASTER –
AROOOOOOOOOO
FROM ITS PLACE OF CONCEALMENT A GRISLY CLAW CREEPS TOWARDS A RADIO DETONATOR –
JUDGE DREDD'S LAST ACT AS A HUMAN BEING!
KABOOM!
KABOOM!
THE WEREPACK PLUNGES TO ITS DOOM IN THE DEADLY RADIATION HEAT OF THE RAD-PIT BELOW!
GRAAAEEEEEEE!
JUDGE DREDD – OR WHAT WAS ONCE JUDGE DREDD – UTTERS A PIERCING HOWL OF TRIUMPH!
AKROOOOOOO
CRY OF THE WEREWOLF
PART 7
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T FRAME

THEN HE TURNS FROM THE SEARING HEAT OF THE RAD-PIT. . . STUMBLES AWAY –

HIS DECISION TO FOLLOW THE WEREWOLVES TO THEIR DOOM IS FORGOTTEN. THE WHITE WEREWOLF'S **BITE MARKS** ARE STILL ETCHED IN HIS FLESH – AND ONLY ONE CRAVING CONSUMES HIM. . .

BLOODLUST!

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE HIS KEENING SENSES DETECT THAT DELICIOUS SCENT –

ARO

OOOOAAOOOO

DON'T WALK

HOLY CRIPES! IT-IT'S ONE O' THEM **WOLFIES!**

KEEP CALM. STICK TO THE PLAN.

RRRRR

BACK SLOWLY AWAY.

HERE, WOLFIE! HERE, BOY!

NARRR RR R

WE GOT HIM!

BUT WHAT'RE WE GONNA **DO** WITH HIM? CAN'T **STEAL** FROM A WOLFIE - AN' I SURE AS SLIME AIN'T GONNA **EAT** HIM!

AT LEAST WE CAN **STICK** HIM! HAVE US SOME FUN!

GRRA A A

JAB

A COLD, CRISP VOICE CUTS THROUGH THE STALE AIR -

ROBBING SCUM!

UH-OH!

THE SENTENCE IS DEATH!

A WEREWOLF, HUH? NO WAY I'M GONNA PULL YOU OUT, PAL.

SWITCHING TO **HIGH EXPLOSIVE.**

RAGER

BUT AS THE AGING JUDGE'S FINGER TIGHTENS . . .

DROKK! IT'S IN A **JUDGE'S UNIFORM**... AND THAT BADGE – **DREDD!**

CAN THAT **THING** BE **JOE DREDD?**

AND IF SO, WHAT DO I **DO** WITH HIM?

IF IT IS DREDD, 'LEAST HE DESERVES IS A HERO'S DEATH. BETTER TAKE HIM BACK UP TO THE CITY – LET THEM DECIDE.

STUMM GAS!

FWOOMPH!

NAAARRR

THE CHOKING VAPOUR TAKES INSTANT EFFECT –

DREDD OR NOT, CAN'T RISK YOU WAKING UP AND TAKING A CHUNK OUTA ME.

PRAGER MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE UNDERCITY. IT HAS BEEN HIS TERRITORY FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS. THE INHABITANTS KNOW HIM WELL, AND GIVE HIM GROUND.

AT THE CITY GATE –

CLANG! CLANG!

WHO GOES THERE?

JUDGE PRAGER. TOOK THE LONG WALK FOUR YEARS BACK. GOT SOMETHIN' FOR YOU.

A JUDGE ALL RIGHT. WHAT YOU GOT FOR US, PRAGER?

THIS.

DROKK! DREDD! SO THE WEREWOLVES GOT HIM!

I'D BETTER GET HIM TO MED-BAY, QUICK.

HIS TASK DONE, PRAGER RETURNS TO THE GLOOM BELOW –

HEY, PRAGER – HOW'S THINGS DOWN THERE ANYWAY?

GRIM.

CLANG!

LATER, IN A HALL OF JUSTICE MED-BAY -

HE'S COMING ROUND!

KORKORAN... YOU'RE...NORMAL AGAIN!

SO ARE **YOU**, DREDD.

YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT HOW - ?

CASSIDY HERE CAME UP WITH THE CURE. GUY'S A GENIUS - ONLY TROUBLE IS, HE NEVER LETS YOU FORGET IT.

KORKORAN

WELL, YOU GOT MY THANKS ANYWAY, CASSIDY.

I DON'T MIND ADMITTING, FOR A WHILE DOWN THERE, THINGS GOT **PRETTY HAIRY!**

NEXT PROG:

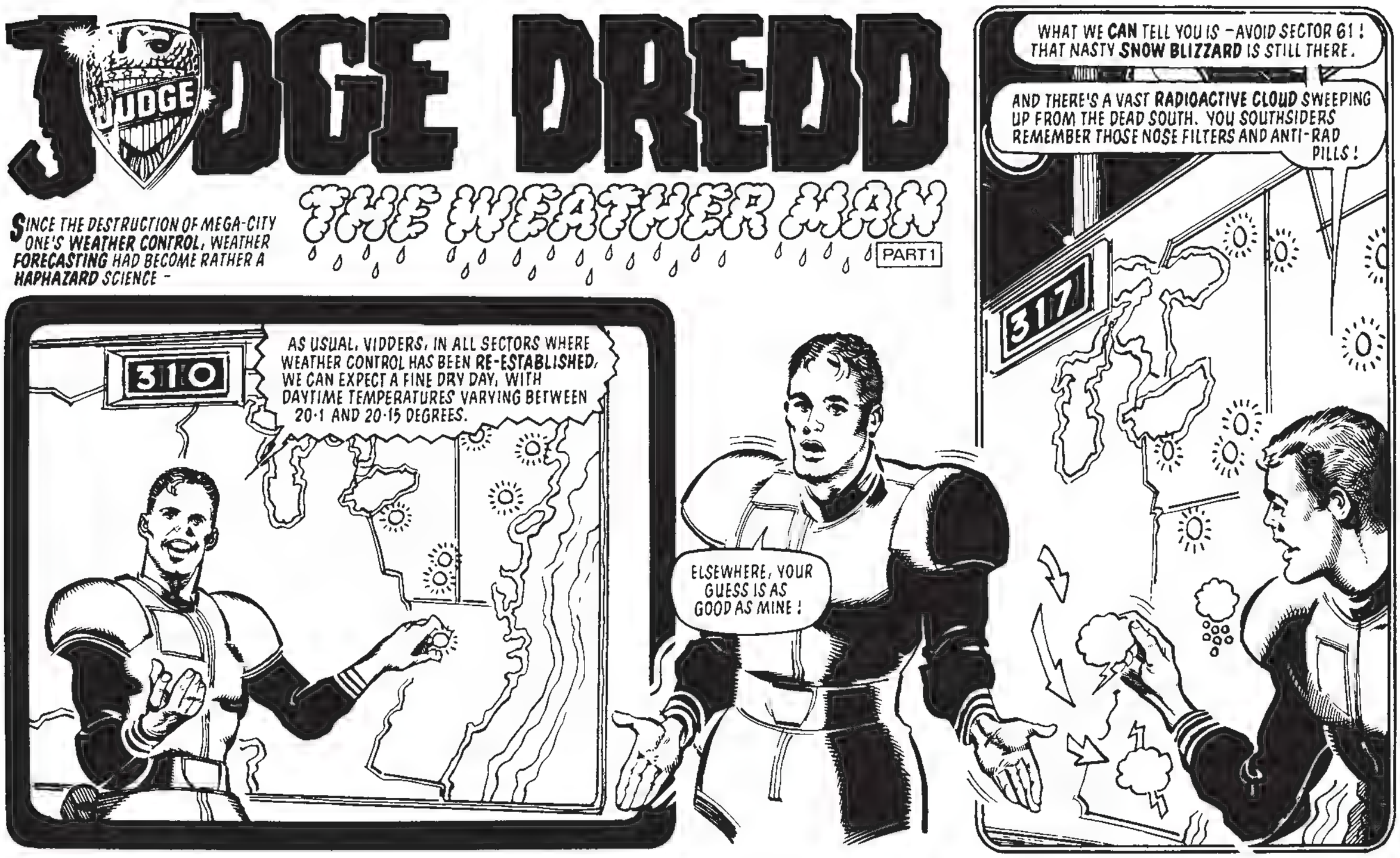
THE WEATHER MAN

JUDGE DREDD

THE WEATHER MAN

PART 1

SINCE THE DESTRUCTION OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S **WEATHER CONTROL**, WEATHER **FORECASTING** HAD BECOME RATHER A **HAPHAZARD** SCIENCE -



SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME

TH-THE TWISTER'S GONNA GET US, DREDD! HAVE MERCY – LEMME GO!

NO CHANCE, CREEP. YOU'RE STAYIN' PUT!

DREDD

J★D

TWISTER'S TAKEN DREDD! BEING CHAINED TO THIS HOLDING POST SAVED ME!

WAIT THERE, CREEP...

...I'LL BE BACK!

JUST AS SUDDENLY AS IT SPRINGS UP, FREAK WEATHER CAN DISAPPEAR –

TWISTER'S DYING AWAY –

LOOK OUT BELOW!

THANK HEAVEN IT'S BLOWN ITSELF OUT! FOR A MOMENT THERE I THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS!

ME TOO, PAL. NOW, WHERE WERE WE...?

CLANG!

KRASSH!

CLATTER!

OH YEAH – HAND OVER YOUR CREDS OR I'LL BLOW YOUR STINKIN' HEAD OFF!

GOTTA BREAK MY FALL! THAT POLE –

KRAAÄÄK!

DROKK!

IT'S THE FLYING SQUAD!

UUUFFF!

DREDD MAKES HIS ARREST –

CONTROL ! WHEN IN GRUD'S NAME ARE WE GOING TO GET THIS WEATHER FIXED ?

BUT THERE ARE SOME WHO ENJOY THE FREAK CONDITIONS – EVEN EXULT IN THEM !

THUNDER ROAR ! LIGHTNING CRACK !

FANTASTICO !

VUNDERBAR !

ONE SUCH MAN IS CARL HEINZ PILCHARDS-IN-TOMATO-SAUCE CLAYDERMAN –

AHHH ! THE MAGNIFICENT VUNDERS OF NATURE ! HOW THEY FIRE MY IMAGINATION – GIF TO ME MY GREATEST EFFER INSPIRATION !

THE LINE BETWEEN GENIUS AND MADNESS IS A FINE ONE. CLAYDERMAN HAS CROSSED IT – AND THEN SOME !

CARL HEINZ PILCHARDS-IN-TOMATO-SAUCE CLAYDERMAN'S VEATHER SYMPHONY ! MY MASTER VORK ! THE GREATEST SPECTACLE THE VORLD HAS EFFER VITNESSED !

TONIGHT, IT VILL GET ITS FIRST PERFORMANCE !

IT VILL ALSO BE ITS LAST PERFORMANCE, OF COURSE !

BUT HIMMEL ! VOT A PERFORMANCE !

THE CONCERT APPLICATION HAD BEEN PROCESSED THROUGH JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S CENSORS WITHOUT SUSPICION –

I SEE "PITS" CLAYDERMAN HAS COMPOSED ANOTHER SYMPHONY.

HOPE IT'S BETTER THAN HIS LAST. TWELVE ROBOTIC CHICKENS LOCKED INSIDE A PIANO...

APPROVED

NOT APPROVED

YEAH – EASY LISTENING IT WASN'T !

CONCERT APPLICATION

WORK

AYDERMAN'S SYMPHONY

APPROVED

ON THE EVENING OF THE CONCERT, TWO JUDGES WERE ROUTINELY ASSIGNED TO AUDIENCE CONTROL –

STUMM GAS – RIOT FOAM – DAY STICK. RIGHT. I'M READY !

RECKON WE'LL NEED ALL THIS GEAR WITH THESE CULTURE BUGS ?

CLAYDERMAN'S WEATHER SYMPHONY

+++ TONITE ONLY ! + + + +

TAKE IT FROM ME, DENNY – THE BUGS ARE OFTEN THE WORST !

GWYN

IF THE JUDGES HAD HAD ONLY A **GLIMMER** OF WHAT WAS TO COME, THEY WOULD HAVE CANCELLED THE CONCERT FORTHWITH !

CITIZENS – I GIVE YOU THE MAESTRO HIMSELF – **CARL HEINZ PILCHARDS-IN-TOMATO-SAUCE CLAYDERMAN !**

THANK YOU AND GOOT EVENING ! TONIGHT, I VELCOME YOU TO VITNESS – NO ! TO **PARTICIPATE** IN – THE GREATEST ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT OF ALL TIME !

VEN I TALK ABOUT **ART**, I DO NOT MEAN THE USUAL **HOOHA** VICH VE VAIN HUMANS TALK ABOUT !

NO ! I MEAN **REAL** ART ! **NATURE'S** ART ! THE MAGNIFICENT **CRACK** OF THE THUNDERBOLT ! THE SEARING, DEADLY **BEAUTY** OF THE LIGHTNING FLASH !

VY, THERE IS MORE ART IN **VUN SNOWFLAKE** THAN IN ALL THE VORKS OF VILLY DUM-DUM SHAKESPEARE !

GET ON WITH IT, PILCHARD ! I PAID GOOD CREDS TO LISTEN TO THIS !

WHAACK !

WEED OUT THE TROUBLEMAKERS AT ONCE – THAT'S THE ONLY POLICY !

PAH! I DON'T KNOW VY I WASTE MY TIME TALKING TO YOU! YOU VANT ART? I **SHOW** YOU ART!

CONDUCTOR — **TAKE IT AVAY!**

POMPITY POM POM! POMPITY POM POM!

MY VEATHER SYMPHONY BEGINS VITH THE GENTLE, SUMMER MORNING. THERE HAS BEEN A LITTLE **RAIN**, AND VE SEE THE GLITTERING SPLENDOUR OF A **RAINBOW!**

"CLICK"

OOOH!

AAAAAH!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

BUT THEN THE SKY DARKENS! THE **RAIN** BEGINS TO FALL AGAIN — GENTLE AT FIRST...

BUT THEN HEAVIER – EVER HEAVIER!

POMPITY

A TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR!

AMAZING! HOW DOES HE DO IT?

POM! POM!

THEN THE HAILSTONES COME! HAILSTONES OF IMMENSE PROPORTION!

TY POM POM

HAILSTONES AS BIG AS YOUR STUPID HEADS!

AGH!

AIEEE!

POMPITY POM POM!!

THIS MAY BE ART – BUT IT SURE AIN'T LEGAL! I'M STOPPIN' THE CONCERT!

JUDGE DREDD

IN A MEGA-CITY AUDITORIUM, CRACKED COMPOSER CARL HEINZ PILCHARDS-IN-TOMATO-SAUCE CLAYDERMAN GIVES HIS FIRST AND LAST PERFORMANCE OF HIS MASTER WORK...

THE WEATHER SYMPHONY!

POMPITY POM POM!

FWSSHK!

I GIF YOU HAILSTONES - HAILSTONES AS BIG AS YOUR STUPID HEADS!

AIEEE!

CLICK!

ART IT MAY BE - LEGAL IT AIN'T! I'M STOPPIN' THIS CONCERT!

AAGH!

CLICK!

I GIF YOU THE MAJESTY OF... FORK LIGHTNING!

YAAAH!

FZZZAAACK!

GWYN

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

THE WEATHER MAN PART 2

GOTTA PUT AN END TO THIS NOW!

BLAM!

BUT...

BLAM!

DROK! BULLET-PROOF BUBBLE!

bbDOING!

AAAGH!

CLICK!

ROWS "K" TO "R" — I GIF YOU FLASH FLOOD!

POMPITY POM POM

FWOOSH!

FWOOSH!

AAAAGH!

YAAH!

GLUB!

I GIF YOU... HURRICANE VIND! THE SAVAGE SPLENDOUR OF THE TROPICAL TYPHOON!

NO-UUH!

POMPITY POM POM!

AHH!

UNCONSCIOUS, JUDGE DENNY FLOATED AMIDST THE CHAOS -

FZZAKK!

KEEP PLAYING, YOU PHILISTINES!

AIEEE!

OUTSIDE -

CRACK!

RUMBLE!

WOW! THAT MUST BE SOME SHOW!

THEN SUDDENLY - OH, JOY OF JOYS! - THE WIND AND THE HAIL AND THE LIGHTNING DIE AWAY! THE SKIES GROW CLEAR AGAIN!

THANK GRUD FOR THAT!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

HELP ME... UHH!

BUT VAIT! VOT IS THAT LOW RUMBLE VE HEAR?

Ulp!

HELL! THEY'RE LOCKED! WE'RE TRAPPED!

EXIT 1

YES! THERE IT IS AGAIN! LOUDER... EVER LOUDER! AND IS THAT THE INTOXICATING STENCH OF... SULPHUR?

CITIZENS... I GIF YOU –

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

VOLCANIC ERUPTION!

AAAGH!

EXIT 2

AGH!

AIEEE!

LAVA! RIVERS OF BEAUTIFUL LAVA! VUN OF NATURE'S MOST SENSUOUS CREATIONS!

EEE!!!!

YOU DUM DUMS! THIS IS **REAL ART!** **NATURE'S** ART!

♪ POM ♪ POMPITY ♪ POM ♪ POM!

LOUDER, CONDUCTOR! VE ARE BUILDING TO **THE CLIMAX!**

SUDDENLY, THE VERY GROUND BENEATH YOUR FEET BEGINS TO **SHAKE!** VOT IS HAPPENING, YOU ASK...?

OUTSIDE, JUDGES HAVE ARRIVED –

KBLAMM!

DREDD

I GIF YOU – **EARTHQUAKE!**

NO-NO!

KRAAAAAAK!

DROKK! DIVE!

♪ POMPITY ♪ POM ♪ POM! ♪

THE GRAND FINALE OF MY VEATHER SYMPHONY – NATURE'S **GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT!**

KEEP PLAYING!

KEEP PLAYING!

POMPOM POM POM

SKRUNCHH

IT'S GONE QUIET. LET'S GO!

THANK YOU! THANK YOU!

DROK!

CARL HEINZ PILCHARDS-IN-TOMATO-SAUCE CLAYDERMAN – YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

GO ON – LOCK ME UP! I HAVE HAD MY MOMENT OF GLORY. I AM **IMMORTAL** NOW!

LONG AFTER I AM GONE, PEOPLE VILL STILL TALK OF MY INCOMPARABLE **VEATHER SYMPHONY**! STILL TALK OF THE **MAGIC** OF **CARL HEINZ PILCHARDS-IN-TOMATO-SAUCE CLAYDERMAN**!

TALK? WHO'LL TALK?

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

DAWN. A BODY IS FOUND ON MEGA-CITY WASTEGROUND -

GOT OURSELVES A **REAL PORKER** HERE, DREDD.

NAME - UNKNOWN. AGE - EARLY TWENTIES. WEIGHT - CAN'T BE FAR OFF THE **TON.**

PROBABLE **CAUSE** OF DEATH ?

BEDSTEAD LODGED IN THE ABDOMEN!

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVY-WEIGHT

PART 1

YOU MEAN HE **ATE** IT ?

LOOKS THAT WAY !

I'LL BE INTERESTED TO SEE THE RESULT OF THE **AUTOPSY** !

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART C EZQUERRA
LETTERING T FRAME

OUR STORY BEGINS WITH THE TRAGIC EVENTS OF THE PREVIOUS EVENING -

PUDGE! OH, MY LIFE - **PUDGE!**

:COUGH!: ATE MY BED, CHARLEY.

I-I CAN SEE THAT, BOY...

ATE **EVERYTHIN'** .. JUST COULDN'T **STOP**... :KFFF!:

WE'LL GET YOU TO HOSPITAL, BOY. THE DOCS CAN DO WONDERS -

NO...NO GOOD, CHARLEY... FELT SOMETHIN' **BUST** INSIDE...

HOLD ME, CHARLEY! I'M... I'M **GOIN'**...

IT...IT AIN'T FAIR, CHARLEY...

...I C-COULDA... BEEN...A...

...**CONTENDER!**

HE'S **DEAD!** YOU DADRATTIN' **IDIOT**, LIMPY! I TOLD YOU **NEVER** TO LEAVE THE **APPETITE INDUCER** IN HIS ROOM! YOU KNOW HOW **DANGEROUS** THAT STUFF CAN BE!

I CAN JUST PICTURE THE SCENE. PUDGE WOKE UP, FEELIN' PECKISH...

"THE SNACK WE LEFT HIM WASN'T ENOUGH. THE **APPETITE INDUCER** MUSTA BEEN BY THE TRAY...

GLUG! GLUG!

"HE WAS ONLY MEANT TO TAKE IT IN **SMALL** DOSES..."

WITH THAT STUFF INSIDE, THERE WAS NO STOPPIN' HIM. HE PROBABLY STARTED ON THE SMALL FURNISHINGS FIRST...

CRUNCH!

GLUMPH!

GNNGH!

SLOOP!

"IN THE END, THE BED WAS TOO MUCH!"

NOW HE'S GONE - AN' IT'S **YOUR** FAULT, LIMPY!

POOR DUMB SAP! HE HAD EVERYTHIN' - **STYLE! CAPACITY! THE WILL TO EAT!** I COULDA TAKEN HIM PLACES - ALL THE WAY TO THE **TOP** - THE **HEAVYWEIGHT EATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD!**

NEVER MIND, CHARLEY - 'LEAST HE WENT OUT DOIN' WHAT HE LOVED MOST - **PIGGIN'**.

Whack!

DON'T BE SO **INSENSITIVE!** THAT FAT SLOB WAS LIKE A **SON** TO ME!

USING A BORROWED FORKLIFT, THEY CARRIED PUDGE TO THEIR HOVERPOD, AND LATER –

SO LONG, PUDGE!

PUFF! GRUNT!

THE BOYS AT **RESYK** ARE GONNA THINK IT'S **CHRISTMAS** WHEN HE COMES ROLLIN' IN!

WHAT WE GONNA DO NOW, CHARLEY?

ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO, LIMPY – **WE GOTTA FIND OURSELVES A NEW HEAVYWEIGHT!**

NOW, IN THE HALL OF JUSTICE **MORTUARY** –

GOT THAT AUTOPSY REPORT, DREDD. MAKES INTERESTING READING.

CONTENTS OF STOMACH

Assorted foodstuffs	30 kilos
Reading lamp	1
Books (12 assorted-see appendix for titles)	1
Rug (mock nylon)	1
Wastebin (plasteen)	1
Air-conditioning unit	3 prs
Shoes (size 17)	1
Tray (metal)	1
Mirror (21 X 21)	3
Table (metal)	2
Chairs (metal)	6
Pillows (foam)	1
Bedclothes (assorted)	
Bed, with mattress (not fully ingested)	

THAT'S WHAT I CALL A **BIG EATER!** ANY FINGERPRINTS ON ANY OF THIS STUFF?

NO, DIGESTIVE JUICES WOULD HAVE WIPED OUT ANY TRACES. BUT THERE WAS ONE THING – WE FOUND **APPETITE INDUCING CHEMICALS** IN HIS BLOODSTREAM – A **MASSIVE OVERDOSE.**

HMMM... SO EITHER SOMEBODY SLIPPED IT TO HIM – IN WHICH CASE IT WAS **MURDER.** OR HE TOOK IT **HIMSELF...**

...IN WHICH CASE IT WAS JUST PLAIN **STUPID.**

THE DEAD MAN'S OWN FINGERPRINTS ARE IDENTIFIED BY JUSTICE DEPT. COMPUTERS –

WILLIAM DEMPSEY, ALIAS "PUDGE". ESCAPED FROM TOBIAS BELCH SEGREGATION BLOCK FOR THE OVERWEIGHT SIX MONTHS AGO. SINCE THEN BELIEVED TO BE INVOLVED IN ILLEGAL EATING CONTESTS.

IT FIGURES!

FOOD SHORTAGES CAUSED BY THE APOCALYPSE WAR HAD LED TO EATING CONTESTS BEING BANNED. BUT THE HEAVYWEIGHT "GRUNT AND GUZZLE" GAME HAD SURVIVED – GONE UNDERGROUND.

NOW IT WAS A BIG TIME RACKET RUN BY HOODLUMS AND SUPPLIED BY BLACK MARKETEERS.

TWENTY THOU ON FATBELLY FRANK!

BIG MONEY RODE ON THE CONTESTANTS' ABILITY TO GORGE THEMSELVES –

THE WINNER – WITH 427 KILOS CONSUMED – FATBELLY FRANK!

BUURRRPP!

PUDGE DEMPSEY MUST'VE HAD BACKERS. FIND THEM, AND I'LL FIND OUT WHY HE DIED.

MEANWHILE –

THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND OUR NEW HEAVYWEIGHT, LIMPY – THE FAT BLOCKS!

UNDER MEGA-CITY ONE'S EMERGENCY FAT CONTROL LAW, ALL CITIZENS WEIGHING OVER 300 KILOS HAD BEEN PLACED UNDER HOUSE ARREST IN FOUR SEGREGATION BLOCKS* –

OUT

299 KILOS! I'VE MADE IT! I'M FREE!

299

* THARG NOTE: SEE PROG 274.

WASTE OF TIME LETTIN' 'EM OUT.

OUT

YEAH. THEY CELEBRATE WITH A COLOSSAL BINGE, AND THEY'RE RIGHT BACK IN THE NEXT DAY!

SECURITY FOR VISITORS IS TIGHT –

GOOEY BAR?

FOR PERSONAL CONSUMPTION, JUDGE.

IDIOT! TRY EATIN' THIS IN THERE AN' THEY'LL **RIP** YOU TO **SHREDS** TO GET IT!

WHERE DO WE **START**, CHARLEY? THERE'S SO MUCH CHOICE!

JUST **RUN-OF-THE-MILL** FATTIES. WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR **PRIME PORK**, LIMPY – THE GUY WITH THAT EXTRA SPECIAL **SOMETHIN'**!

FRANK CANNON BLOCK

METHODICALLY, CHARLEY CHECKS EACH RESIDENTS' LIST. AT LAST, IN **FRANK CANNON BLOCK** –

I GOT HIM! BY GUMBO, I **GOT HIM**!

NAME – **ARNOLD STODGMAN.** WEIGHT WHEN ADMITTED – 983 KILOS. WEIGHT NOW – **986 KILOS!**

SO WHAT?

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? EVERYONE IN THESE BLOCKS IS ON A **FORCED DIET.** EVERY **BITE** IS CHECKED AND LOGGED... BUT SOMEHOW THIS **STODGMAN** HAS ACTUALLY MANAGED TO **GAIN** WEIGHT!

THERE'S **DETERMINATION!** THERE'S **DEDICATION!** THERE'S SHEER **GUTS!**

WITH THAT KINDA **WILL TO EAT**, THIS GUY COULD GO ALL THE WAY! HE COULD BE **THE NEXT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!**

ARNOLD STODGMAN – APT 2020C. FAT RATING: MUST TRY HARDER.

FT CHAMPION

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE FOLLOWING WITH...

ONE OF OUR FATTIES IS MISSING!

NIGHT. THE SERENE CALM OF FRANK CANNON SEGREGATION BLOCK FOR THE EXCESSIVELY FAT IS SUDDENLY BROKEN!

FRANK CANNON BLOCK

ATTENTION, FATTIES!

COMMUNICATIONS ROOM STAFF ONLY.

AS A SPECIAL TREAT, JUDGES HAVE GIVEN PERMISSION FOR A MIDNIGHT FEAST!

PILES AND PILES OF SCRUMPTIOUS GRUB ARE JUST WAITING FOR YOU OUTSIDE THE GATES!

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED! SO SHIFT THAT LARD! HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

WASSAT?

FOOD?

LEMME AT IT!

WHERE'S MY BELIWHEEL?

FRANK CANNON BLOCK

SMASH!!

NEVER MIND GETTIN' DRESSED, TUBBY; FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED, HE SAID!

A FATEFUL NIGHT! IN THE ANNALS OF MEGA-CITY CRIME, IT WOULD FOREVERMORE BE KNOWN AS THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE!

CHAARGE!

FOOD! FOOD! GLORIOUS FOOD!

I'M GONNA EAT 'N' EAT 'N' EAT!

YAROOO!

SIMON TO CONTROL! WE GOT FIFTEEN THOUSAND TONS OF TROUBLE POURIN' AT US OUTA FRANK CANNON!

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVY-WEIGHT

PART 2

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

PUDGE DEMPSEY, CONTENDER FOR THE ILLEGAL HEAVYWEIGHT EATING CHAMPIONSHIP, HAS DIED WHILE ATTEMPTING TO EAT HIS BED. NOW MANAGER CHARLEY BRUNO SEARCHES FOR A NEW CONTENDER —

ARNOLD STODGMAN?

YES?

2020C

LOOK AT THAT BELLY, LIMPY! PRIME PORK IF I EVER SAW IT!

HE'S A FAT 'UN ALL RIGHT, CHARLEY!

FULL ARM SINK! THAT'S GOOD FLAB, CHARLEY! THE BOY'S A DEFINITE PROSPECT!

SAY - WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

WHAT'S GOIN' ON? YOUR FUTURE, THAT'S WHAT'S GOIN' ON!

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GET OUT OF HERE, ARNIE?

FAT CHANCE! YOU GOTTA WEIGH UNDER 300 KILOS BEFORE THEY LET YOU OUTA A SEGREGATION BLOCK. I'VE RESIGNED MYSELF - I'M IN FOR LIFE.

NOT IF WE BUST YOU OUT! TELL ME, ARNIE - EVER EATEN PRO?

I DUNNO - WHAT'S IT TASTE LIKE?

NO, YA SAP! PROFESSIONAL EATING! HEAVYWEIGHT GUZZLING CONTESTS!

CHARLIE BRUNO EXPLAINS -

YOU MEAN, I EAT FOR A LIVIN'? AS MUCH AS I WANT? JUST EATIN' 'N' EATIN' 'N' EATIN? OH, BOY, IT SOUNDS LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE!

LIMPY - WE GOT OURSELVES A CONTENDER!

SO IT WAS CHARLEY BRUNO WHO MADE THAT FATEFUL ANNOUNCEMENT -

ATTENTION, FATTIES!

CHARLEY BRUNO WHO WAS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF TWO OF MEGA-CITY'S FINEST -

STOP! STOP!

RUMBLE!

TRUNDLE!

WHUMPP!

AAAGGH!

FLUBBB!

TRUNNDDLLE!

CHARLEY BRUNO WHO BROKE THIRTY THOUSAND FAT HEARTS!

W-WE BEEN HOAXED! TH-THERE'S NO FOOD HERE!

WHO COULD - SNIFF! - BE SO CRUEL?

MEANWHILE, CHARLEY BRUNO WENT OUT THE BACK WAY -

HURRY IT UP, ARNIE! WE GOTTA GET CLEAR BEFORE THE JUDGES WISE UP!

I'M - PUFF! - WADDLIN' AS FAST AS I - PANT! - CAN, CHARLEY!

THIS'LL NEVER DO! LIMPY - GRAB SOME PORK AND SHOVE!

YIKES!

THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FENCE!

KDDANNG!

A GETAWAY VEHICLE IS WAITING -

HE'S IN THE BAG!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS CITY -

CRASH!

JUDGE DREDD!

ACTING ON INFORMATION, JUDGE DREDD HAS LOCATED ANOTHER OF THE UNDERWORLD'S SECRET FATTY TRAINING STABLES -

HAPPY DUFF! HEARD YOU WERE TRAININ' UP A COUPLE OF THOROUGHBREDS!

SO YOU GOT ME, DREDD! SO BOOK ME!

I INTEND TO - BUT FIRST I WANT SOME INFORMATION...

THE BODY OF PUDGE DEMPSEY WAS FOUND THIS MORNING - POSSIBLE CASE OF MURDER. I NEED TO KNOW WHO WAS MANAGING HIM.

INFORM ON A FELLOW FLAB FIXER? NOOO WAY!

MAYBE I CAN CHANGE YOUR MIND. LET'S START WITH THESE TWO...

...HARBOURING KNOWN FATTIES – TWO YEARS EACH COUNT!

CLATTER!

BONK!

ILLEGAL FOOD HOARD! FIVE YEARS! SHALL I GO ON?

ENOUGH ALREADY! I'LL TALK!

IN A CITY SUFFERING SEVERE SHORTAGES, FOOD HOARDING WAS A SERIOUS OFFENCE.

PUDGE WAS EATIN' FOR CHARLEY BRUNO. JUST A SMALL-TIME STABLE, BUT REAL CLASS PIGS!

WHERE DOES THIS BRUNO HANG OUT?

NO IDEA – HONEST! IN THIS GAME, YOU KEEP YOUR LOCATION DEAD QUIET, ELSE YOU TEND TO GET BUSTED. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

YEAH, I KNOW. MOVE.

BY THE WAY, WHAT DID PUDGE DIE OF?

ATE HIS BED!

NOW THAT'S CLASS!

NEXT PROG: PIG'S PROGRESS!

NIGHT. JUDGE DREDD IS CALLED TO THE FRANK CANNON SEGREGATION BLOCK FOR THE EXCESSIVELY FAT...

FRANK CANNON BLOCK

SOME JOKER PUT OUT AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE WHOLE BLOCK – TOLD THE FATTIES THERE WAS FREE FOOD OUTSIDE THE GATES.

TWO GOOD JUDGES WERE KILLED IN THE RUSH.

A HOAX?

RECKON THERE'S MORE TO IT. DURING THE RIOT, ONE OF THE BLOCK RESIDENTS MADE HIS ESCAPE – ONE ARNOLD STODGMAN.

WE FOUND CHARLEY BRUNO'S FINGERPRINTS IN STODGMAN'S APARTMENT.

THAT MORNING, THE BODY OF PUDGE DEMPSEY, A CONTESTANT IN ILLEGAL HEAVYWEIGHT EATING MATCHES, HAD BEEN FOUND. NOW DREDD WAS SEARCHING FOR DEMPSEY'S MANAGER, CHARLEY BRUNO...

YEAH, MAKES SENSE. BRUNO LOST HIS PRIZE PIG – NEEDED A REPLACEMENT. HE CHOSE STODGMAN.

IT WAS BRUNO WHO MADE THAT FAKE ANNOUNCEMENT – A DIVERSION TO HELP STODGMAN ESCAPE. BUT THINGS GOT OUT OF HAND, AND TWO JUDGES DIED.

I'M GONNA NAIL THAT BRUNO CREEP – AND WHEN I DO, THIS TIME THE CHARGE IS DEFINITELY MURDER!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART C EZQUERRA
LETTERING T FRAME

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT

PART 3

DREDD'S NEXT CALL IS TO **ISO-BLOCK 131**, WHERE EARLIER HE HAD COMMITTED HEAVYWEIGHT FLAB FIXER, **HAPPY DUFF** –

NEED SOME MORE INFORMATION, DUFF.

YOU JUST SENT ME DOWN FOR **NINE STINKIN' YEARS!** WHY SHOULD I TELL YOU ANYTHING?

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO **FREE?**

F-FREE! YOU BETCHA! WHADDYA WANNA KNOW?

WHERE DO I FIND **CHARLEY BRUNO?**

I ALREADY TOLD YA, I **DUNNO!** US FLAB FIXERS KEEP OUR TRAININ' CAMPS **TOP SECRET!**

NOT GOOD ENOUGH, DUFF.

NO – **WAIT!** THERE **IS** ONE THING! THE **WORLD EATIN' CHAMPIONSHIPS!** THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND CHARLEY – AN' EVERY OTHER FLAB FAN!

THEY TAKE PLACE A WEEK TODAY – 2 P.M. – THE STADIUM, **CYRIL LORD BLOCK RUINS.**

AND THAT'S IT?

S-SURE!

OKAY – PUT **HIM BACK.**

B-B-BUT YOU SAID YOU'D LET ME GO **FREE!**

I ASKED YOU HOW YOU'D **LIKE** TO GO FREE. THE IDEA OF ACTUALLY **LETTIN'** YOU **GO** NEVER CROSSED MY MIND!

YOU DIRTY STINKIN' RAT! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS WHEN MY **NINE'S** DONE!

CORRECTION, CREEP — YOUR **TWELVE.**

THREATENING A JUDGE IS AN OFFENCE.

YOU'VE GOT **ONE WEEK** OF **FREEDOM** LEFT, CHARLEY BRUNO. MAKE THE MOST OF IT!

'COS COME NEXT FRIDAY, I'M GONNA NAIL YOUR BUTT TO AN ISO-CUBE — **PERMANENT!**

*AND WHAT OF THE DOOMED **CHARLES BRUNO ESQ.** AND HIS NEW PROTÉGÉ, **ARNOLD STODGMAN**?*

I GOTTA BE HONEST, ARNIE — IT WON'T BE EASY. THE **WORLD EATIN' CHAMPIONSHIPS** ARE ONLY **ONE WEEK** AWAY. YOU'LL BE IN THERE AGAINST THE **WORLD'S FATTEST**—

SCUNGE ALLEY

IF YOU'RE GONNA STAND ANY CHANCE, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO **EAT** LIKE YOU NEVER ATE BEFORE!

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, CHARLEY!

GOOD BOY! OKAY — LET'S START TRAININ' —

JAWS OF THE TIGER

THERE'S YOUR ROOM — I WANTCHA TO **EAT** YOUR WAY INTO IT!

OH BOY! YOU BET!

GOTTA HAND IT TO YA, CHARLEY — THE KID SHOWS REAL PROMISE!

JAWS OF THE TIGER

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, TRAINING ACCELERATES –

THIS **APPETITE INDUCER'S** BANNED IN THE ACTUAL CONTEST, BUT FOR TRAININ', IT'LL HELP INCREASE YOUR STOMACH CAPACITY.

HE'S PUT ON FIFTY KILOS IN TWO DAYS, CHARLEY – THAT'S GOOD WEIGHT GAIN!

OPEN WIDER, ARNIE! REMEMBER – **JAWS OF THE TIGER!**

YOU'RE READY FOR A REHEARSAL UNDER **ACTUAL CONTEST CONDITIONS**, ARNIE. YOU GOT JUST **ONE HOUR** TO EAT AS MUCH AS YOU CAN.

CAPACITY EATIN', ARNIE – THAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME!

1 TON

GO!

GLUB! CRAM!

340 KILOS, CHARLEY!

C'MON, ARNIE! YOU'RE NOT TRYIN'! EAT! EAT! EAT!

WHADDYA MEAN, **SATISFIED?** A GOOD EATER'S **NEVER** SATISFIED!

CHARLEY BRUNO IS A HARD TASKMASTER –

590 KILOS!

HOUR'S UP, CHARLEY! TOTAL CONSUMED – 713 KILOS!

CHICKENFEED!

GONNA HAFTA DO BETTER, BOY! GO LOSE IT AN' WE'LL **START AGAIN!**

BY THE MORNING OF THE CONTEST, ARNOLD STODGMAN IS READY –

THIS IS YOUR BIG DAY, SON. I'VE DONE ALL I CAN – THE REST IS UP TO **YOU**, NOW.

I WON'T LET YOU DOWN, CHARLEY.

I JUST WANT TO SAY, THIS PAST WEEK'S BEEN THE – **SNIFF!** – HAPPIEST OF MY LIFE! I'M GONNA GO OUT THERE AN' – **SNIFF!** – WIN THAT CROWN FOR YOU – IF IT KILLS ME!

THAT'S MY BOY!

THAT AFTERNOON, FLAB FANS FROM ALL OVER THE CITY CONVERGE ON THE RUINS OF **CYRIL LORD BLOCK** –

CYRIL LORD BLOCK

WATCHING THEIR ARRIVAL – **JUDGE DREDD!**

ALL UNITS HOLD OFF! LET 'EM GET IN. **WE'RE GONNA DEFLATE THE WHOLE FLAB RACKET IN ONE FELL SWOOP!**

INSIDE, THE CONTESTANTS TAKE THEIR PLACES ON THE STAGE –

CLEAR THE WAY!

BOING!

WORLD CHAMPION

THAT'S **LITTLE JOE JOHANSEN**, THE **WORLD CHAMPION!** HE HOLDS THE **WORLD RECORD – 953 KILOS** IN **ONE HOUR!**

THAT'S THE PIG YOU GOTTA BEAT, ARNIE!

HE DON'T SCARE ME, CHARLEY! I CAN DO IT – **I KNOW I CAN!**

NEXT PROG:
CHOW DOWN!

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVY-WEIGHT

PART4

THE DOORS ARE LOCKED! THE WEIGH-IN IS OVER! AN EXPECTANT HUSH FALLS OVER THE AUDIENCE IN THE STADIUM OF A RUINED CITYBLOCK. . .

WELCOME, FLAB FANS, TO THE 27TH HEAVYWEIGHT EATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD!

WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, LET ME INTRODUCE THE TITANIC TUMMIES WHO'LL BE EATING FOR THIS COVETED TITLE!

27TH HEAVYWEIGHT EATING CHAMPIONSHIPS

IN THE RED BIB, WEIGHING IN AT A FANTASTIC 1,212 KILOS, THAT BLOATED BAG OF BLUBBER FROM SECTOR 294 - THE REIGNING HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD -

LITTLE JOE JOHANSEN!

IN THE BLUE BIB, ALL THE WAY FROM THE SYDNEY-MELBOURNE CONURB, WEIGHING IN AT AN UNHEALTHY 1,034 KILOS - THAT OBESE AUSSIE -

ROLF "THUNDER CHOPS" GUNSTON!

FINALLY -

LAST BUT NOT LEAST, RECENTLY ESCAPED FROM THE FRANK CANNON SEGREGATION BLOCK, WEIGHING IN AT A ROUND - AN' I DO MEAN ROUND - 1,100 KILOS - THE DARK PIG OF THESE CHAMPIONSHIPS - ABDOMINAL ARNIE STODGMAN!

THIS IS IT, ARNIE - THE MOMENT YOU'VE BEEN TRAININ' ALL WEEK FOR!

I CAN DO IT, CHARLEY! I'M GONNA GO FOR THE BIG ONE - I'M GONNA EAT THE TON!

THE CONTESTANTS ARE ON THE SCALES! YOU ALL KNOW THE RULES - THEY'VE GOT ONE HOUR TO EAT FOR THE CROWN!

SO SECONDS AWAY, IT'S - CHOW DOWN!

GLUB!

SLURP!

CHOMP!

CRAM!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER RUINED BLOCK, JUDGE DREDD LISTENS OVER A PLANTED BUG –

FIVE MINUTES GONE AND LITTLE JOE HAS GUZZLED THE EARLY LEAD! 100 KILOS AND STILL GHOMPIN' STRONG!

WHEN DO WE MAKE OUR MOVE, DREDD?

STILL A FEW STRAGGLERS ARRIVING.

OWING TO THE CITY'S SEVERE POST-WAR FOOD SHORTAGE, EATING CONTESTS HAD BEEN OUTLAWED –

WE'LL GIVE 'EM A LITTLE WHILE LONGER. WHEN WE MOVE, I WANT TO CLEAR UP THIS WHOLE ODIOUS FLAB RACKET IN ONE FELL SWOOP!

INSIDE, THE MINUTES TICKED AWAY –

TWENTY MINUTES GONE AND WE HAVE OUR FIRST DROP OUT – THAT LITTLE MAN FROM SPAIN, JUAN MUCHOMORO! BIT OUT OF YOUR CLASS, EH, JUAN?

MADRE DE DIOS! NO-ONE THEY TELL ME I BE EATING AGAINST SOCH JUMBOS!

NOW LET'S CHECK THE SCALES. STILL IN THE LEAD IS LITTLE JOE JOHANSEN WITH 297 KILOS CONSUMED! CLOSE BEHIND ON 253 KILOS IS FATBELLY FRANK, WITH DARK PIG ABDOMINAL ARNIE STODGMAN LOOKIN' GOOD ON 236!

CHOMP!

SLUURP!

PIG IT, PIGGY! PIG! PIG! PIG!

236

CHOMP! GLUAAPH! BUUURP!

SIXTY KILOS DOWN, ARNIE!

BIG MONEY RIDES ON THE OUTCOME –

FIFTY THOU ON LITTLE JOE!

I'LL TAKE TEN OF THAT FOR FATBELLY FRANK!

ONE GRAND SAYS STODGMAN!

WE'VE PASSED HALFWAY, AN' IT'S TURNIN' INTO A FOUR-PIG RACE...

IT'S TIME! POINT MEN – TAKE THOSE LOOKOUTS!

EARLIER THAT DAY, DREDD HAD CONCEALED JUDGES INSIDE THE RUINED BLOCK –

WHACK!

THUNK!

ALL CLEAR HERE, DREDD!

ROOF LOOKOUT DEALT WITH!

OKAY – ALL UNITS MOVE IN!

I WANT THAT WHOLE BLOCK CORDONED OFF! NOBODY GETS OUT 'LESS IT'S IN A MEAT WAGON!

CYRIL-LORD BLOCK

INSIDE THE STADIUM –

FORTY MINUTES GONE AND WE SAY GOODBYE TO FATBELLY FRANK! ANY REGRETS, FRANK?

NO, SIR! 700 KILOS IS A PERSONAL BEST! I'M SICK BUT HAPPY!

THAT LEAVES ONLY THREE CONTENDERS! THUNDER CHOPS GUNSTON IS WELL BEHIND ON **667 KILOS**, BUT HE'S COMIN' ON WITH A REAL **LATE BURST**. THERE'S A GLAZED LOOK IN HIS EYES AND HE'S EATING LIKE A **WILD MAN!**

OH! SOMETHING'S **WRONG** HERE! THUNDER CHOPS IS TRYING TO **EAT** HIS **MANAGER!**

ILLEGAL USE OF APPETITE INDUCERS! **DISQUALIFIED!**

THUNDER CHOPS IS DRAGGED OFF, GNASHING –

ONLY TWO PIGS IN IT NOW! ABDOMINAL ARNIE HAS CUT LITTLE JOE'S LEAD TO UNDER **TEN KILOS!**

THEY'VE SETTLED INTO A STEADY RHYTHM! THEY'RE MATCHIN' EACH OTHER BITE FOR BITE!

27TH HEAVYWEIGHT EATING CHAMPIONSHIP

BENEATH THE STADIUM –

JUDGES! BLAST 'EM – **AAAGHH!**

TAKE 'EM OUT – LOAD 'EM UP – HAUL 'EM AWAY!

THE REST OF YOU WITH ME!

HEY! SOUNDED LIKE **GUNFIRE** BELOW!

AW, WATCH THE CONTEST, WILL YA?

*ON STAGE, THEIR SCALES SHOW THAT BOTH MEN HAVE **SHATTERED** THE OLD **WORLD RECORD** –*

STOMACHS FULL TO **BURSTING POINT** – EVERY BITE IS **AGONY** NOW! WIN OR LOSE, YOU'VE GOTTA **ADMIRE** THEM! THIS IS **GLUTTONY** AT ITS **VERY FINEST!**

985

978

AND, OH! LITTLE JOE IS **THROWING IN THE BIB!** HE'S **HAD ENOUGH!**

HE'S GONNA SIT ON THAT **7 KILO LEAD** AN' HOPE ABDOMINAL ARCHIE CAN'T **CRACK** IT!

WORLD RECORD

985

GIMME THE **PIE**, CHARLIE!

THE PIE – **NO!** IT'S A **25 KILO JOB!** YOU ONLY NEED **8**, ARNIE!

I SAID – **GIMME THE PIE!**

THIS IS **INCREDIBLE!** ABDOMINAL ARNIE IS TRYING FOR THE **MAGIC TON!**

IT'S GOING IN!

IT'S GOING!

IT'S GONE!

GLUULP!

HE'S DONE THE TON! ABDOMINAL ARNIE STODGMAN IS THE NEW *HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!*

FLUUUMPHH!

ARNIE!

AND THEN –

THIS IS JUDGE DREDD! THE ENTIRE BUILDING IS SURROUNDED! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

HELL! LOOKS LIKE WE ARE, AN' ALL!

FACED WITH OVERWHELMING ODDS, THE CROWD SURRENDER WITHOUT TROUBLE -

CHARLES BRUNO...?

HE...HE DID THE **TON** FOR ME. BUT IT... IT WAS **TOO MUCH.** HE'S... **DEAD...**

JUST ANOTHER VICTIM OF YOUR OBSESSION, BRUNO. I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR **MURDER.**

DO WHAT YOU LIKE TO ME. MY BOY **WON** THE **HEAVYWEIGHT EATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD!** AFTER THIS, EVERYTHING ELSE IS JUST... **SMALL PORK!**

FOR CHARLEY BRUNO, IT WAS THE DREAM OF A LIFETIME.

BUT FOR ARNOLD STODGMAN, HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, THERE WOULD BE NO HERO'S FUNERAL - NO TICKER TAPE SEND OFF...

WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE STIFF, DREDD?

BETTER CALL **RESYK.** TELL 'EM TO **HOLD** THE **CONVEYORS...**

THEY GOT A **DAY'S OVERTIME** COMIN' IN.

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT – Part 1

ON VIC MATURE...

...THE NEWBORN NIGHT'S FIRST VICTIM.

DROP IT!

SPTANG!

DREDD TO CONTROL! NEGATIVE THAT A.R.V.! SIMPLE STREET BRAWL.

GOT ONE FOR THE MEAT WAGON, ONE FOR THE CUBES – EIGHTEEN STRETCH, NO REMISSION.

A.R.V. – ARMED ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.

CATCH WAGON'S ON ITS WAY, DREDD. PUT YOUR PERP ON HOLD. GOT A 299 FOR YOU, MATURE BLOCK MEZZANINE.

CRAZIES ARE OUT IN FORCE TONIGHT.

AREN'T THEY ALWAYS?

DREDD

299 – A CITIZEN AMOK.

WHO'S GONNA BE FIRST? I'LL FIGHT YA ALL! I'LL TEAR YA APART AN' EAT YA! YA HEAR ME – EATCHA!

CLEAR THE WAY!

JUDGE DREDD!

THUNK!

DREDD TO CONTROL! YOU CAN PICK UP THAT 299. RECOMMEND PSYCHO CUBE OBSERVATION.

AWAITING INSTRUCTIONS.

NO SPECIFICS AT THIS TIME. RESUME PATROL AS PER DUTY ROSTER.

2105 HOURS. THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT HAS BARELY BEGUN. ALREADY, THE JUDGES' RADIOS CRACKLE NON-STOP -

ITEM! JUVE RUMBLES EXPECTED SECTORS 9, 31, 57, 143, 144, 145 AND 408. VOICE ACTIVATE FOR FURTHER DATA.

ITEM! MULTI-VEHICLE PILE-UP, SECTOR 372. BLEAKER STREET CLOSED.

ITEM! WEATHER CONTROL REPORTS FINE, FAIR NIGHT. STAGGERED RAINSHOWERS SCHEDULED ALL SECTORS, NOW TILL MIDNIGHT. STREET CLEANING.

CONTROL TO SCHULTZ! CONTACT OVERDUE. REPORT PRESENT POSITION AND OPERATIONAL STATUS.

HOLD HIM!

ITEM! DOMESTIC INCIDENT, LARRY HAGMAN CONAPTS. NEAREST UNIT, NOTIFY.

YOU DID IT, SHORTY! YOU KILLED A JUDGE!

CONTROL TO SCHULTZ! STILL AWAITING CONTACT! REPORT IN IMMEDIATE – REPEAT, IMMEDIATE!

2130 HOURS. AFTER THE CALM OF EARLY EVENING, THE CITY IS ONCE MORE COMING ALIVE.

STAR CLUB

YUK BREAD

117

TRAFFIC SNARLS UP ON THE IN-TOWN FEEDWAYS. CLUBS AND NITERIES ISSUE THEIR GARISH NEON INVITATIONS.

ONCE MORE THE CITIZENS ARE SHAKING OFF THE FRUSTRATIONS OF ANOTHER MEGA-CITY DAY.

YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH, PAL.

SELASSIE SKANKERIE

BAR

IN THE TV STUDIOS, THE NIGHTLY RUN OF VID-INS IS WELL UNDER WAY. ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR, "HEARTLINE".

I'M SO LONELY, CLAIRE!

LONELINESS IS A PROBLEM SO MANY OF US SHARE, STEWART.

CLAIRE HOGG'S HEARTLINE

PEOPLE SAY TO ME: "HOW CAN ANYONE BE LONELY IN A CITY OF 400 MILLION PEOPLE?"

BUT OF COURSE, IT'S THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD. LONELINESS IS OUR NUMBER ONE SOCIAL PROBLEM TODAY.

BUT DON'T WORRY, STEWART. I'LL BE SENDING YOU MY LEAFLET – "LEARNING TO LIVE WITH LONELINESS".

I DON'T WANT YOUR LEAFLET! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITH LONELINESS!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE! NO MONEY – NO JOB – NO FRIENDS! I NEED SOMEONE TO TALK TO – SOMEONE TO SHARE MY LONELINESS WITH!

A FRIEND!

WILL YOU BE MY FRIEND, CLAIRE?

GOOD GRIEF! WHY SHOULD I BE FRIENDS WITH A LONELY LITTLE DRIP LIKE YOU?

YEAH, STEW – YOU'RE BORING US!

THAT'S RIGHT! STEWART'S NOTCHED UP 55% ON OUR STUDIO BORE-OMETER. SO LET'S MOVE STRAIGHT ON TO OUR NEXT VIDDER! MAGGIE OF WELLINGTON MILLS BLOCK, YOU'RE THROUGH TO CHANNEL 41, YOUR FRIENDLY STATION!

WILL NOBODY HELP ME?

Please...?

STRATFORD JOHNS BLOCK

2147 HOURS. TARIQ ALI ALLEY –

DREDD TO CONTROL! WE HAVE A JUDGE KILLING.

BE ON THE LOOKOUT, ESTIMATED FOUR PERPS, POSSIBLY ARMED.

2150 HOURS. WATCHING BAY 3110 –

CONTROL – THINK I'VE GOT VISUAL CONTACT. FIVE SENIOR JUVES. HEADED WEST ON BARLOW BRIDGE!

TAYLOR

ALL UNITS VICINITY BARLOW BRIDGE! APPREHEND JUVE GANG. **PRIORITY ONE!**

COX HERE. RESPONDING!

SULLIVAN HERE. RESPONDING.

KEELER HERE. RESPONDING.

HARRISON HERE. RESPONDING.

DREDD HERE. RESPONDING.

2151 HOURS -

BLAST YOUR WAY OUT - **UURGH!**

BA-DA-M!

BA-DA-M!

*THE **GRAVEYARD SHIFT** IS 51 MINUTES OLD. CITYWIDE, MORE THAN **9,000 SERIOUS CRIMES** HAVE BEEN REPORTED.*

*THE JUDGES HAVE BEEN LUCKY. **SO FAR**, IT'S BEEN **QUIET**.*

CONTROL TO DREDD!

WE HAVE A POSSIBLE **LEAPER**, STRATFORD JOHNS BLOCK!

ON MY WAY!

NEXT PROG:

BREAK-IN FROM THE CURSED EARTH!

JUDGE DREDD

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT – Part 2

MEGA-CITY NIGHT. THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT IS LESS THAN AN HOUR OLD. ALREADY, 9,000 PLUS SERIOUS CRIMES HAVE BEEN COMMITTED. FOR THE JUDGES THAT PATROL THE VAST FUTURE CITY, IT IS A QUIET NIGHT.

NOW, ON STRATFORD JOHNS BLOCK–

400 MILLION PEOPLE AN' NOT ONE OF THEM'S MY FRIEND! I'M LONELY! LONELY! LONELY!

AS USUAL, AN APPRECIATIVE CROWD GATHERS –

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

NO, DON'T! WAIT'LL I LOAD MY CAMERA!

DREDD TO CONTROL! HE'S A LEAPER, ALL RIGHT! I WANT AN H-WAGON, AN' I WANT IT FAST!

HERE HE COMES!

SCRUB THAT H-WAGON –

CLEAN UP SQUAD TO STRATFORD JOHNS!

KRAAAK

DREDD

2200 HOURS. A CLEAN-UP SQUAD ARRIVES. DREDD RESUMES PATROL –

ITEM! JUVE SKIRMISHES REPORTED, SECTOR 57 'DUST*ZONE. SECTOR JUDGES INVESTIGATE.

ITEM! LARRY HAGMAN CONAPTS. DOMESTIC INCIDENT ESCALATING. ENTIRE 9TH LEVEL NOW INVOLVED. A RIOT SQUAD IS ON ITS WAY.

ITEM! RAD-WIND BLOWING UP FROM THE SOUTH. YOU ARE REMINDED OF NORMAL ANTI-RADIATION PROCEDURES.

ITEM! SUICIDE COUNT, 49 THIS SHIFT. LET'S WATCH OUT FOR THOSE LEAPERS, HUH?

*INDUSTRIAL.

DREDD TO CONTROL! GOT A ROBBERY IN PROGRESS, JETA SPORTS ON WINSTON. NO ASSISTANCE REQUIRED.

MESSAGE LOGGED. CATCH WAGON ON ITS WAY.

YOU CREEPS! YOU GOT 10 SECONDS TO COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS EMPTY!

HOLY MOLEY! IT'S DREDD!

BDAMM!

DTOWWG

BLAM

CONTROL – BETTER MAKE THAT A MEAT WAGON.

WHAT'S THE BODY COUNT, DREDD?

DREDD

I'LL LET YOU KNOW.

SCRIPT
T B GROVER

ART
RON SMITH

LETTERING
T FRAME

HEAT SEEKER!

BADAM!

BDAM

BADAAM!

BDAM!

EEEE!!

ARRGH!

CRASH!

JET PACKER!

DREDD

BADOOM!

YOU GOT FOUR STIFFS, CONTROL. ONE OF THEM'S GONNA TAKE A LITTLE PIECING TOGETHER.

FORENSIC ARE GONNA LOVE YOU, DREDD!

DRED

BOINGGGG!

BOINGGG

OH YEAH - AND YOU GOT AN ILLEGAL **BOINGER** HEADING EAST FROM WINSTON.

BOING®- THE MIRACLE PLASTIC THAT TURNS PEOPLE INTO HUMAN PINBALLS!

I SEE HIM - STILL HEADING EAST! TOO FAR AWAY TO GET A SHOT.

HE'S HIT NORMAN MAILER BLOCK - HE'S COMIN' BACK!

BOINGG!

BOINGG!

BOINGGGGG

WATCHING BAY 990! GOT HIM IN RANGE...

INCENDIARY!

HELLLPPP!

YOU GOT A FLAMER, CONTROL. HE'S RIDIN' THE CROSSTOWN ZOOM!

ROGER! WE'LL SCRAPE HIM OFF NEXT STOP!

50

2230 HOURS. BY NOW THE CITY 'NITESPOTS' ARE FILLING UP. PICKPOCKETS AND MUGGERS ARE OUT IN FORCE. VIOLENT INCIDENTS ARE TAKING THEIR USUAL NIGHTLY RISE.

ON THE AVENUE OF BROTHERLY LOVE ALONE, TWELVE STABBINGS HAVE OCCURRED – THREE OF THEM FATAL.

CLUB

BAR

PEEP STG

DIRE VID Show

BAR

IN SECTOR 57, WEATHER CONTROL'S SCHEDULED DRIZZLE DOES NOT DAMPEN THE ARDOUR OF THE JUVE GANGS –

Y BRATS KAYO, OKAY!

CHUCKEE! CHUCKEE! CHUCKEE!

AAGH!

PTOO!

WE GOT A FOUR-WAY JUVE CONFRONT, SECTOR 57! ALL JUDGES IN VICINITY – ASSIST!

DREDD HERE – RESPONDING!

THE JUVE CLASH IS DEALT WITH QUICKLY, EFFICIENTLY – RUTHLESSLY.

STUMM GAS!

CAN'T BREATHE!

EAT COUGH! BOOT!

ROUND 'EM UP!

BY 2245 HOURS. THE DISTURBANCE IS QUELLED –

YOU'RE TOO LATE, DREDD. IT'S ALL OVER.

CONTROL! WARN THE CUBES – WE GOT 600 PLUS JUVES ON THEIR WAY IN!

DREDD

NO MATTER. PLENTY MORE GOING ON. THE NIGHT IS YOUNG.

2300 HOURS. ON A SECTOR 11 LINK ROAD, A SNIPER HAS OPENED UP FROM AN OVERHEAD PEDWAY. TRAFFIC IS SNARLED UP BACK TO THE MAIN CROSSTOWN FEED.

SEVERAL SURVIVORS HAVE ALREADY BEGUN TO RETURN FIRE –

THAT INCONSIDERATE SNIPER'S MADE US LATE FOR THE THEATRE! KILL HIM, JERRY!

ON THE CITY'S WEST WALL, THE FIRST GROUP OF MUTANT INFILTRATORS IS ATTEMPTING TO BREAK IN FROM THE CURSED EARTH –

BUDDA!

BUDDA! BUDDA!

AIEEE!

THE DOMESTIC INCIDENT AT LARRY HAGMAN HAS SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE CONAPTS. SEVERAL FIRES HAVE BROKEN OUT.

RESCUE EFFORTS ARE BEING HAMPERED BY A SONIC CANNON ON THE FOURTH FLOOR –

AAAGH!

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT IS HOTTING UP!

NEXT PROG:

NIGHT MOVES!

JUDGE DREDD

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT - Part 3

2330 HOURS. THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT IS 2½ HOURS OLD. IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER MONITORS HER CITY -

ITEM! VEHICLES STOLEN THIS SHIFT: 2469. VEHICLES RECOVERED: 1308.

ITEM! SEVERAL SOURCES REPORT INCREASE IN TENSION BETWEEN VINCE ST. CLAIR AND CAROL MONROE BLOCKS. POSSIBILITY OF FLARE-UP. ALL JUDGES BE ON ALERT.

ITEM! SONIC CANNON AT HAGMAN CONAPTS NOW NEUTRALISED. RESCUE SQUADS MOVING IN.

CONTROL - WHAT ANTI-LOOTING PRECAUTIONS ARE BEING TAKEN ON THE SOUTHFORK ESTATE ?

ROUTINE PERIPHERAL SURVEILLANCE, CHIEF JUDGE.

BETTER THROW IN A FEW BACK-UPS. BOUND TO BE HEAVY ACTION ROUND THE HAGMAN FIRE.

2339 HOURS. THE BLAZE AT LARRY HAGMAN CONAPTS IS NOW TOTAL. ESTIMATED DEATH TOLL SO FAR : 2100 -

SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T. FRAME

MEANWHILE, THE REST OF THE SOUTHFORK ESTATE HAS SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY FOR AN IMPROMPTU BARBECUE -

BEST BLAZE I SEEN SINCE POWER TOWER WENT UP !

TRUST OL' LARRY TO GO OUT IN STYLE !

BURN UP PARTY

POISON DWARF

HAGBURGERS! HAGDOGS! HAGFRIES! GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT!

WHAT THE HELL-?

YOU IDIOTS! YOU'RE CAUSING AN OBSTRUCTION! GET BACK TO YOUR BLOCKS!

YOU CAN'T MAKE US! IT'S A FREE CITY!

BARROW

THE ONLY FREEDOM YOU GOT, CREEP, IS FREEDOM TO DO WHAT YOU'RE **TOLD.** NOW GET BACK OR YOU'LL BE HAVIN' YOUR NEXT BARBECUE **INSIDE!**

ULP! Y-YES, SIR!

*2345 HOURS. AT SEVERAL POINTS ON MEGA-CITY ONE'S **WEST WALL**, CURSED EARTH **MUTANTS** ARE TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH -*

WE GOT THREE-FIVE WALLHOPPERS ON QUADRANT 090!

SLICE THOSE ROPES!

BDAM!

BLAM!

THE VAST MUTIE PENS ARE BEGINNING TO FILL UP. BUT, SO FAR, THE JUDGES ARE COPING.

*ELSEWHERE, THE CRIME RATE IS ESCALATING RAPIDLY. ON AVERAGE, THERE ARE NOW 18 A R.V.s, 97 SERIOUS ASSAULTS, 4 MURDERS, 0·05 RIOTS AND 178 TRAFFIC OFFENCES **EVERY MINUTE.***

THERE IS NOW ONE SUICIDE EVERY 45 SECONDS. THREE JUDGES HAVE SO FAR DIED IN THE LINE OF DUTY.

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT IS HOTTING UP.

MIDNIGHT. ZAMBESI LANE. JUDGE DREDD ON ROUTINE PATROL –

YOU!

A RUNNER!

Y-YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON ME, JUDGE DREDD!

NO?

RRIPPP!

BITE MARKS – KNEW IT SOON AS I SAW THOSE FILE TEETH!

HOW LONG YOU BEEN BITING, SON?

COUPLA WEEKS NOW.

DREDD INTERROGATES THE PRISONER, THEN –

DREDD TO CONTROL. PICKED UP A BITE FIGHTER ON A ROUTINE S&S. HE SAYS THERE'S A NEW BITE PIT OPENED UP. SWEET STREET AREA. REQUESTING BACK-UP UNITS.

WILCO. BE WITH YOU IN FIVE.

DREDD

BOMBER

S&S – STOP AND SEARCH.

0012 HOURS. JUDGES DREDD, HERSHEY AND LAVAL ARRIVE AT A DISUSED WAREHOUSE ON SWEET STREET.

LIGHTS ON. SOMEBODY IN THERE ALL RIGHT.

DREDD

LAVAL

INSIDE, AN ILLEGAL BITE PIT—

C'MON, JAWS! GO FOR THE THROAT!

SLASH IS WEAKENING!

PUT THE **BITE** ON HIM, JAWS!

A VICIOUS, BARBARIC SPORT! TWO MEN FIGHTING TO THE DEATH LIKE ANIMALS!

BEEN GOIN' ON SINCE ANYONE CAN REMEMBER. DON'T SUPPOSE WE'LL EVER STAMP IT OUT...

STILL, THEY KEEP BITING, WE'LL KEEP STAMPING!

THE FIGHT'S OVER! YOU'RE ALL **UNDER ARREST!**

BLAMM!

DREDD!

QUICK – THE BACK WAY!

HOLD IT!

IT'S ONLY A **WOMAN JUDGE!** TAKE HER!

IF YOU'RE HUNGRY, BITE ON THIS, CREEP ...

CHEW ON SOME ELBOW PAD!

FURTHER RESISTANCE IS RUTHLESSLY DISCOURAGED –

AIEEE!

LAVAL

BLAM!

BLAM!

0022 HOURS. CATCH WAGONS ARRIVE TO COLLECT THE PRISONERS –

AS SENIOR JUDGE, I'M DETAILING YOU TWO TO HANDLE THE PAPERWORK.

AW, DREDD!

DREDD

LAVAL

HERSHEY

AS SENIOR JUDGE OF THIS DUO, I'M DETAILING YOU TO HANDLE THE PAPERWORK, LAVAL.

AW, HERSHEY!

LAVA

DREDD AND HERSHEY RESUME PATROL –

GLOW ON THE HORIZON. THAT'LL BE HAGMAN CONAPTS.

DREDD TO CONTROL! WHAT'S THE SITUATION AT SOUTHFORK?

WE'RE ON TOP OF IT. NO ASSISTANCE REQUIRED.

GOT ANYTHING SCHEDULED, DREDD?

NOT FOR A WHILE.

WHAT SAY WE WORK A COUPLE OF 59CS?

CAN DO.

DREDD

WHICH BLOCK ?

FIRST ONE WE COME TO, I GUESS.

SOUNDS GOOD. LET'S GO !

A 59C – ROUTINE CRIME SWOOP – CAN BE CARRIED OUT AT ANY TIME ON THE HOME OF ANY CITIZEN.

GOOD EVENING, CITIZEN. CRIME SWOOP!

0040 HOURS. AT LARRY HAGMAN CONAPTS THE FIRE IS UNDER CONTROL. REFUGEES ARE BEING REHOUSED. ESTIMATED DEATH TOLL : 3350.

BUT ACROSS CITY, IN THE OFFICE OF VINCE ST. CLAIR CITI-DEF, A MORE SERIOUS SITUATION IS DEVELOPING –

YOU GOT YOUR EXPLOSIVES AN' YOU GOT YOUR ORDERS. GET OUT THERE AN' DESTROY CAROL MONROE BLOCK !

THIS TIME, THE DEATH TOLL WILL BE MUCH HIGHER.

NEXT PROG :

THE HOLE THAT ATE CAROL MONROE BLOCK !

JUDGE DREDD

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT – Part 4

0100 HOURS. THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT – THE VIOLENT HOURS BETWEEN DUSK AND DAWN WHEN MEGA-CITY CRIME REACHED PEAK LEVELS.

IN SECTOR 117, A SERIOUS DISTURBANCE IS BREWING BETWEEN TWO NEIGHBOURING CITYBLOCKS –

SPANO TO CONTROL! SPORADIC FIRING HAS BROKEN OUT BETWEEN ST. CLAIR AND MONROE! WE'RE MOVING IN!

BLOCK FIGHTING IS A COMMON FEATURE OF MEGA-CITY LIFE. BOREDOM, OVERCROWDING, MASS UNEMPLOYMENT – ALL COMBINE TO SET TENSIONS ON A RAZOR EDGE. THE SLIGHTEST INCIDENT CAN SPARK OFF A BLOCK WAR –

AAAH!

HEY, JONESY! THEY GOT YOUR WIFE!

STINKIN' ST. CLAIR BLOCKERS! I'M GOIN' OVER THERE TO SORT 'EM OUT!

FTOOO!

SPUNK!

SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T. FRAME

CAROL MONROE FOREVER!

GO GET 'EM, JONESY!

SPLAT!

PAT-WAGONS MOVE IN -

FTOOM!

0120 HOURS. P. B. FLOYD HOUSING COMPLEX. JUDGES DREDD AND HERSHEY CARRY OUT ANOTHER ROUTINE 59C -

GOOD EVENING, CITIZENS - CRIME SWOOP!

CRASH!!

B-B-BUT WE'RE INNOCENT, JUDGE!

NOBODY'S INNOCENT, CITIZEN. WE'RE JUST HERE TO DETERMINE THE LEVEL OF YOUR GUILT.

KRIP!

0130 HOURS.

WHAT WE GOT, HERSHEY?

ILLEGAL POSSESSION OF SUGAR - 87 GRAMS. POSSESSION OF PROHIBITED VID-SLUGS - 7 COUNTS. UNLICENSED FIREARM -

DREDD

IT'S AN ANTIQUE!

GOT A LICENCE ?

N-NO.

THEN SHUT UP !

AND ONE BREACH OF HEALTH REGS – DIRTY WASTE UNIT.

OKAY... 1,000 CRED FINE ON THE WASTE UNIT, **THREE YEARS** FOR THE GUN – **YEAR APIECE** ON THE OTHER CHARGES.

JOIN THE OTHERS OUTSIDE !

CRIME SWOOPS ARE HARSH, BUT EFFECTIVE. THEY SERVE TO UNCOVER MUCH ILLEGAL ACTIVITY AND ACT AS A POSITIVE DETERRENT TO OTHER POTENTIAL LAWBREAKERS.

THAT'LL DO IT FOR TONIGHT, HERSHEY. RECKON THE REST OF THE BLOCK'LL GET THE MESSAGE.

BELOW, THE JUDGES' RADIOS CRACKLE OUT THE CONTINUOUS LITANY OF THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT –

ITEM ! *SNIPERS APPREHENDED, SECTOR 11 LINK ROAD. TRAFFIC MOVING NORMALLY. HAZARD WARNING NOW CANCELLED.*

ITEM ! *PEDWAY COLLAPSE, CROSSROADS, MORTIMER AND MEGG. REPAIR SQUAD ESTIMATES ONE HOUR CLOSURE. AVOID TILL FURTHER NOTICE.*

ITEM ! *MASS BREAKOUT, ISO CUBE 400. ALL CENTRAL SECTOR UNITS, VOICE ACTIVATE FOR FURTHER DATA.*

ITEM ! *SITUATION DETERIORATING, ST. CLAIR/MONROE CONFRONT. HEAVY FIRING REPORTED, 'TWEENBLOCK PLAZA.*

THOSE BLOCKS ARE ON MY NEXT PATROL GRID. BETTER GET OVER THERE. YOU WIND THINGS UP HERE, HERSHEY.

SAME OLD DREDD – ANYTHING TO AVOID THE PAPERWORK !

0145 HOURS. *PEAK CRIME TIME ON THE* ***GRAVEYARD SHIFT.*** *GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE* ***INCIDENT BOARD*** *IS ALIVE WITH ACTIVITY. SERIOUS DISTURBANCES ARE REPORTED IN MOST SECTORS.*

IN NORTH SECTOR 225, MOB BLITZERS HAVE CARRIED OUT A SHOCK ATTACK ON A RIVAL MOBSTER'S NITERIE. CASUALTIES WILL BE HEAVY.

EEEEEEH!

ALONG THE WEST WALL CORDON, AN UNKNOWN NUMBER OF CURSED EARTH MUTANTS HAVE PENETRATED THE CITY. RESERVE SQUADS ARE IN PURSUIT.

IN SECTOR 93, JUDGES HAVE DISCOVERED A HOLDALL CONTAINING 17 HUMAN LEFT HANDS. THE MURDERER HAS ALREADY BEEN NICKNAMED "LEFTY".

BENEATH THE STREETS OF SECTOR 117, A VINCE ST. CLAIR BLOCK SNEAK ATTACK UNIT MOVES INTO ACTION —

WE'RE THROUGH TO THE UNDERCITY!

UNDERCITY DWELLERS!

GET LOST — YA WEIRDOS!

MONROE BLOCK FOUNDATIONS. SET THE CHARGES !

THE BLOCK WAR IS ABOUT TO TAKE A DRAMATIC TURN FOR THE WORSE !

0148 HOURS. ST. CLAIR/MONROE. CRAZED RESIDENTS CLASH IN THE 'TWEENBLOCK PLAZA –

JUDGES FIRIN' **STUMM GAS!**

WE'RE READY FOR 'EM ! **MASKS ON !**

THOSE STINKIN' ST. CLAIR SCUM GOT GASMASKS ! THEY'RE KILLIN' OUR BOYS WHILE THEY'RE OUT COLD !

I'M BRINGIN' FORWARD THE *PARA-GLIDE* ASSAULT !

GO! GO! GO!

RATATATATATA!

BUSY COPING WITH THE OTHER DEMANDS OF THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT, JUDGES HAVE BEEN SERIOUSLY UNDER STRENGTH. NOW, MORE UNITS ARRIVE ON THE SCENE —

STUMM'S NO GOOD! GIVE 'EM **RIOT FOAM** BEFORE THIS CONFRONT SPREADS!

AND PICK OFF THOSE GLIDERS!

0150 HOURS.

CHARGES IN POSITION! GIVE US TWO MINUTES TO GET CLEAR!

WE AIN'T **GOT** TWO MINUTES! JUDGES'LL BE IN HERE ANY SECOND!

IF WE'RE GONNA FIX **MONROE** FOR GOOD AN' ALL, IT'S GOTTA BE **NOW!**

BARRROOOM!

DROKK!

DREDD

NEXT PROG:

BLOCKFALL!

JUDGE DREDD

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT – Part 5

0150 HOURS. THE **GRAVEYARD SHIFT** – THE HECTIC HOURS BETWEEN DAWN AND DUSK. AT THE **ST. CLAIR/MONROE CITY-BLOCK CONFRONTATION**, ST. CLAIR'S **SNEAK ATTACK UNIT** HAS BLOWN AWAY THE MONROE BLOCK FOUNDATIONS –

KAB BA MB!

CAROL MONROE IS COMIN' DOWN!

KERRUMP!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER

ART
RON SMITH

LETTERING
T FRAME

IN THE VINCE ST. CLAIR **CITI-DEF** OFFICE, THERE IS JUBILATION –

WE DID IT! WE TAUGHT MONROE A LESSON THEY'LL **NEVER** FORGET!

CD

CAROL MONROE FALLS SQUARE ON THE 'TWEENBLOCK PLAZA, WHERE HUNDREDS OF **BLOCK WARRIORS** ARE ENCASED IN JUSTICE DEPT **RIOT FOAM** –

AAAAH!

THEN, ITS SHEER WEIGHT CARRIES IT CRASHING THROUGH CITY BOTTOM – AND INTO THE **UNDERCITY** BELOW!

THE WHOLE PLAZA'S CRACKING OPEN! ST. CLAIR'S BLOCK'S **TILTING!**

VINCE ST. CLAIR'S JUBILATION IS SHORT-LIVED —

FLAMIN' KNEEPADS! THE TOP OF THE BUILDING'S BREAKING OFF!

SORRY ABOUT THIS, TROOPS! SLIGHT MISJUDGMENT AT THE DROPPING ZONE!

DREDD TO CONTROL! WE GOT A **CLASS 1 EMERGENCY** HERE! ESTIMATED 100,000 DEAD AND INJURED. ALERT ALL RESCUE SERVICES!

LOOK OUT!

KERRASH!

0154 HOURS. AS RESCUE SQUADS BEGIN TO TACKLE THE DISASTER, JUDGES MOVE IN ON THE REMAINS OF **VINCE ST. CLAIR** —

TOTAL EVACUATION PROCEDURE! ANY RESISTANCE — **CRUSH IT!**

IN THE BLOCK MEZZANINE, A FEW CITI-DEF WARRIORS ARE QUICKLY NULLIFIED —

BLAM! BLAM!

THEN —

W-WE WEREN'T INVOLVED, JUDGE! HONEST!

YOUR INNOCENCE REMAINS TO BE DECIDED, CITIZENS. IN THE MEANTIME, A **CATCHMENT AREA** HAS BEEN SET UP ON ROZZERMAN STREET — MAKE YOUR WAY THERE!

DREDD

SWIFTLY, EFFICIENTLY, EVERY APARTMENT IS CHECKED —

EVACUATION. **OUT!**

CRASH!

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT SOME DIEHARDS IN 12K !

THAT'S THE JOHNSONS. WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF THEY **STARTED** ALLA THIS ! THEY BEEN ANGLIN' FOR A **BLOCK WAR** EVER SINCE SOME MONROE JUVE THREW A ROCK AT THEIR SERVO-DROID !

RICOCHET !

OTHER WARRING RESIDENTS WISELY SURRENDER –

SORRY ABOUT THIS, JUDGE DREDD. THINGS SEEM TO HAVE GOT A LITTLE OUT OF HAND !

BUT WE SURE SHOWED THEM MONROE BLOCKERS, HUH ? **THEY** WON'T CAUSE YOU NO MORE TROUBLE !

KLIKK !

NEITHER WILL YOU.

THIS LOT GO STRAIGHT TO THE CUBES. **SIXTY YEARS** APIECE.

SIXTY **YEARS** ? HEY, THAT'S A BIT STEEP ! IT WAS ONLY A LITTLE BLOCK WAR !

AIN'T OUR FAULT, ANYWAY. IT'S THIS STINKIN' CITY ! A GUY'S GOTTA HAVE **SOME** WAY OF LETTIN' OFF STEAM !

THEY SLAUGHTER SEVENTY THOUSAND – AND CALL IT LETTING OFF STEAM. MADNESS – SHEER MADNESS !

NO MATTER **WHAT** THE CAUSE, IT'S GOTTA BE STAMPED ON – **HARD !**

HELP ! MY LITTLE GIRL – **SHE'S TRAPPED !**

I'LL CALL UP AN H-WAGON !

NO TIME. THE REST OF THAT FLOOR COULD GO ANY SECOND !

I'LL GET HER !

DREDD BEGAN TO INCH HIS WAY ACROSS THE FLOOR –

YOU'RE TOO VALUABLE TO RISK, DREDD !

WHEN A JUDGE GETS TOO VALUABLE TO RISK, HE'S NO LONGER A JUDGE !

SOMEBODY'S GOIN' AFTER THE KID !

IT'S DREDD !

KRAKKK !

OH MY GOD ! THE FLOOR'S BREAKING !

GOT HER !

DROKK! I'M GOING –

LYALL!

DREDD'S A GONER!

NEXT PROG:

JUST ANOTHER STATISTIC?

JUDGE DREDD
THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT– Part 6
0230 HOURS ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT. AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF CAROL MONROE BLOCK, JUDGES HAVE MOVED IN TO QUELL FURTHER TROUBLE FROM NEIGHBOURING VINCE ST. CLAIR.
AND THERE –
DREDD'S SAVED THE BABY – BUT HE'S FALLING!
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME
THE PEDWAY! GOT TO STRETCH FOR IT!
PEDWAY
UUUUUUUH!

HANG ON, DREDD! WE'RE COMING!

MAKE IT **SNAPPY!** MY **ARMS** ARE FALLIN' OFF HERE!

RECKON YOU'VE GOT A **DISLOCATED SHOULDER!**

TELL ME SOMETHING I **DON'T** KNOW!

0245 HOURS. THE LAST OCCUPANTS OF VINCE ST CLAIR ARE EVACUATED –

THE BLOCK RUINS CONSTITUTE A HAZARD. **BRING 'EM DOWN!**

KAAROOM!

NESMITH TO CONTROL. READY TO MOVE THESE EVACUEES!

ROGER. NEAREST **HOLDING BLOCK** IS **H-09** ON JEFFERSON.

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US? WE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE BLOCK WAR!

THAT'S FOR US TO DECIDE, CITIZEN. YOU'LL BE HELD UNDER LOCK AND KEY PENDING **FORMAL INTERROGATION.**

IT'S NOT FAIR! WE'RE **INNOCENT!**

YOU ALWAYS GET **CARPERS,** EH, DREDD?

WHAT'S THE SITUATION IN THE NEIGHBOURING BLOCKS, SWOPE?

SWOPE

TENSE, BUT NO OUTRIGHT VIOLENCE SO FAR.

BETTER GET EXTRA JUDGES INTO EVERY BLOCK. MAKE YOUR PRESENCE **FELT**. WE DON'T WANT ANY REPETITION OF WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE.

SWOP

DREDD

BLOCK WAR IS A KIND OF MASS HYSTERIA. LET IT START SPREADING AND YOU GOT **BIG** TROUBLE.

Ooo

I'VE RE-SET THAT SHOULDER. THE HEAT PADS'LL KILL THE PAIN AND SPEED UP TISSUE REPAIR. GO EASY ON IT FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS, THOUGH.

GO **EASY** ? IN **THIS** CITY ?

CONTROL TO DREDD ! WE GOT **ANOTHER** BAG OF **LEFT HANDS** IN SECTOR 93. JUDGE IN CHARGE REQUESTS **SENIOR JUDGE ASSIST.**

ON MY WAY !

0300 HOURS. *ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT, TROUBLE CONTINUES UNABATED.*

ON AVERAGE – EXCLUDING MAJOR DISASTERS SUCH AS THE ***MONROE/ST.CLAIR WAR,*** *THERE ARE NOW* ***24 A.R.V.'S, 139 SERIOUS ASSAULTS, 5 MURDERS, 0·09 CLASSIFIABLE RIOTS*** *AND* ***230 TRAFFIC OFFENCES*** *EVERY MINUTE.*

7 *JUDGES HAVE SO FAR* ***DIED*** *IN THE LINE OF DUTY.* ***25*** *OTHERS HAVE BEEN* ***HOSPITALISED.***

AT THE WEST WALL, **MUTANT INSURGENCE** HAS BEEN HEAVY. THE VAST **MUTIE PENS** ARE NEARING CAPACITY. MORE ARE STILL COMING IN.

AT MEGA-CITY **SPACEPORT**, AN INCOMING ASTRO-FREIGHTER HAS CRASHED INTO A PACKED LUNAR LINER. A **CLASS 1 EMERGENCY** HAS BEEN DECLARED.

FWAM!

WREEOWWREEOOOW!

WREEOOWWREEOW!

IN SECTOR 80, A HUNGRY ALIEN HAS ESCAPED FROM THE **NETHERWORLDS EXHIBITION**. SO FAR, 17 CITIZENS HAVE BEEN WHOLLY OR PARTIALLY CONSUMED.

BDAM!

BDAM!

AARGH!

IN SEVERAL NORTHERN SECTORS, **CONTAMINATED** BLACK MARKET **FOOD** HAS FOUND ITS WAY ONTO THE STREET. ONE HUNDRED PLUS CITIZENS ARE DEAD. TEN TIMES THAT NUMBER ARE ON THE CRITICAL LIST.

MUCK-BURGERS ARE DELISH! EAT NOTHING ELSE!

AT **RESYK**, THE CITY'S BODY RECYCLING PLANT, A DOZEN MOBILE JUSTICE DEPT **AUTOPSY UNITS** HAVE BEEN SET UP TO KEEP THE CONVEYORS MOVING.

EVEN BY GRAVEYARD SHIFT STANDARDS, IT IS A BUSY NIGHT

0313 HOURS. SECTOR 93'S GENE KRUPA UNDERPASS —

GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT, DREDD. DON'T MIND ADMITTING THESE LEFT-HAND MURDERS HAVE GOT ME FOXED!

THERE WERE SEVENTEEN HANDS IN THE FIRST BATCH. ANOTHER TWENTY-EIGHT IN THIS BAG. ALL LEFT HANDS!

NO SIGN OF THE BODIES?

NO.

DISINTEGRATOR?

LOOKS THAT WAY. CLEAN KILLING EVERY TIME. NO CLUES TO THE PERP.

GOT ANY MAKE ON THE VICTIMS?

DOBSON'S RUNNING THIS BATCH THROUGH THE FINGERPRINT MACHINE NOW.

DOBSON

CLEAR I.D. IN EVERY CASE — BUT IT DOESN'T DO US MUCH GOOD. COMPUTER SAYS NO CONNECTION BETWEEN THE VICTIMS. RANDOM KILLINGS, EVERY ONE!

DREDD

SO WHY NOT DISINTEGRATE THE **WHOLE** BODY? THEN WE WOULDN'T KNOW THERE'D BEEN **ANY** KILLINGS.

LOOKS LIKE 'LEFTY' IS LEAVING US HIS CALLING CARD — LIKE HE **WANTS** US TO KNOW HE'S OUT THERE.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WE GOT A GENUINE *CRAZY* ON OUR HANDS!

NEXT PROG:

BAGGING LEFTY?

JUDGE DREDD

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT – Part 7

Maxwell's Niteries

0315 HOURS ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT –

HEY, YOU!

ROCKNEY! TH-THAT MAN'S GOT SOME KIND OF GUN!

BZZZZZZ!

ROCKNEY!?

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

HUNNERD N' TWELVE!

WH-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM?

GOT NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS, BABE – I'M BEHIND SCHEDULE!

BZZZZ!

HUNNERD N' THIRTEEN!

0319 HOURS. IN GENE KRUPA UNDERPASS, JUDGES HAVE FOUND A SECOND BAG OF **HUMAN LEFT HANDS** –

THE LEFT HANDS GIVE US A **MAKE** ON ALL THE VICTIMS. APART FROM THAT, THE KILLER'S LEFT NO CLUES.

HE'S GOT TO BE USING A **HEAVY DUTY DISINTEGRATOR.** HAVE YOU RUN A CHECK ON ALL LICENSED **H.D.D.** OPERATORS ?

YES. THERE'S 16,000 ON THE LIST. GONNA TAKE A FEW HOURS TO SIFT THROUGH THEM.

WE HAVEN'T **GOT** A FEW HOURS. THIS CREEP'S ON THE STREETS **NOW.**

GET THIS BAG OVER TO **PSI-DIVISION.** MAYBE THEY CAN COME UP WITH SOMETHING.

KRIEK TO **DREDD!**

I'M IN MAXWELL'S NITERIE OVER ON SHANKS. GOT ANOTHER **FIVE HANDS** HERE.

LOOKS LIKE LEFTY'S GETTING SLOPPY.

OR MAYBE HE'S JUST RUN OUT OF **BAGS.**

ON MY WAY !

0331 HOURS, **PSI-DIVISION** –

I'VE HEARD OF **HANDBAGS,** BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH !

DON'T GIMME THE JOKES, ANDERSON – JUST GET ON WITH IT !

HOOJIE PALOOJIE, WHAMMA DE DO! I'M HERE, LEFTY – WHERE ARE YOU ?

DOES SHE NEVER TAKE **ANYTHING** SERIOUSLY ?

NO, BUT SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S DOING.

HE'S COMIN' THROUGH... SUSPECT MALE, MID-THIRTIES... SHORT... SLIM BUILD, WEARING... DARK RADORAK, THIGH BOOTS WITH SIMULATED KNEEPADS...

THE DESCRIPTION IS BROADCAST —

...PSI-DIVISION SUGGEST YOU CONCENTRATE YOUR SEARCH ON THE WEBER HEIGHTS AREA. WE'LL ALLOCATE ADDITIONAL SEARCH UNITS AS THEY BECOME AVAILABLE.

WILCO.

0347 HOURS. THE **GRAVEYARD SHIFT** IS PAST ITS PEAK. AS THE MOMENTUM OF CRIME SLOWS, MORE JUDGES ARE RELEASED TO JOIN IN THE HUNT FOR **LEFTY** —

MELBA HERE — ON CLINKER HILL. JUST FOUND ANOTHER BATCH — TEN AT LEAST. LOOKS LIKE LEFTY'S HEADING UP TOWARDS THE NEW CON-SHOP PRECINCT.

ALL UNITS CONVERGE ON THE PRECINCT.

VROOOM!

VROOM

VROOM!

0351 HOURS. FLANDERS MALL.

BZZZ!

HUNNERD AN' TWENTY NINE!

YOU!

OH OH!

Er...hi, guys!

HANDS UP - AND MAKE SURE THEY'RE YOUR **OWN**!

What's new?

0400 HOURS —

CONTROL — YOU CAN CALL OFF THE HUNT. SUSPECT CHECKS OUT.

NAME: JEAN PAUL BLATTY, APARTMENT 24C, INIGO BING BLOCK. FATHER'S AN UNEMPLOYED TUNNEL WORKER. THAT'S WHERE THE CREEP GOT THE **H.D.D.**.

JEAN PAUL BLATTY, I'M ARRESTING YOU ON 60 COUNTS OF MURDER.

60 ? YOU'RE CRAZY, MAN ! I MAKE IT 129 AT **LEAST** !

DID YOU GET THE BAG OVER AT THE TRANSIT STATION ? AN' HOW ABOUT THE 22 I DUMPED IN A TRASH CAN OVER ON IMRAN STREET ?

CHECK 'EM OUT.

WHY, BLATTY ?

I WAS GOIN' FOR THE RECORD. NEARLY MADE IT, TOO !

THE RECORD ?

YEAH, IT'S ALL HERE IN "CASTLE'S MEGAREC"... **HIGHEST NUMBER** OF **ONE-ON-ONE MURDERS** COMMITTED DURING **ONE NIGHT : 134** BY MAD TONY NEWTON IN 2102.

THAT'S WHY I LEFT ALL THE LEFT HANDS — MY **TRADEMARK**, SO YOU'D KNOW IT WAS ME THAT DID 'EM. CLEVER, HUH ?

IT TAKES ALL TYPES.

TAKE HIM AWAY. **INDEFINITE PSYCHO CUBE OBSERVATION.**

YOU BE SURE AN' REPORT THIS TO **MEGAREC**, OKAY? THINK I MIGHT MAKE IT UNDER THE "**MOST DISMEMBERMENTS**" SECTION!

DREDD

0430 HOURS. THE **GRAVEYARD SHIFT** IS WINDING DOWN. THE CRIME RATE HAS FALLEN DRASTICALLY. EVEN CRIMINALS MUST SLEEP.

ON THE ROADWAYS, TRAFFIC HAS DWINDLED ENOUGH TO ALLOW DAMAGED SECTIONS TO BE CLOSED OFF. FOR A BRIEF HOUR, MAINTENANCE CREWS WILL BE ABLE TO CARRY OUT HURRIED REPAIRS.

ON THE **WEST WALL**, THE NIGHT'S CATCH OF **MUTANT INSURGENTS** IS ONCE MORE EXPELLED INTO THE **CURSED EARTH**.

LOUSY NORMOS! CAN'T THEY SEE THAT HAVING FOUR ARMS IS A POSITIVE STEP **FORWARD** FOR THE HUMAN RACE!

0445 HOURS. AS THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN CREEP OVER THE CITY, **WEATHER CONTROL** JUDGES PROGRAMME ANOTHER FINE, FAIR DAY.

RAIN

SNOW

SUN

ON A WINDOW-LEDGE OF ARTHUR KOESTLER BLOCK, THE LAST OF THE NIGHT'S LEAPERS PAUSES, PONDERING...

...THEN RETURNS TO BED.

PERHAPS TOMORROW...

FOR JUDGE DREDD ANOTHER **GRAVEYARD SHIFT** IS OVER. HE JOINS THE STREAM OF JUDGES POURING INTO THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE –

DREDD

BROWN

DRE

THERE, 10 MINUTES IN THE **SLEEP MACHINE** WILL PROVIDE THE EQUIVALENT OF A FULL NIGHT'S REST.

0500 HOURS. DREDD RETURNS TO THE STREETS.

CONTROL TO DREDD! WE GOT AN **A.R.V.**, JANET DYSON EASY GLIDE!

ANOTHER DAY SHIFT IS JUST BEGINNING –

ON MY WAY!

THE END.

NEXT PROG:

"SUSPECT"

JUDGE DREDD

"SUSPECT"

THE HALL OF JUSTICE INTERROGATION CUBES.

HERE, EVERY DAY, THOUSANDS OF DRAMAS ARE PLAYED OUT. . . THOUSANDS OF NIGHTMARES GIVEN FLESH . . .

DUTY FEMALE TO CUBE 7 — STRIP SEARCH.

ISO-SHUTTLE NOW LOADING, MAIN BAY. GET YOUR PERPS DOWN THERE.

OH NO! OH NO!

TOO LATE FOR TEARS, CITIZEN. INSIDE.

HERE, THE STENCH OF FEAR HANGS HEAVY IN THE AIR...

SUSPECT HENDERS... NEXT IN CUBE 4.

P-PLEASE... I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING.

WE'LL SEE. TAKE A SEAT AND WAIT.

SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
C. KENNEDY
LETTERING
T. FRAME

BY THE TIME A CITIZEN IS BROUGHT HERE, HE IS ALREADY HALFWAY **LOST.** THE JUDGES HAVE **WAYS** OF FINDING THINGS OUT...

MED-TEK TO CUBE 12. HEART ATTACK!

3

4

THE JUDGES **KNOW!**

BUT IT HAPPENED **THIRTY YEARS AGO,** JUDGE...!

CUBE 4, DREDD. THAT'S **HENDERS.**

OH, NO! **JUDGE DREDD!**

INSIDE, HENDERS.

WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE **HIM!** I'M DONE FOR!

4

NO! DON'T THINK THAT WAY! STAY COOL - GOTTA STAY COOL. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE. HE **CAN'T** KNOW!

INSIDE, THERE IS ONLY THE HARSH GLARE OF THE LIGHTS, THE SOFT HUM OF THE LIE DETECTOR, AND THE PROBING VOICE OF THE INTERROGATOR...

YOU ARE JOHN KILROY HENDERS, 1413 KEN KERCHEVAL BLOCK?

Y-YES, SIR.

ANY MEDICAL CONDITION I OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT BEFORE WE START?

N-NO, SIR.

YOU REALISE WHY YOU'RE HERE, HENDERS?

N-NO, SIR.

LYING'S ONLY GOING TO MAKE IT WORSE. YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME CLEAN.

B-BUT I HAVEN'T DONE **ANYTHING!**

OUR COMPUTERS SAY DIFFERENT, HENDERS.

YOU'RE LIVING **TOO WELL.** YOU'RE PULLING IN **12 THOU** A YEAR AS A SHOP WINDOW DUMMY - YOU'RE **SPENDING 30 THOU!**

SO DON'T PLAY DUMB WITH ME!

WHERE DID YOU GET THE EXTRA CASH, HENDERS?

PULL A FEW **ROBBERIES,** DID YOU?

R-R-ROBBERIES? **NO!**

LIE DETECTOR CHECKS OUT. HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, DREDD.

SO YOU DIDN'T STEAL IT. THEN WHERE DID YOU GET IT? **GAMBLING?** **FORGERY?**

LITTLE **BLACKMAIL**, MAYBE?

NO, SIR! YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG!

HE'S JUST FISHING AROUND – HE **DOESN'T** KNOW! GOTTA STAY COOL – WATCH WHAT I SAY. I CAN COME OUT OF THIS **CLEAN!**

THE INTERROGATION LASTS NEARLY AN HOUR –

YOU'VE COVERED JUST ABOUT EVERY CRIME IN THE BOOK. HE CHECKS OUT ON EVERY ONE.

SO YOU'RE **MR CLEAN**, HUH, HENDERS? CITIZEN OF THE YEAR! THEN JUST TELL ME ONE THING – WHERE **DID** YOU GET THAT MONEY?

I TOLD YOU, I DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING IF I DON'T WANT TO. YOU CAN'T MAKE ME.

THIS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH. I DEMAND MY RIGHTS – EITHER **ARREST** ME, OR **RELEASE** ME!

ALL RIGHT, CITIZEN - YOU'RE FREE TO GO.

F-FREE? YOU MEAN IT?

MY APOLOGIES FOR THE INCONVENIENCE, CITIZEN. BUT YOU UNDERSTAND, WE'VE GOT TO BE SURE.

61

NOT OFTEN **YOU** LOSE ONE, DREDD.

HAVEN'T LOST HIM. THE CREEP'S GUILTY OF SOMETHING, BUT I DON'T INTEND WASTING A WHOLE DAY CRACKING HIM.

DREDD

HALL OF JUSTICE

THERE'S A SIMPLER WAY...

OUTSIDE -

I BEAT 'EM! I BEAT 'EM!

WAIT - GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF! DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION. THEY COULD STILL HAUL YOU BACK IN THERE!

HIS GUILTY SECRET SAFE, THE SUSPECT MAKES HIS WAY HOME, TO WASH THE SMELL OF FEAR FROM HIS BODY -

BETTER HURRY UP. I'M LATE FOR WORK.

BUT AS THE SUSPECT BEGINS HIS MORNING STINT AS A **SHOP WINDOW DUMMY** AT **ADDA MODES**, LITTLE DOES HE DREAM THAT **SPY-IN-THE-SKY** CAMERAS ARE RECORDING HIS EVERY MOVE -

ADDA MODE

NEXT MORNING -

SURVEILLANCE CONTROL - ANY PROGRESS ON THE **HENDERS CASE?**

WE'VE GOT HIM COLD, DREDD. LISTEN TO THIS -

"0912 HOURS: STARTED WORK AS **SHOP WINDOW DUMMY** AT ADDA MODES. 1730 HOURS: FINISHED WORK...

"1800 HOURS. BEGAN WORK AT FEENY'S EATERIE AS **TABLE BOY**, USING THE ALIAS **MARTIN SINGLEPENNY**. 2330 HOURS: FINISHED WORK...

EATERY

"0100 HOURS. BEGAN NIGHT SHIFT AS **BED TESTER** AT THE MORTON MATTRESS CO., USING ALIAS **HUGO HUXLEY**. 0800 HOURS: FINISHED WORK."

CITIZEN HENDERS – OR SHOULD IT BE SINGLEPENNY – OR PERHAPS HUXLEY?

HOLDING DOWN THREE JOBS, EH? OKAY – I'LL PICK HIM UP!

IN THE FUTURE CITY, WITH **UNEMPLOYMENT** FAST APPROACHING ITS PRE-WAR PEAK OF **87 PER CENT**, HAVING **MORE** THAN **ONE JOB** IS A **SERIOUS OFFENCE** –

OH, GOD... YOU'VE FOUND OUT...

YOUR SELFISHNESS DENIED TWO OTHER CITIZENS THE CHANCE OF EMPLOYMENT. WHY DID YOU DO IT, HENDERS?

I-I JUST LOVE **WORKING**, I GUESS. I KNOW IT WAS WRONG, BUT I COULDN'T **HELP** MYSELF.

I'M ASKING FOR TWO **WEEKEND JOBS** TO BE TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION.

MUST'VE USED THE JOB OF BED TESTER TO CATCH UP ON HIS SLEEP.

WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS, WITH ALL THAT WORK, WHERE'D HE FIND THE **TIME** TO SPEND THAT **30 THOUSAND**?

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE-1

BAD NEWS FOR LAWBREAKERS! JUSTICE DEPT'S NEW "MANTA PROWL TANK" TODAY COMES INTO SERVICE ON THE STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE!

THE MANTA, REPLACEMENT FOR THE OUTDATED MARK 4 PAT-WAGON, IS A STREET-LEVEL ANTI-GRAV CRAFT. ITS ADVANCED COMPUTER GUIDANCE SYSTEM ENABLES IT TO ATTAIN SPEEDS IN EXCESS OF 500 KPH IN BUSY CITY CONDITIONS!

THE PROWL TANK'S MAIN ARMAMENT COMPRISES PETERSON HIGH-INTENSITY LASER CANNON, CAPABLE OF PIN-POINT ACCURACY... OR MASSIVE WIDE-BEAM DESTRUCTION!

STUMM GAS AND RIOT FOAM ARE, OF COURSE, CARRIED AS STANDARD.

SCRIPT
T B GROVER

ART
EMBERTON

LETTERING
T FRAME

THE TANK'S **ARMOUR-PLATED HULL** CAN WITHSTAND A **MAJOR IMPACT** WITHOUT STRUCTURAL DAMAGE.

IN ADDITION, THE MANTA CARRIES A COMPLEMENT OF **FOUR BIKE JUDGES** IN ITS FORWARD BAY.

ALTOGETHER, AN **IMPORTANT NEW WEAPON** IN JUSTICE DEPT'S **NEVER-ENDING FIGHT AGAINST CRIME!**

AFTER SEEING THE **MANTA**, I'M SURE WE'LL ALL FEEL A **LOT SAFER** ON THE CITY'S STREETS... THAT'S UNLESS WE'RE **CRIMINALS**, OF COURSE! HA HA!

BY EVENING, **MANTAS** ARE ON THE PROWL IN ALL SECTORS —

MANTA 114 ON KATZANJAMMER STREET. INVESTIGATING THAT DISTURBANCE REPORT...

IN THE FORWARD BAY, THE FOUR **BIKE** JUDGES MONITOR STREET SCANNERS —

CON-DOME! GOT A SUSPICIOUS GROUP OF **JUVES** ON SCANNER 3.

PULL BACK INTO THAT LAST ALLEY.

YOU JUVES! HALT!

WALT RALEIGH BLOCK – BIT OUT OF YOUR TERRITORY, AREN'T YOU, BOYS ?

J-JUST OUT FOR A STRUT, JUDGE. YOU KNOW, SPUGGIN' ABOUT. AIN'T DOIN' NO HARM.

EMPTY YOUR POCKETS AND CARRILOTS.

I MEAN NOW!

OKAY! OKAY!

PZZAKK!

CLATTER!

KINDA **HEAVY-LOADED** FOR A SIMPLE SPUGABOUT, AREN'T YOU, BOYS ?

THESE WEAPONS IS JUST FOR **PERSONAL PROTECTION!** WE HEARD THIS IS A **ROUGH** AREA!

TOO ROUGH FOR YOU CREEPS!

RIOT FOAM!

MANTA 114 TO CONTROL! CATCH WAGON REQUIRED, SAL DALI ALLEY. TWELVE JUVES ON A FIVE STRETCH.

BETTER BRING FOAM CUTTERS. THEY'VE GOT BOOTS ON.

RIOT FOAM DETENTION...THE "MEGA-CITY BOOT"!

WELL, DREDD, HOW DO YOU RATE THE MANTA ?

A GOOD ENOUGH MACHINE. I SUPPOSE WE'VE ALL GOT TO PULL OUR SPELL OF DUTY IN IT, BUT PERSONALLY I PREFER TO MEET MY PERPS EYE TO EYE.

CON-DOME - THAT'S THE THIRD BUNCH OF ARMED JUVES WE'VE PICKED UP IN THE PAST HOUR. BETTER WARN CONTROL - COULD BE A RUMBLE BREWING.

FROM ALL OVER THE CITY, ARMED GROUPS OF JUVENILE DESPERADOS ARE ON THE MOVE.

FROM SECTOR 34, THE NOTORIOUS BERNIE BEESLEY BLOCK BAD BOYS -

FROM SECTOR 412, THE JAMES DEAN BLOCK JUVES-WITHOUT-A-CAUSE -

FROM SECTOR 69, THE MORGAN FAIRCHILD FLAMINGOES-

THE T. DAN SMITH/ROY ORBISON JUVE ALLIANCE! THE BRUCE KENT BOMBERS! THE LOBSANG RAMPANT BEAST PACK! THE TOP FIGHTING JUVES IN THE CITY...

...ALL CONVERGING ON AN AREA IN SECTOR 230 KNOWN AS THE JUNGLE!

SECTOR 230

MEANWHILE, AT A CITY RECLAMATION ZONE IN NEIGHBOURING SECTOR 231, THE BOB MARKS BLOCK Y-BOBS ARE ALSO ON THE MOVE —

CITY RECLAMATION ZONE KEEP OUT

THEM OVER-BLOWN RAD-TRACTORS ARE JUST WHAT WE NEED!

TAKE 'EM, Y-BOBS!

THE GIANT EARTH-CLEARING MACHINES' ROBOT CREWS ARE NOT PROGRAMMED TO REPEL JUVE ASSAULTS –

Y-BOB! Y-BOB!

STOP! YOU HAVE NO AUTHORISATION FOR THIS ACTION!

SO SUE US!

THE RAD-TRACKS ARE **OURS!**

OKAY, BOBS – FINISH THAT SCRAWLIN' AN' LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!

WE'RE LATE FOR THE RUMBLE!

THERE IS INDEED GOING TO BE A RUMBLE TONIGHT—

THE DADDY OF THEM ALL!

LET'S ROLL!

CITY RECLAMATION ZONE KEEP OUT

WELCOME TO SECTOR 230 PLEASE DRIVE CAREFULLY

ROAD CLOSED

NEXT PROG: THE CRUSH HOUR!

JUDGE DREDD

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE -2.

IN AN AREA OF SECTOR 230 KNOWN AS **THE JUNGLE**, MEGA-CITY ONE'S TOP **FIGHTING JUVES** HAVE GATHERED TO **SLUG IT OUT** -

AAAH!

MICK FOOTE JUVES FOREVERRRrr!

AIEEE!

BEESLEY **BAD BOYS** ON THE **OVERSTRUT**!

TAKE 'EM, **FLAMINGOES**!

JUSTICE DEPT **MANTA PROWL TANKS** MOVE IN TO **QUELL** THE **RUMBLE** -

FZAAAK!

HOLY MOLEY - **MANTAS**!

AS THE JUVES SCATTER, THE MANTAS SHOW THEIR VERSATILITY -

BIKE UNITS **ROLL**!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART EMBERTON
LETTERING T FRAME

MEANWHILE, JUST SOUTH OF THE JUNGLE, THREE STOLEN "GODZILLA" **RAD-TRACTORS** FORGE TOWARDS THE **RUMBLE** . . . DOWN A ONE-WAY STREET !

WAGNER'S WALKWAY

CLEAR THE WAY! Y-**BOBS** COMIN' THROUGH !

CRUNCH!

SKEEEE!

CRASH!

PRISCILLA PRESLEY PEDWAY - 1986

THESE **RAD-TRAKS'LL** SETTLE WHO'S THE **TOP JUVES!** WHEN WE'RE FINISHED, THERE WON'T **BE** NO OTHER JUVES!

THERE'S A **JUDGE!**

EAT ZAP, LAW-'DULT!

ZUP!

ZIP!

ZAPPP!

CRASHH!

JUDGE HOOVER TO CONTROL! WE GOT **3 RAD-TRAKS PLOUGHIN' TRAFFIC... SECTOR 230 SPEEDWAY!**

CRUNCH!

RUMBLE!

BOB MARKS **Y-BOBS** IN CONTROL! RECKON... RECKON THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE **RUMBLE...!**

AAAAAAAH!

TRAVELLING AT A MINIMUM **200 KPH**, *THE ONCOMING SPEEDWAY TRAFFIC HAS* **NO CHANCE** *TO STOP. VEHICLE AFTER VEHICLE* **PILES IN!**

WHUMP!

KRANNG!

MAVIS! COME AND SEE – IT'S OUR BOB AND HIS PALS!

AAAGH!

Hi, Mom!

OH DEAR!

THAT BOY JUST DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO GET UP TO NEXT!

HE'S GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME! I'M STOPPING HIS POCKET MONEY FOR A MONTH!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RUMBLE, MANTA 114 SWEEPS TOWARDS A UNIT OF JOHN BRUNNER BLOCK FUTSIES –

FIRING STUMM GAS!

BIKE UNITS STAND READY TO DISEMBARK AND PICK UP SURVIVORS!

WAIT A MINUTE – STAND DOWN!

WE JUST GOT NEW ORDERS! SEEMS THERE'S BIG TROUBLE ON THE SPEEDWAY!

THEY'RE LEAVING! :CHOKE!:

THIS MUST BE OUR LUCKY :CHOKE: DAY!

EVERY **H-WAGON** AND **PROWL TANK** IN THE SECTOR IS DIVERTED TO THE SPEEDWAY EMERGENCY –

AIM YOUR LASERS AT THE RAD-TRAKS' CONTROL CABINS !

FZZZZ

AAH !

THEY GOT BOB !

WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL !

KRUMP!

AAAAAA

FADDAM!

IN NORMAL USE, THE GODZILLA COLLECTED AND STORED VAST AMOUNTS OF **RADIO-ACTIVE DUST**. NOW THAT DUST WAS RELEASED!

WE GOT **INSTANT FALLOUT** HERE ! STOP AIMING AT THE CONTROL CABINS – IMMEDIATELY !

BUT THERE'S NO OTHER WAY TO HALT THEM !

IN MANTA 114 –

WE GOTTA GET **ON BOARD!** CON-DOME – HEAD FOR SITWELL OVERPASS, AND GET THE RAMP DOWN PRONTO!

WITHIN MINUTES –

LET'S GO!

VROOOOM!

HERE THEY COME! WE'LL TAKE THE LEAD **TRAK!**

GOTTA BLAST A WAY THROUGH THE WALKWAY PARAPET...

BUDDA BUDDA!!

AND FLY LIKE AN EAGLE!

NEXT PROG:

RUMBLE CRUMBLE!

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE-3

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART EMBERTON
LETTERING FRAME

FROM AN OVERHEAD SKEDWAY, JUDGE DREDD LEADS A BIKE SQUAD IN A DESPERATE BID TO REGAIN CONTROL OF TWO MAMMOTH **RAD-TRACTORS** THAT HAVE BEEN STOLEN BY A GANG OF MEGA-CITY JUVES —

MISS THE RAD-TRAK'S ROOF – AND IT'S NEXT STOP **CITY-BOTTOM!**

KRUMP!

CAN'T STOP IN TIME, DREDD!

JUDGES!

AAGH!

THE LAW'S ON THE ROOF! GET YOUR BLASTERS!

PTOO! PTOO!

JUDGE DREDD

HOLD THEM BACK! I'LL HANDLE THE CON-DOME!

BADAM! BADAM!

AIEEE!

STORMING THE RAD-TRACTOR'S CONTROL CABIN WAS THE ONLY WAY TO STOP IT WREAKING FURTHER HAVOC ON THE CITY'S STREETS!

BUDDA! BUDDA! BUDDA!

YOUR TIME'S UP, JUVE!

WHAP!

DREDD BRINGS THE MAMMOTH MACHINE TO A HALT JUST IN TIME!

SCREEE!

HOLY ANNA!

BEHIND, THE OTHER RAD-TRAK VEERS OFF -

CITIZENS AT THE **ALF ROBERTS MEMORIAL SHOPLEX** HAVE STOPPED TO WATCH THE EXCITEMENT -

ULP! IT'S COMIN' **STRAIGHT FOR US!**

ALF ROBERTS MEMORIAL SHOPLEX

KERR-

-ASH!

AIEEE!

HELP!

EEEEEE!

JEWELLERY

PERFUME

COSMETICS

AN H-WAGON SWOOPS IN DROPPING JUDGES –

GO! GO! GO!

TAKE THE CON-DOME!

EMERGENCY'S OVER! WE HAVE CONTROL!

WE'RE NOT FINISHED YET! WE'VE STILL GOT THAT RUMBLE TO DEAL WITH – AND FAST!

MANTAS – CLEAR THE WAY FOR US!

WEEWAAO WEEWAAO!

VROOM!

WEEWAAO!

NEARBY, IN "THE JUNGLE" HUNDREDS OF THE CITY'S TOP JUVE GANGS CLASH -

AIEEEE!

GET THEM STADLER SLOBS!

DIE, DIE!

LOOKOUT!

WE CAN'T CONTROL 'EM! WE NEED BACK-UPS!

ASSISTANCE ON ITS WAY!

GET THESE VEHICLES OFF THE STREETS!

THAT MEANS YOU CITIZEN!

WHY SHOULD WE MOVE?

RUMBLE!

FLAMIN' KNEEPADS! SAY NO MORE!

MANTAS AND H-WAGONS REACH THE TROUBLESPOT FIRST –

DRIVE THEM ONTO THE MAIN **THROUGHWAY!** THE RAD-TRAKS'LL DO THE REST!

THEY'RE BUNCHIN' US TOGETHER! **TRUCE** TILL WE DEAL WITH THE JUDGES!

FORGET THE TRUCE! L-LOOK!

HOLY CREMOLA!

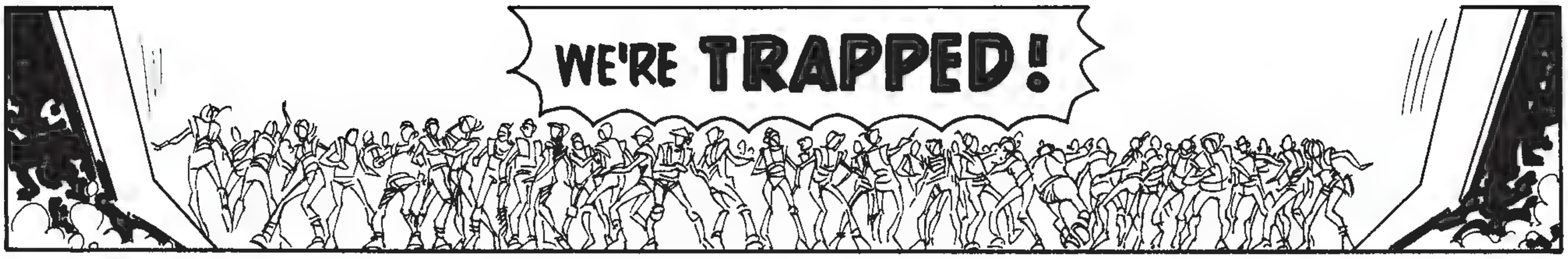
THIS AIN'T A FIGHT – IT'S A **MASSACRE!**

RUN!

MANTAS HERD OTHER SCATTERED BANDS OF JUVES INTO THE GROWING STAMPEDE –

GO BACK! YOU CAN'T RUN THIS WAY!

YOU CAN'T RUN THIS WAY NEITHER!


WE'RE TRAPPED!

THEY'RE GONNA CRUSH US!
PLEASE! DON'T! WE WAS JUST FUNNIN' AROUND!

BUT AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE GIANT EARTH MOVERS JUDDER TO A HALT -
THE RUMBLE'S OVER, CREEPS!

THE CAPTIVE RUMBLERS ARE RAPIDLY PROCESSED -
WE WASN'T INVOLVED, JUDGE! WE WAS JUST OUT STRUTTIN'!
YOU CAN DO YOUR STRUTTIN' IN A JUVE CUBE FROM NOW ON. TEN YEARS!

THESE RAD-TRAKS SURE MADE QUICK WORK OF THIS LITTLE FLARE-UP.
YEAH, I'LL PASS THE NEWS ONTO ARMOURY.

WE COULD DO WITH A FEW OF THEM ON PERMANENT SERVICE.
THE END.

JUDGE DREDD

BOB & CAROL & TED & RINGO. Pt.1

IT WAS THE PARADE OF THE CENTURY! THE DAY IRRAWADDY SKINNER LED HIS MONSTERS IN FROM SAURON VALLEY!

THE DINOSAURS ARE IN TOWN!

ROLL UP! ROLL UP! SEE THE CREATURES WHO RULED THE EARTH 70 MILLION YEARS AGO!

SKINNER'S DINOSAUR EXTRAVAGANZA

THRILL TO THE TERRIBLE TYRANNOSAUR! GOGGLE AT THE GARGANTUAN BRONTOSAURUS! CUDDLE THE WOOLLY MAMMOTH!

SKINNER'S DINOSAUR EXTRAVAGANZA OPENS TODAY!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME

JUDGES LINE THE ROUTE BETWEEN THE WEST WALL AND THE SHOW DOME -

THOSE PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE SPOOKING SKINNER'S TYRANNOSAUR ! GET 'EM BACK !

SNAP!

GRAAAAAAiiiii

KZZZ!

WHOOOAAA, BOB !

IT'S COMING FOR US !

RUN !

KRUNNCH!

WHOOOAAAA, BOB!

K-ZZZAK!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! SKINNER'S **SHOCK BOX** IS BRINGING IT UNDER CONTROL!

ARREST THOSE PHOTOGRAPHERS!

SORRY ABOUT THAT, JUDGE DREDD! I'LL PAY FOR THE DAMAGE.

YOU'RE LUCKY NO-ONE WAS HURT, SKINNER.

YOU'RE CHARGED WITH KEEPING THESE ANIMALS UNDER CONTROL, **IMPORT LICENCE** OR **NOT**, ONE MORE INCIDENT LIKE THAT AND YOU'LL BE HOLDING YOUR SHOW IN AN **ISO-CUBE**.

BUT THE PROCESSION REACHES THE SHOW DOME WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT –

WELL, A MOMENT OF HIGH EXCITEMENT THERE! NOW, AS THE DINOSAURS MARCH TO THEIR CAGES, LET'S HAVE A WORD FROM OUR RESIDENT WILDLIFE EXPERT, **DAVID BALONEY** –

SKINNER'S **DINOSAUR EXTRAVAGANZA**

GWEETINGS! MANY OF YOU MAY BE WONDEWING HOW THESE **INCWEDIBLE** WELICS OF OUR PAST COME TO BE ALIVE IN THE 22ND CENTUWY. FWANKLY, SO AM I!

BUT WHY BOTHER WONDEWING WHEN WE HAVE THE MARVELS OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY TO PWOVIDE THE ANSWERS!

LET'S TAKE A TWIP BACK IN TIME TO FIND OUT!

WELL, HERE WE ARE! NOT AT THE DAWN OF CWEATION, BUT IN A **LABOWATOWY** A MERE **80 YEARS** AGO!

HERE, SCIENTISTS HAVE DISCOVERED HOW TO **DUPLICATE** THE **GENETIC CODE** OF THE DINOSAURS.

THESE GENETIC INSTWUCTIONS ARE THEN INJECTED INTO **ARTIFICIAL EGGS** TO GWOW. LET'S GO **INSIDE** ONE AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING.

Chip! Chip!

CWIPES! TIGHT FIT!

HERE WE ARE! AND THIS IS THE **EMBWYO.** ALWEADY WE CAN SEE THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF OUR FWIEND **TYWANNOSAWUS WEX** BEGINNING TO FORM.

OUCH! A WEGULAR WUFFIAN EVEN AT THIS AGE!

BUT THIS IS ONLY **HALF** THE STOWY! HANG ONTO YOUR HATS – WE'RE OFF AGAIN!

WELL! GWEAT DINOSAUWS FWOM LITTLE EGGS GWOW, AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE VAST **DINOSAUR PARKS** SPWANG UP, LIKE THIS ONE IN **SAUWON VALLEY.**

HERE, PEOPLE COULD VIEW EVEWY VAWIETY OF PWEHISTOWIC LIFE IN NATUWAL SUWWOUNDINGS. VEWY IDYLLIC, YOU MIGHT THINK – BUT THERE'S A **CLOUD** ON THE HOWIZON –

–A GWEAT BLOOMIN' **MUSHWOOM** CLOUD!

BUT MANY OF THE **DINOSAUWS DID** SURVIVE – AND NOW BWEED WILD IN A FEW PARTS OF THE CURSED EARTH WADIATION DESERT!

THAT'S WIGHT! **NUCLEAR WAR,** WHICH WIPED OUT CIVILISATION IN MOST OF WHAT WE USED TO CALL **AMEWICA!**

AND IF YOU WANT TO KNOW ANY MORE, YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY YOUR HUNDWED GWEDS TO SEE **SKINNER'S DINOSAUW EXTWAVAGANZA.**

I'M OFF FOR SOME URGENT MEDICAL TWEATMENT! CHEEWIO!

ENTHRALLED CROWDS FLOCK TO SEE IRRAWADDY SKINNER'S SHOW –

INNER'S EXHIBITION HALL

BOB TYRANNOSAURUS REX

HOLY CREMOLA! LOOK AT THEM FANGS!

JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER, GLADYS!

CAROL TYRANNOSAURUS REX

RINGO DEINONYCHUS

TED ALLOSAURUS

THE PLANT-EATERS HAVE SETTLED IN WELL, MR SKINNER, BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE FOUR CARNIVORES.

BOB TYRANNOSAURUS REX

BOB, CAROL, TED AND RINGO JUST AREN'T ADAPTING TO CAPTIVITY. CREATURES LIKE THEM WERE NEVER MEANT TO BE CAGED.

WE'VE GOT TO SET THEM FREE OR THEY'LL KILL THEMSELVES!

FREE? ARE YOU CRAZY, GRANVILLE? THE CARNIVORES ARE OUR MAIN ATTRACTION!

LET THEM DIE! THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THEY CAME FROM –

– AND IN THE MEANTIME, THEY'RE PUTTING ON QUITE A SHOW!

IN THEIR WORLD THE CARNIVORES HAD BEEN KINGS, FREE TO ROAM WHEREVER THEY CHOSE. NOW THEY ARE **TRAPPED**.

THEY **HURL** THEMSELVES AT THEIR CAGES, **SCREAMING** THEIR **ANGER** AND **FRUSTRATION** –

RRAAGH!

TRANG!

– GNAWING AT THOSE **HATED BARS** UNTIL THEIR JAWS ARE RAW.

HUMANS! NO-ONE BUT THEM COULD BE SO **IN**HUMAN!

WHEN THE CROWDS LEAVE, THE LITTLE KEEPER ROBOT TENDS HIS CHARGES –

IT'S ALL RIGHT, **TED**. IT'S ONLY ME, **GRANVILLE**.

SOMEHOW THE DULL-WITTED BEHEMOTHS SENSE THIS LITTLE METAL MAN IS THEIR **FRIEND** –

ANOTHER GASH ON YOUR TAIL! THE IODINE WILL HELP. YOU'VE GOT TO STOP **DOING** THIS, TED!

BUT YOU WON'T, WILL YOU? NONE OF YOU! YOU'LL KEEP ON AND ON UNTIL YOU **DESTROY** YOURSELVES!

I CAN'T BEAR TO WATCH IT HAPPEN. SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO GET THEM **OUT** OF HERE... BACK TO **SAURON VALLEY** WHERE THEY BELONG!

NEXT PROG: **BOB & CAROL & TED & RINGO & GRANVILLE!**

JUDGE DREDD

BOB -&- CAROL -&- TED -&- RINGO. — Pt. 2

SINCE THE GREAT ATOM WARS **DINOSAURS** HAVE BEEN **BREEDING WILD** IN THE **CURSED EARTH**. NOW SHOWBIZ KING **IRRAWADDY SKINNER** HAS OPENED HIS **GREAT DINOSAUR EXTRAVAGANZA** IN MEGA-CITY ONE —

BUT THE FOUR CARNIVORES, **BOB, CAROL, TED** AND **RINGO**, ADAPT BADLY TO CAPTIVITY —

GRRAAAH!

CREATURES LIKE THEM WERE NEVER MEANT TO BE CAGED. THEY'LL GO ON FIGHTING THOSE BARS UNTIL THEY KILL THEM-SELVES !

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

GRANVILLE, THE KEEPER ROBOT, HAS WON THE BEHEMOTHS' CONFIDENCE –

DON'T WORRY, TED. IRRAWADDY SKINNER MAY NOT HAVE A HEART, BUT I DO.

I'M GOING TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE – BACK TO **SAURON VALLEY** WHERE YOU BELONG!

THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE **SHOW DOME** IS DESERTED, **GRANVILLE** SETS A DARING PLAN IN MOTION –

CLICK!

Whrrrrr

OUT YOU COME, BOB! SHAKE A LEG!

YOU TOO, CAROL!

AND YOU, RINGO!

COME ON, TED! ON YOUR FEET, BOY!

WE'RE GOING **HOME!**

THERE'S A SECTION OF THE WEST WALL HERE THAT IS STILL NOT REPAIRED. I'VE PLOTTED A ROUTE THROUGH THE BACKSTREETS. WITH LUCK WE WON'T BE NOTICED!

CAROL! STOP THAT AT ONCE! TED IS NOT FOR EATING!

THAT GOES FOR ALL OF YOU! I WANT NO FIGHTING AMONGST YOURSELVES. STAY IN LINE - DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD. IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

?

SLUUURP!

SLUUURP!

GRANVILLE - WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

HOBBS, THE SECURITY ROBOT!

WE CAN'T LET HIM RAISE THE ALARM!

BOB - SQUASH!

DUUM!

DUUM!

CRUNCH!!

I'M AWFULLY SORRY ABOUT THIS, HOBBS. NEVER MIND, THEY'LL REBUILD YOU !

SOON -

LET'S GO ! QUIETLY DOES IT !

DUUM DUUUM!

BUT -

LISHEN, JUDGE - YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THISH, BUT THERE'SH FOUR DEENYSAURS AN' A ROBOT IN GLEBE SHTREET !

VID PHONE

CONTROL TO DREDD ! ONE FOR THE DRUNK TANKS, PHONE POST ON GLEBE !

ON MY WAY !

GRANVILLE'S ROUTE WINDS THROUGH LITTLE-USED STREETS. THE WEST WALL AND **FREEDOM** ARE A BARE TWO KILOMETRES AWAY –

BRAP

STATIO

DU-DUM!

DUUM!

LESS NOISE BACK THERE !

BUT DINOSAURS ARE HARDLY BUILT FOR **SILENT RUNNING !**

DJUM!

DUUUM!

DUUM

MADRE GRUD! WHAT EES THAT SH-SHAKEENG ?

R-R-ROSALITA ! COME AN' SEE **THEES !**

MONSTEROS!

BOB!

NO, BOB!

AY YI YI! IS NO **HAPPENING!**

[VVVVHHHHHHH!

NAUGHTY BOB! **NAUGHTY!**

I'M FRIGHTFULLY SORRY, MA'AM! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE'S BEEN SO **GOOD** UP TO NOW!

MEANWHILE –

I SWEAR IT, JUDGE! FOUR DEENYSAURS – BIG AS MOPADSH!

THE DINOSAUR EXHIBITION... I WONDER?

DROKK! **SOMETHING** BIG'S BEEN THIS WAY!

DREDD TO CONTROL! LOOKS LIKE THE DRUNK WAS TELLING THE TRUTH!

WE GOT A CLASS ONE **EMERGENCY** ON OUR HANDS!

WEEEAAAAWEEEEEEAAAEEEE

NEXT PROG: **A TASTE OF BALONEY!**

JUDGE DREDD

IN A MEGA-CITY BACKSTREET, TV WILDLIFE EXPERT **DAVID BALONEY** IS RECORDING HIS LATEST PROGRAMME –

THE CITY STWEETS AT NIGHT – A PWEPOSTEWOUS PLACE TO FIND MOTHER NATURE AT WORK, YOU MIGHT THINK...

YOU'D BE TOTALLY **WONG!**

HERE WE FIND A WIDE **VAWIETY** OF FLOWA AND FAUNA, FWOM THE HUMBLE **COCKWOACH** TO THE WAINBOW-HUED **WADIOACTIVE SLIME MOSS.**

THIS LITTLE FELLOW IS THE – **OUCH!** – CURSED EARTH **STINGING CWEEPER.** ITS SEEDS BLOWN IN ACWOSS THE NEARBY **WEST WALL.**

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

BOB & CAROL & TED & RINGO. Pt.3

AND ON MY ARM A **MU-SQUITO.** IT'S PENETWATING MY SKIN AND SUCKING ALL MY **WIGH WED BLOOD** – PWOBABLY GIVING ME SOME **DWEADFUL** DISEASE!

WE CAN'T HAVE THAT, CAN WE?

Splatt!

DUUM! DUUM!

BUT WHAT ARE THESE TWEMENDOUS VIBWATIONS I FEEL WUNNING THWOO THE WHOLE STWEET ?

DUUUM! DUUUM! DUUUM!

CWIKEY !

DUUUM!

DUUUM!

WELL! I'VE BEEN **PESTEWING** WILDLIFE IN THIS CITY FOR **FORTY YEARS**, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE COME ACWOSS **DINOSAURS!** WHAT ARE THESE PWEHISTOWIC GOLIATHS DOING TWAMPING THE STWEETS?

I'M GOING TO TWY TO FIND OUT!

DAVID BALONEY—"WILDLIFE ON TWELVE." CAN YOU TELL ME JUST **WHERE** THESE INCWEDIBLE CWEATURES COME FWOM?

NOW, BOB—EASY!

THE WOBOT HAS APPAWENTLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE CALLED **BOB**. PWOBABLY A FWIEND!

NO, BOB!

CRUNCH!

OH, BOB! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU?

BEAUTIFUL! DAVID'LL TOP THE RATINGS WITH THIS ONE!

MEANWHILE –

DREDD TO CONTROL! WE'VE GOT **FOUR DINOSAURS** LOOSE ON THE **STREETS!** LAST SEEN HEADING WEST, TOWARDS THE **WALL!**

THEY'VE GOTTA BE FUGITIVES FROM **SKINNER'S DINOSAUR EXTRAVAGANZA.** BETTER CHECK OUT SECURITY AT THE **SHOW DOME!**

A SIREN! **JUDGES!**

GRANVILLE, THE KEEPER ROBOT, HAS TAKEN PITY ON HIS FOUR UNHAPPY CARNIVORES AND IS LEADING THEM BACK TO **FREEDOM** IN THE **CURSED EARTH** –

THE GAME'S UP! **RUN FOR THE WALL!**

WEEEEEAAAOOOOOWEEEEAAAA

DUUM! DUUUM!

CRUNCH!

WEST WALL TO CONTROL! I SEE YOUR DINOSAURS! THEY'RE COMING DOWN THE RADWAY STRIP —

HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE MUTIE PENS!

DROKK!

THEY'VE COLLIDED WITH A BUSLOAD OF MUTIE PRISONERS!

KRASHH!

OH NO! ONE OF 'EM'S COMING FOR US!

CHOMP! AIEE!

AAAGH!

NO, BOB! BAD BAD BOY!

RINGO! STOP! DESIST, I SAY!

AAAGH! GET IT OFF!

JUDGES ARE POURING IN FROM SURROUNDING AREAS ~

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

BADOW!

BADOW!

AA RR RD RI EE!

OH DEAR! IT'S ALL GOING SO TERRIBLY WRONG!

NEXT PROG: BOB LOSES HIS HEAD!

JUDGE DREDD

BOB & CAROL & TED & RINGO. Pt. 4.

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME

GRANVILLE, THE KEEPER ROBOT AT SKINNER'S DINOSAUR EXTRAVAGANZA, HAS TAKEN PITY ON FOUR HOMESICK DINOSAURS - BOB, CAROL, TED AND RINGO. BUT NOW, AS HE LEADS THEM BACK TO THE CURSED EARTH -

HHRRiiEEAAA

BADAM

PLEASE! DON'T SHOOT! THEY'RE INNOCENT!

DREDD TO ALL JUDGES - DROP THEM!

BADAM!

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CITY'S WEST WALL LIE THE MUTIE PENS, CROWDED WITH THE NIGHT'S CATCH OF CURSED EARTH INSURGENTS -

THEY'RE COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!

HRRIIIEEEAAAIEE!

ZZZZZZT!

THANK SPUG! THE ELECTROMESH IS HOLDIN' 'EM!

A PROWL TANK! NO! SPARE THEM!

THEY DON'T MEAN ANY HARM! THEY'RE JUST TRYING TO GET HOME!

CLEAR THE WAY, ROBOT!

CRUNCH!

FADOOOM!

THE TYRANNOSAUR'S LOST ITS HEAD - BUT IT'S STILL GOING!

WITH NO PRIMARY BRAIN TO TELL BOB HE IS DEAD, THE HEADLESS BEAST BLUNDERS BLINDLY ON!

HE'S CRASHIN' THE MESH!

KRASH!

VZZZTT!

AAAGH!

AAIEEE!

NO!

HOLY RADRATS! I HADDA CHOOSE **TONIGHT** TO BREAK IN!

AT LAST, TIME AND INJURY CATCH UP WITH THE HAPLESS TYRANNOSAUR!

AAGH

KERRUMPH!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! THEY DO MORE DAMAGE DEAD THAN ALIVE!

MUTIE PEN! OPEN THE FAR GATES!

MOVE IN — FULL GLARE! DRIVE THEM TOWARD THE WALL!

BLINDED IN THE GLARE OF THE BIKE LIGHTS, THE GIANT CARNIVORES SCREAM THEIR CONFUSION —

ON CAROL! ON TED! ON RINGO! RUN FOR IT!

THEN A BREEZE WAFTING IN THROUGH THE WEST WALL GAP REACHES THEIR NOSTRILS... AND ON IT THE FAINT SCENT OF FAR-OFF **SAURON VALLEY** — **HOME!**

HRAAIEEEEE!

THEY'RE OFF AND RUNNING!

DJUM! DJUM!

DJUM DJUM DJUM!

CLEAR THE WAY! LET 'EM THROUGH!

THEY'RE GOIN' STRAIGHT THROUGH THE WEST WALL GAP!

THEN **CAROL, TED** AND **RINGO** ARE **FREE!**

GUN POSITION FIVE HERE, DREDD! GOT A CLEAR SHOT AT THEM!

HOLD YOUR FIRE!

WHY SHOULD WE KILL THEM? THEY'RE NO DANGER TO THE CITY NOW! THEY'RE BACK WHERE THEY BELONG!

LET THEM GO IN PEACE!

WELL, ROBOT, YOU GOT YOUR WAY. YOUR BEASTS ARE FREE. YOU KNOW YOU'LL BE ***DISMANTLED*** FOR THIS?

I KNOW. BUT IT WAS WORTH IT.

THEY WERE GUILTY OF NO CRIME – YET HUMANS STOLE THEM FROM THEIR HOME AND LOCKED THEM UP LIKE COMMON CRIMINALS!

I AGREE. IF ANYONE IS GUILTY, IT'S THE MAN WHO ***BROUGHT*** THEM HERE – ***IRRAWADDY SKINNER.***

DREDD

REST ASSURED – HE WILL BE ***PUNISHED.***

FOR FAILING TO EXERCISE PROPER CONTROL OF DANGEROUS ANIMALS, SHOWBIZ KING ***IRRAWADDY SKINNER*** IS DULY SENTENCED TO ***17 YEARS*** PENAL SERVITUDE.

YOU'VE PUT ON YOUR LAST SHOW FOR A WHILE, SKINNER.

JONES

LET'S SEE HOW ***YOU*** LIKE BEING CAGED!

THE END.

NEXT PROG:

PIEROMANIA

JUDGE DREDD

SPLAT-T!

PIEROMANIA

ON A MEGA-CITY STREET, A ROVING **REPORTDROID** STOPS A FAMOUS FIGURE –

JUDGE DREDD – YOU'VE BEEN PATROLLING THESE STREETS FOR MANY YEARS NOW. TELL ME –

HEY! JUDGE DREDD!

YEEHAA! I DID IT! HA HA HA HA!

SIX MONTHS, CREEP!

IT WAS ONLY A MINOR INCIDENT IN A JUDGE'S DAY. BUT OF SUCH TRIVIAL BEGINNINGS, GREAT **CRAZES** ARE BORN!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
KIM RAYMOND
LETTERING
T FRAME

THE INCIDENT IS SHOWN ON ALL CITY NEWS BROADCASTS –

...AND AN UNUSUAL ARREST FOR JUDGE DREDD TODAY WHICH WELL AND TRULY LEFT HIM WITH PIE ON HIS FACE !

THE WEAPON – A CUSTARD-SUBSTITUTE PIE – WAS TAKEN OFF FOR FORENSIC EXAMINATION. THE PIE THROWER WAS TAKEN OFF FOR SIX MONTHS !

YOU'VE JUST GOTTA LAUGH, HAVEN'T YOU ! GOODNIGHT !

THE FIRST COPYCAT PIE THROWINGS ARE ALREADY COMING IN, DREDD. LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A FULL-BLOWN CRAZE BUILDING UP.

NICE ONE, DREDD !

YEAH – REAL SMART WORK !

THEY BLAME ME ?

SNIGGER!

GENERAL OPINION IS, IF YOU'D MOVED A BIT FASTER AND **DUCKED** THAT PIE, THIS CRAZE WOULD NEVER HAVE GOT OFF THE GROUND.

LISTEN, STEBBING, WHEN I'M OUT THERE I'M LOOKING FOR BULLETS, KNIVES, LASERS, BOMBS AND BOOBY TRAPS. THE **LAST THING** I'M WORRIED ABOUT IS SOME **KOOK** WITH A **CUSTARD-SUBSTITUTE PIE!**

OKAY, OKAY! I WAS ONLY TELLING YOU!

BETTER WATCH OUT FOR 'EM NOW, THOUGH— THE PIES ARE **FLYIN'** OUT THERE!

*AS SO OFTEN HAPPENS, THE CRAZE FIRST TAKES ROOT AMONG THE CITY'S **JUVES**—*

YOU **HOOLIGANS!** YOU OUGHT TO BE **ARRESTED!**

SPLUDGE!

SPLATT!

SPLAT!

SPUG OFF, TOOTS!

LONE PIE THROWERS TAKE TO PREYING ON INNOCENT BLOCK DWELLERS –

YES...?

712641 B

SURPRISE!

SPLAT!!!

WHY YOU LITTLE RUNT! WHEN I CATCH YOU –

SOMETIMES, OF COURSE, THEY COME IN LONE GANGS!

OH NO! THE BIG JUVES!

SURPRISE!

SPLAT!

SPLAT!

SPLAT!

WITH AMAZING SPEED, THE CRAZE SPREADS TO THE OLDER GENERATIONS –

HERE THEY ARE! COME ON, ROTUNDA!

SURPRISE!

WHY, IT'S THE PATTERSONS!

HEEEHEEEHEEE!

SPLATT-TTT!

HAHAHA!

PIE THROWING, IT WOULD SEEM, SATISFIES SOME BASIC URGE IN HUMAN BEINGS —

I'VE WANTED TO DO THIS FOR YEARS!

SPLATT!

SPLATT!

BESIDES, LET'S FACE IT — PIE THROWING IS JUST PLAIN GOOD FUN!

TAKE

SPLATT!

SPLURGE!

DYE

CONTROL, WE GOT AN INTERBLOCK PIE WAR, CHARLIE DRAKE AND LAWSON DYCE!

SURE BEATS THROWIN' BULLETS!

WE'LL SIT IT OUT TILL THEIR AMMO'S GONE — SAVE ON OUR CLEANING BILLS!

SOME, THE PURISTS, SAVE THEIR PERFORMANCES FOR THE CAMERAS —

GOOD EVENING, AND HERE IS THE LATEST NEWS ON THE PIE CRAZE —

SURPRISE!

SPLATT!!

AT LAST, A GROUP OF OUTRAGED COUNCILLORS PETITIONS GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE –

IT'S GETTING SO DECENT PEOPLE AREN'T SAFE IN THEIR HOMES ANYMORE! WE DEMAND STIFFER SENTENCES FOR PIE THROWERS – TRANSPORTATION TO THE WORK COLONIES – FLOGGING!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!

WE START HANDIN' OUT SENTENCES LIKE THAT FOR PIE THROWING AND WE CAN START QUESTIONING OUR OWN SANITY!

A BLANKET BAN, THEN – NO PIES ALLOWED IN THE CITY!

YEAH – AND THE FIRST THING WE GET IS PIE-LEGGERS – A THRIVING BLACK MARKET. CAUSE A LOT MORE TROUBLE THAN IT'D SAVE.

BESIDES, WHAT ABOUT THE CITIZENS WHO GENUINELY WANT TO EAT PIES?

LET THEM EAT CAKE!

NO! I'M NOT PREPARED TO OVER-REACT TO WHAT IS BASICALLY A TRIVIAL MATTER.

I'LL SPEAK TO THE MANUFACTURERS – GET THEM TO CUT BACK PRODUCTION TO PRE-CRAZE LEVELS. MY JUDGES WILL KEEP A SPECIAL EYE ON FOOD RETAILERS – TRY TO NIP THE PIE THROWERS IN THE BUD.

OTHERWISE, THE LAW WILL BE ADMINISTERED AS BEFORE.

THAT DAY, JUDGES TIGHTEN UP THEIR SURVEILLANCE OF PIE SHOPS –

WHERE YOU GOING WITH THE PIES, GUYS ?

UM...ER... UH...

BAKERIE

THE ISO CUBES ?

YOU GOT IT !

WHERE'S IT ALL GOING TO END, DREDD ?

PIE THROWING'S LIKE ANY OTHER CRAZE, STEBBING. IT'LL REACH ITS PEAK. THEN THE CITIZENS WILL GET BORED WITH IT – FIND SOME NEW MISCHIEF TO GET UP TO.

HEY, JUDGE !

WHIZZ!

SPLATT!

UNTIL THEN, THE PIE THROWING WILL GO ON !

NEXT PROG: **HIGHWAYMEN**

JUDGE DREDD

THE HIGHWAYMEN.

ON A MEGA-CITY EXPRESS ROUTE, A STOLEN ROADSTER CREEPS UP BEHIND A SPEEDING MOPAD —

GRAPPLES ON !

BOARD HER, ME WEIRDIES !

CRASH

H-HIGHWAYMEN !

CAPTAIN STRANGE AND HIS WEIRD BOYS AT YOUR DISPOSAL —

AN' I DO MEAN DISPOSAL !

MOPADS — MOBILE HOMES PERMANENTLY ON THE MOVE — HAVE BECOME A TARGET FOR ROVING BANDS OF STREET PIRATES. THIS TIME, THE MURDEROUS ATTACK IS OBSERVED —

DREDD TO CONTROL ! PIRACY IN PROGRESS, RITA HAYWORTH EXPRESSWAY. MOPAD REGISTRATION KK7737AB2.

AM IN PURSUIT !

WHEEEOOO AAOO

SKREECH!

SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART S. DILLON
LETTERING T. FRAME

HOLY CREMOLA! THE LAW!

KK7737AB2

HURRY IT UP, CAPTAIN! WE GOT TROUBLE - IT'S DREDD HIMSELF!

AAGH!

AUTO DRIVE

KLIK!

STAY ALONGSIDE, BIKE! I MAY NEED YOU!

PTOO!

YAARGH!

A WEIRD BOY — CAPTAIN STRANGE'S CREW! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS BUNCH!

PDDANG! PDDANG!

NOW WE'VE FOUND 'EM, THEY'RE NOT GETTING AWAY!

URRGH!

HE'S PLANKED ME WEIRDIES!

DROKK! FIREBOMB!

FWWAPH!

RESPIRATOR DOWN !

TIME TO ABANDON MOPAD ! THAT OVERPASS –

GRAPPLE ON !

SCUPPER ME ! GOIN' TOO FAST !

THE BUCKLE'S BROKEN !

DREDD FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE INFERNO TO THE CONTROL CAB –

SWITCHING TO MANUAL !

SCREEE

ISLAND 33

KEEP LEFT

KEEP RIGHT

KEEP OFF

CRASH!

DREDD TO CONTROL! I WANT A FIRE TEAM TO ISLAND 33 ON HAYWORTH!

WHAT HAPPENED TO STRANGE, BIKE ?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM, JUDGE DREDD. HE'S STILL HANGING AROUND.

HANGING - IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN THE END FOR A HIGHWAYMAN. EVEN IN THE VAST FUTURE CITY, IT SOMEHOW SEEMED FITTING.

NEXT PROG: **"WE ARE THE G-MEN!"**

JUDGE DREDD

ARE YOU TIRED OF BEING MUGGED?

HEY, YOU! ARE YOU TIRED OF BEING ROBBED BY MUGGERS ? DO YOU TREMBLE AT THE THOUGHT OF WALKING THE MEGA-CITY STREETS BY DAY OR NIGHT ?

ARE YOU SICK OF COMING HOME LOOKING LIKE THIS ?

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY ? YOU CAN'T AVOID BEING MUGGED ? YOU'VE TRIED EVERYTHING —

SHOUTING FOR HELP DOESN'T WORK. OTHER PEOPLE JUST DON'T WANT TO KNOW!

AAAHH!

DON'T INTERFERE! THEY MIGHT TURN ON US!

PAYING UP WITH A SMILE IS EVEN WORSE! IT JUST MAKES THE MUGGERS ANGRY!

FOR THAT YOU GET IT DOUBLE!

BANNED

AND FORGET THAT ANTI-MUGGING SUIT! JUDGES HAVE BANNED THEM AS AN OFFENSIVE WEAPON!

FACE IT! THERE'S JUST NO WAY TO AVOID A MUGGING... ...UNTIL TODAY, THAT IS!

GUARD-O-PED

ANNOUNCING GUARD-O-PED! THE NEW PEDESTRIAN ESCORT AGENCY!

YES! TODAY GUARD-O-PED ARE OPENING BRANCHES IN HIGH-RISK MUGGING AREAS THROUGHOUT THE CITY! FOR A SMALL FEE, ONE OF OUR GUARD-O-PED G-MEN WILL ESCORT YOU ON YOUR JOURNEY!

ALL OUR G-MEN ARE SPECIALISTS IN UNARMED COMBAT! USING LEGALLY PERMITTED LEVELS OF COUNTER-VIOLENCE, THEY WILL DEFEND YOU FROM ALL ATTACK!

REMEMBER! IF YOU HAVE ANY REASON WHATSOEVER TO LEAVE YOUR HOME, YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT GUARD-O-PED!

GUARD-O-PED ARE ON THE MARCH!

WALK THE STREETS UNMOLESTED! CALL GUARD-O-PED, WE CAN'T BE BESTED!

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER! USE GUARD-O-PED THIS WEEK AND GET TWO JOURNEYS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

EMBERTON

SCRIPT ROBOT	ART ROBOT	LETTERING ROBOT
T.B. GROVER	EMBERTON	T. FRAME

THE NEW ESCORT AGENCY FOUND IMMEDIATE FAVOUR WITH THE CITY'S FRIGHTENED MILLIONS –

DING DONG

GUARD-O-PED CALLING!

I JUST WANT TO GO TO THE BLOCK SHOPS ON THE NEXT FLOOR.

YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL THESE DAYS, MA'AM. GUARD-O-PED WILL GET YOU THERE SAFELY!

THE TAP GANGS SOON CAME TO KNOW AND FEAR THE CAPED G-MEN –

I WARN YOU THIS PERSON IS UNDER THE PROTECTION OF GUARD-O-PED! ANY HOSTILE ACT AGAINST HIM WILL BE VIGOROUSLY REPELLED!

HUH?

GEDDIM –

AAGGHH!

UUHH!

DID YOU SEE THAT, JUDGE? HE KNOCKED 'EM STUPID!

I USED ONLY A LEGALLY PERMITTED LEVEL OF VIOLENCE AS SPECIFIED UNDER CITY SELF-DEFENCE ORDINANCE 23.

AT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, JUDGE DREDD VOICED THE UNEASE OF THE WHOLE FORCE –

WE'RE ALLOWING A PRIVATE ORGANISATION TO TAKE THE LAW INTO ITS OWN HANDS. THE PROTECTION OF THE CITIZENS IS OUR DUTY.

KENT FASSBINDER HEAD OF THE GUARD-O-PED CORPORATION –

WITH RESPECT, CHIEF JUDGE, YOU HAVE FAILED IN THAT DUTY. UNTIL CITIZENS CAN BE GUARANTEED SAFE PASSAGE ON OUR STREETS, THEY MUST HAVE THE RIGHT TO DEFEND THEMSELVES !

I UNDERSTAND YOUR WORRIES, DREDD – BUT I MUST GIVE JUDGEMENT IN FAVOUR OF CITIZEN FASSBINDER.

WE'RE STILL SERIOUSLY UNDER STRENGTH. WE MUST FACE THE FACT THAT WE CANNOT, AT PRESENT, PROVIDE ADEQUATE PROTECTION.

WITH THE G-MEN OUT IN FORCE, FORMER DANGER ZONES WERE SOON TRANSFORMED INTO PEDESTRIAN HAVENS –

FINE EVENING, NEIGHBOUR!

IT IS – THANKS TO GUARD-O-PED !

BUT AS THE MUGGERS MOVED OUT, A NEW DANGER APPEARED. GUARD-O-PED'S VERY SUCCESS MADE IT A PRIME TARGET FOR ANOTHER SECTION OF THE COMMUNITY...THE MEGA-CITY CRAZIES!

SOME, WHO COULD NOT AFFORD GUARD-O-PED, RESENTED THE FACT THAT ANYONE ELSE COULD!

STINKIN' SNOBS ! PELT 'EM !

SPLATT!

GIMME THE FRIDGE NEXT, HERMIE ! I SEE ANOTHER ONE DOWN THERE !

KKRUMP!

GANGS OF ARMED JUVES, INCENSED BY THE G-MEN'S TOUGH IMAGE, SET OUT TO TAKE THEM DOWN A PEG –

GUARD THAT, SPUGGY !

CLIVE JAMES CHEEKY BOYS!

ZAPPOW!

ZAPPOW!

ZAPPOW!

THE CRAZE, LIKE ALL MEGA-CITY CRAZES, SPREAD –

IT'S GETTIN' SO THE G-MEN HAVE TO HIRE G-MEN TO GUARD THEM!

DREDD ONCE MORE PROTESTED –

THIS IS GETTING OUT OF HAND, CHIEF JUDGE. IT'S BECOME THE IN THING TO MUG A G-MAN! WE GOT CITIZENS WHO'VE NEVER COMMITTED A CRIME OUT THERE LINING UP TO BAG ONE!

MEANWHILE, THE REAL MUGGERS HAVE MOVED ON TO LOW RISK AREAS. WE'RE HAVING TO CONCENTRATE SO MANY JUDGES TO PROTECT THE G-MEN, THE MUGGERS ARE HAVING A FIELD DAY!

AGREED. GUARD-O-PED MUST GO. HOWEVER, IT HAS BEEN CLEARLY SHOWN THAT THE CITIZENS REQUIRE SOME KIND OF ADDITIONAL PROTECTION.

I HAVE THEREFORE DECIDED TO LIFT THE BAN ON ANTI-MUGGING SUITS.

ALL SENTENCES SO FAR PASSED IN CONNECTION WITH THESE SUITS WILL BE REVIEWED. GUIDELINES ON A MORE LENIENT INTERPRETATION OF SELF-DEFENCE ORDINANCE 23 WILL BE ISSUED TO ALL JUDGES.

WARNING TO MUGGERS!

ANTI-MUGGING SUITS ARE NOW LEGAL.
JUSTICE DEPT CAN ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR INJURY OR DEATH SUSTAINED WHILE MUGGING THE WEARER OF SUCH A SUIT.

BY ORDER

Mc Gruder
CHIEF JUDGE

ANTI-MUGGING SUITS WERE SOON APPEARING IN EVERY QUARTER –

KENT FASSBINDER, FORMER HEAD OF GUARD-O-PED SOON FELL ON HARD TIMES. FORCED, TOWARDS THE END, TO PAY CITIZENS TO ALLOW HIS G-MEN TO GUARD THEM, HE HAD LOST EVERYTHING.

IN DESPERATION HE TURNED TO MUGGING TO RECOUP HIS LOSSES –

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE, PAL !

MUG PED

KENT FASSBINDER BECAME ONE OF THE ANTI-MUGGING SUITS' FIRST FATALITIES!

EEAGH!

MY MONEY– YOUR LIFE !

AND IN THIS CITY, A FORTUNE'S NOT EASY TO MAKE – ILLEGALLY OR LEGALLY !

AND HE WAS THE ONE WHO FOUGHT FOR THE CITIZENS' RIGHT TO DEFEND THEMSELVES !

ONLY BECAUSE HE SAW A FORTUNE IN IT FOR HIMSELF...

NEXT PROG: ALL CHANGE!

JUDGE DREDD

BOB'S LAW

IMPORTANT **BOUNDARY CHANGES** ARE IN THE OFFING FOR MEGA-CITY ONE –

CITIZENS: THE FACE OF OUR CITY HAS GREATLY **ALTERED** SINCE THE APOCALYPSE WAR*. VAST AREAS HAVE BEEN **DESTROYED**. OTHERS ARE POCK-MARKED BY **RAD-PITS** AND **DESOLATION ZONES**.

IT IS TIME, THEREFORE, TO IMPOSE CERTAIN **SECTOR RECLASSIFICATIONS**.

BARRETT

BE WARNED! JUSTICE DEPT EXPECT THESE CHANGES TO BE ACCOMPLISHED WITH A MINIMUM – REPEAT; **MINIMUM** – OF FUSS.

THE DETAILS ARE QUITE **SIMPLE**...

CENTRAL AREA WILL RETAIN ITS FORMER BOUNDARIES BUT BE REDUCED TO **20** SECTORS, NUMBERED CONCENTRICALLY FROM **SECTOR 1**. THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARIES OF **EAST** AND **WEST** AREAS WILL BE MOVED **NORTH** TO ACCOMODATE THE NEW **SOUTH**. **EAST** AREA WILL COMPRISE SECTORS **21-108**, RADIATING IN SEQUENCE FROM THE EASTERN EDGE OF **CENTRAL** AREA. **SOUTH**, **WEST** AND **NORTH** AREAS WILL FOLLOW A SIMILAR PATTERN, EXCEPT IN THE **NORTH**, WHERE SECTOR NUMBERING WILL BE ON AN **EAST-WEST** BASIS. THE **NORTH-WEST HAB ZONE** WILL, OF COURSE, BE CLASSIFIED AS **NORTH** AND BE NUMBERED 301-305.

AREAS DESTROYED

NORTH-WEST HAB ZONE

N

W E

C

S

BARRETT

SCRIPT
T B GROVER

ART
EMBERTON

LETTERING
T FRAME

*THARG NOTE: SEE PROGS 245-270.

I TRUST THAT'S **ABSOLUTELY** CLEAR.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, DREDD?

I THINK WE GOT A **P.R. PROBLEM!**

WORK ON ALTERING THE CITY'S BILLIONS OF SIGNS BEGINS IMMEDIATELY –

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING SECTOR 50

SECTOR 102

PASS ON THROUGH!

I DON'T CARE WHETHER THEY CALL IT 162 OR 50 – IT'S STILL A LOUSY SECTOR!

TEAMS OF CIVIC OFFICIALS TOUR THE BLOCKS TO EXPLAIN THE MEASURES –

I'VE LIVED IN SECTOR 11 ALL MY LIFE! I AIN'T MOVIN' TO SECTOR 290 FOR NOBODY!

BUT, CITIZEN, I'M TRYING TO EXPLAIN – YOU DON'T HAVE TO MOVE ANYWHERE!

ALL WE'RE DOING IS CHANGING THE NUMBERS.

THAT'S A DIRTY TRICK! YOU CAN'T GET ME TO MOVE, SO YOU STEAL MY SECTOR!

WELL, SPUG YOU, PAL!

AS IN ANY MEASURE REQUIRING PUBLIC CO-OPERATION, CO-OPERATION IS REMARKABLY ABSENT. ATTACKS ON CIVIC OFFICIALS REACH CRAZE PROPORTIONS –

WE'RE STAYIN' IN 115!

BANG!

BADOW!

THIS IS MURDER! SEND FOR THE JUDGES!

THE WHOLE BLOCK'S DECLARED ITSELF AN INDEPENDENT SECTOR 115 PROTECTORATE!

THEY'VE KILLED TWELVE CIVOS!

GET IN THERE! CALM 'EM DOWN!

SECTOR 115 AND PROUD OF IT!

BERTON

JONES

GIVE ME 115 OR GIVE ME DEATH!

ABOVE YOU, DREDD! LOOK OUT!

SPLAT!

DON'T TELL ME – **LEAPINGS** ARE **UP** AS WELL?

TENFOLD!

24 HOURS AFTER THE BOUNDARY CHANGES CAME INTO EFFECT, THE STATISTICS MAKE ALARMING READING –

BOUNDARY CHANGES

RELATED ARRESTS :	78,093
LEAPERS :	989
PSYCHO-CUBE ADMISSIONS :	2,005
CIVIC OFFICIALS DEAD :	73
CIVIC OFFICIALS WOUNDED :	1,222

IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, URGENT DISCUSSIONS –

I'D NEVER HAVE DREAMED A SIMPLE BOUNDARY CHANGE COULD CAUSE SO MUCH TROUBLE!

WE SHOULD HAVE PREDICTED IT. WE FORGOT ABOUT **BOB'S LAW.**

BOB'S LAW?

"ALL IT TAKES IS **ONE** PERSON TO DO SOMETHING STUPID AND ALL THE REST ARE SURE TO JOIN IN."

THE QUESTION IS, WHAT DO WE **DO** ABOUT IT?

WE'VE GOT TO CANCEL THE BOUNDARY CHANGES – EVERYTHING AS BEFORE!

AND GIVE IN TO CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE? **NEVER!**

NO, WE'VE GOT TO **CRACK DOWN!** CURFEWS – HEAVY SENTENCES – **MAKE** THE CITIZENS UNDERSTAND!

YEAH? **YOU** GONNA BUILD THE NEW ISO-CUBES, BARRETT?

BOB – BOB WEZZEL, THE OBSCURE 21ST CENTURY "PEOPLE'S" PHILOSOPHER.

I AGREE WITH DREDD. IT WOULD BE WRONG TO OVER-REACT TO THE SITUATION. FAR SIMPLER TO FALL BACK ON **BOB'S SECOND LAW...**

BOB'S **SECOND** LAW ?

"WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS, **BRIBE** 'EM!"

THE NEW "**SECTOR RELOCATION BONUS**" IS ANNOUNCED IMMEDIATELY –

THAT'S RIGHT, CITIZENS – YOU DON'T **HAVE** TO MOVE! STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE – AND YOU WILL EACH RECEIVE A FABULOUS **100 CREDIT BONUS!**

AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO? JUST SIGN A **SWORN STATEMENT** AGREEING TO CALL YOUR OLD SECTOR BY ITS NEW **NUMBER!**

A HUNNERD CREDS – AN' I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO MOVE! THAT'S FOR ME!

303! REVOLUTION

BRING BACK 400

400 YES NO!

321

518

400 REVOLT.

TAPP

THE DEMONSTRATION ENDS PEACEFULLY –

FOR A HUNDRED CREDS THEY CAN CALL THE SECTOR "**FRED**"!

...AIDED BY A LITTLE RAIN FROM WEATHER CONTROL!

NEVER LIKED 400 ANYWAYS!

WITHIN HOURS, THE CITYBLOCKS ARE QUIET AGAIN.

EARL SLICK BLOCK

SECTOR 10 AND PROUD OF IT!

CRIME FIGURES HAVE DROPPED BACK TO NORMAL, CHIEF JUDGE.

BUT THERE'S STILL ONE PROBLEM –

BY MY RECKONING, THE **SECTOR RELOCATION BONUS** IS GOING TO COST US **42 BILLION** CREDITS. WHERE ARE WE GOING TO GET THE MONEY TO **PAY** FOR IT ?

WHERE DO WE ALWAYS GET IT ? **TAX**.

YES... WHAT SHALL WE CALL IT – **SECTOR RELOCATION TAX** ?

THAT MIGHT STRIKE A RAW NERVE, CHIEF JUDGE. WHY NOT IMPOSE A **SLIDEWALK TAX** ? DON'T THINK WE'VE GOT ANYTHING ON SLIDEWALKS AT THE MOMENT.

NO GOOD. UNFAIR. NOT EVERYBODY USES THEM.

WHAT ABOUT **AIR** ? EVERYBODY HAS TO BREATHE.

GOOD IDEA. A **CLEAN AIR TAX** – ONCE ONLY PAYMENT, 100 CREDITS.

NO, BETTER MAKE IT **105** – TO COVER ADMINISTRATION COSTS.

THAT BARRETT, IS **BOB'S THIRD LAW.**

BOB'S **THIRD** LAW ?

"WHAT JUSTICE DEPT GIVETH, JUSTICE DEPT CAN JUST AS EASILY TAKETH AWAY".

THE END.

NEXT PROG:

MEET CITIZEN SNORK !

JUDGE DREDD

CITIZEN SNORK

PART ONE

THIS IS THE STORY OF **JAMES FENEMORE SNORK**. A CITIZEN OF MEGA-CITY ONE WHO ROSE FROM DULL OBSCURITY TO SHINE FOR A BRIEF HOUR ON THE STAGE OF LIFE. A YOUNG MAN WITH A VISION AND THE COURAGE TO PURSUE IT. . .

A YOUNG MAN WITH A VERY BIG NOSE!

OUR STORY BEGINS IN **JUMBO CUMMINGS BLOCK**. THERE, IN APARTMENT NO. 483b, LIVED THE SNORKS –

AN ORDINARY FAMILY, NO DIFFERENT FROM FIFTY MILLION OTHERS IN THE FUTURE CITY –

JAMES FENEMORE SNORK, HIMSELF.

HIS FATHER, ALOYSIUS SNORK.

AND HIS MOTHER, MALARIA SNORK.

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME

ALOYSIUS SNORK, FORTY-FIVE, CHRONICALLY UNEMPLOYED – A MAN WITH NO PAST AND LESS FUTURE. TRAPPED IN THE CRUSHING BOREDOM OF CITYBLOCK EXISTENCE.

THERE WAS ONLY ONE JOY IN FATHER ALOYSIUS SNORK'S HUMDRUM LIFE. EACH DAY HE DONNED HIS GLISTENING SYNTHENE **BAT SUIT** AND BECAME . . .

. . . EASY GLIDER!

THERE, SOARING AMIDST THE SWIRL OF FELLOW **BATTERS**, THE WIND WHIPPING IN HIS FACE, ALOYSIUS SNORK WAS FREE!

HELLO, WORLD! THIS HERE'S **EASY GLIDER**! AIN'T IT **GOOD** TO BE **ALIVE**!

MALARIA SNORK'S LIFE WAS, IF ANYTHING, MORE BORING THAN HER HUSBAND'S. AN UNEMPLOYED WRESTLER, THESE DAYS SHE SPENT MOST OF HER TIME JUST SITTING AROUND.

SOMETIMES SHE'D SIT IN THE KITCHEN, SOMETIMES IN THE HALL.

OTHER TIMES SHE'D SIT SOMEWHERE ELSE.

ON THURSDAYS SHE'D GO DOWN TO APARTMENT **300K** AND SIT WITH HER FRIEND **FLATULA** –

I'M OFF THEN, DEAR. WHEN YOUR FATHER FLAPS IN, TELL HIM I'M SITTING WITH FLATULA.

BLESSED WITH PARENTS SUCH AS HIS, IT WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SURPRISING IF **JAMES FENEMORE SNORK** HAD GROWN UP TO BE A DINGBAT TOO.

BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT THE BOY. A SPARK OF **GENIUS**, PERHAPS –

MUM AND DAD'S LIVES ARE SO EMPTY THAT THEY SPEND ALL THEIR TIME TRYING TO ESCAPE. NOT **ME**! I'M GOING TO MAKE SOMETHING OF MYSELF – **BE** SOMEBODY!

AND THE ONLY WAY TO BE SOMEBODY IN THIS CITY IS TO FIND SOMETHING YOU'RE GOOD AT – THEN BE THE BEST. ALL I GOTTA DO IS FIND THAT SOMETHING!

IT WAS WHILE WATCHING THE THRICE-WEEKLY VID SHOW "JUST PLAIN STUPID" THAT CITIZEN SNORK WAS STRUCK BY HIS GREAT INSPIRATION –

NOW LET'S MEET K. WALTER BAKSHOT WHO'S BEEN STANDING ON HIS HANDS FOR THREE YEARS!

THIS MUST BE A RECORD! TELL ME, K. WALT – HOW DO YOU SLEEP?

IT AIN'T EASY, BRYCE!

THERE YOU ARE, FOLKS! AND IF THAT AIN'T JUST PLAIN STUPID ENOUGH, LET'S MEET RUBE SCHMIDT!

RUBE, THAT'S SOME SNOZZLE YOU'VE GOT THERE!

IT'S THE BIGGEST BEAK IN MEGA-CITY ONE, BRYCE!

IF IT'S NOT TOO PERSONAL, WHAT ARE ITS OVERALL DIMENSIONS?

IT'S 12½ CENTIMETRES LONG AND WEIGHS JUST UNDER A KILO!

AMAZING! LET'S HEAR IT FOR RUBE'S KING CONK!

HEY, THAT AIN'T SO BIG!

PING!

I COULD DO THAT!

FIRST THING NEXT MORNING, SNORK SAW HIS BLOCK DOCTOR –

DOC, I WANT YOU TO MAKE MY NOSE BIGGER?

AN INTERESTING REQUEST! HOW MUCH BIGGER?

ABOUT FORTY OR FIFTY TIMES BIGGER!

A HJMN OPQ!' BCDGE OPMQR BE UV WXYZ&6

FOR DOCTOR JC4, THE CHALLENGE WAS IRRESISTIBLE!

BEFORE WE START TREATMENT WE MUST DECIDE WHICH STYLE OF NOSE. I'VE DONE A FEW BLUEPRINTS –

FOR INSTANCE WE HAVE THE TRADITIONAL PLAIN BIG NEB.

THEN THERE'S THE AERODYNAMIC CONE, AND BESIDE IT THE CORKSCREW.

I CALL THIS DESIGN THE SNUB SPECIAL.

NO, DOC, I WANT SOMETHING MORE EYE-CATCHING — MORE **BULBOUS** — LIKE THIS...

SUCH AMBITION! WE MUST BEGIN TREATMENT RIGHT AWAY!

THE FIRST STEP IS REGULAR **HORMONE INJECTIONS** TO INCREASE GROWTH OF BONE AND TISSUE.

ELECTRO-THERAPY WILL SPEED THAT PROCESS UP.

YOU MUST SPEND EVERY SPARE MOMENT EXERCISING. YOU MUST DEDICATE YOUR LIFE TO YOUR **NOSE!**

IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE ALOYSIUS AND MALARIA SNORK NOTICED THE CHANGE IN THEIR SON —

JAMES... IS YOUR **FACE** SHRINKING, OR IS YOUR **NOSE** GETTING BIGGER.

IT'S MY NOSE, MUM. I'M **GROWING** IT!

GLAD TO HEAR IT, SON. IT'S **TIME** YOU HAD AN INTEREST IN LIFE!

*FOUR MONTHS AFTER TREATMENT BEGAN — A **RED LETTER DAY!***

13 CENTIMETRES! I'VE DONE IT!

I'VE GOT THE BIGGEST NOSE IN MEGA-CITY ONE!

THAT'S TERRIFIC, JAMES!

IT'S SOME HOOTER, ALL RIGHT! I'M PROUD OF YOU, BOY!

YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! MARK MY WORDS – I'M GONNA GIVE THIS CITY A NOSE IT'LL NEVER FORGET!

AND WHAT, YOU MAY WELL BE ASKING, HAD THIS GOT TO DO WITH JUDGE DREDD? FRANKLY, NOTHING AT ALL.

DREDD

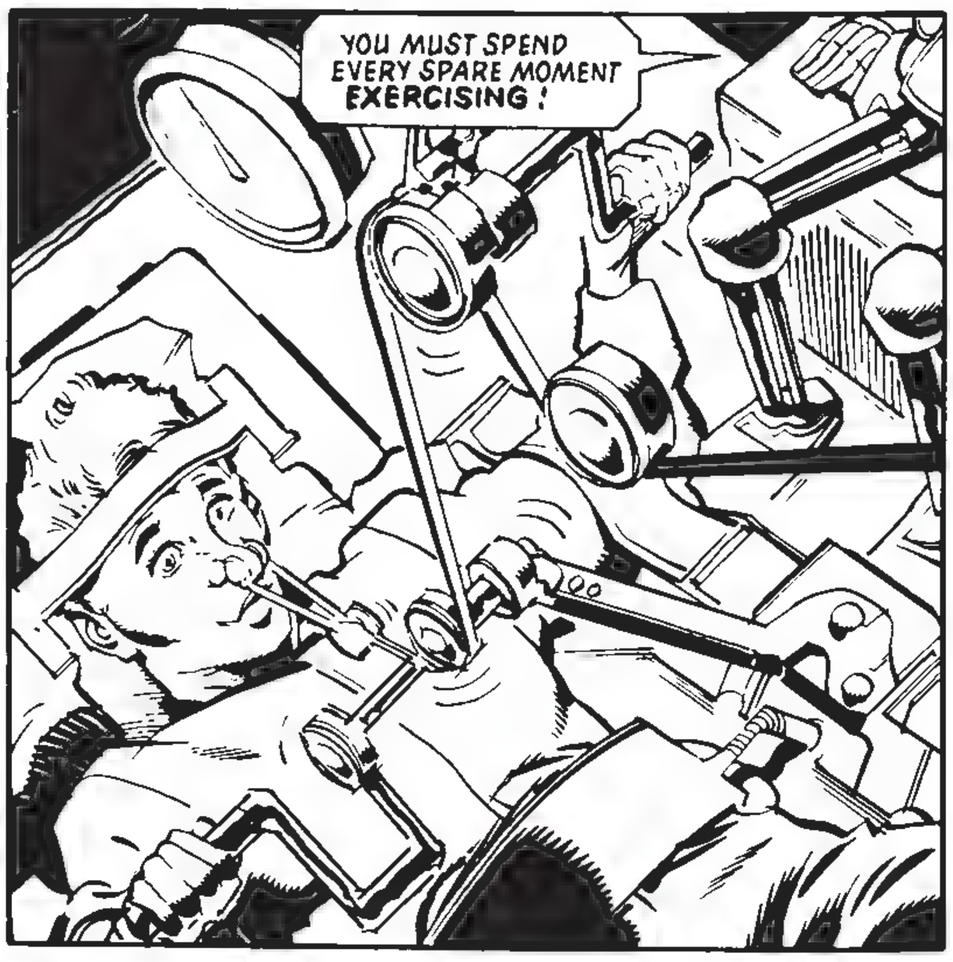
AT THAT MOMENT, JUDGE DREDD WAS INVOLVED IN A RATHER STICKY SHOOT-OUT HALFWAY ACROSS CITY –

SALAMI-SIZE SNOOTS WERE PERHAPS THE LAST THING ON HIS MIND.

AIEEEEEE!

BUT IT WOULD NOT BE LONG BEFORE THE MAN WITH A NOSE FOR CRIME AND THE MAN WITH A CRIME FOR A NOSE WERE BLOWN BRUTALLY TOGETHER!

JUDGE DREDD



CITIZEN SNORK

PART 2

THE MAKING OF A NOSE

AS THE MONTHS PASSED, CITIZEN SNORK'S PAMPERED POLYP GREW AND **GREW** –

JANUARY

APRIL

JUNE

JULY

SEPTEMBER

SCRIPT
T. B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T. FRAME

AS SNORK'S NOSE GREW, SO DID HIS **FAME**. COUNTLESS **VID SHOW** APPEARANCES FOLLOWED –

FACE TO FACE

PINCHLINES

THAT'S SOME CONK!

WEEKLY FREAKS

SURE IS!

CASH **POURED** IN –

THE **DIAMOND NOSEPIN** IS PERFECT, SIR! TRÉS VOUS!

AND A **SNIP** AT 10,000 CREDS!

AND THERE WERE LUCRATIVE **SPONSORSHIP** DEALS –

FLORALWIFF

MAKES THINGS SMELL SWEET!

A RANGE OF "**NOSE**" SLUGS SWAMPED THE **BESTSELLERS** LISTS –

1 KNOW YOUR OWN NOSE by J F SNORK

2 GROWING YOUR OWN by J F SNORK

3 ANATOMY OF A NEB. by J F SNORK

4 PICKING YOUR OWN by J F SNORK

5 J. F. SNORK

6 NOSOBICS by J F SNORK

7 THE OPTIMUM NOSE by J. F. SNORK

8 ADVANCED NOSEOMETRY by J F SNORK

IN MEGA-CITY ONE, NEW CRAZES CAUGHT ON FAST. BEFORE LONG, THRIVING **NOSE CLUBS** HAD SPRUNG UP IN EVERY SECTOR. CITIZEN SNORK WAS EVER READY TO PROVIDE GUIDANCE AND INSPIRATION – FOR A HEFTY FEE...

SECTOR 199 NOSE CLUB

AS YOUR NOSES GROW, YOU WILL FIND MANY DETRACTORS! IGNORANT MORONS WHO JEER YOU – AND LAUGH AT YOU! OH YES! THEY LAUGHED AT **ME**, TOO!

WELL I SAY TO YOU – WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?

DUNNO! CAN'T SEE YOUR FACE PAST YOUR NOSE!

THE JUDGES WATCHED THE GROWTH OF THE NOSE CULT WITH LITTLE CONCERN –

JUST ANOTHER TWO-CRED CRAZE. LEAVE 'EM ALONE – THEY'LL GET SICK OF IT.

BUT WHAT IF THEY DON'T, DREDD? WHAT IF THE CRAZE KEEPS GROWING AND GROWING?

THEN WE GOT A LOT OF CITIZENS WITH BIG NOSES. SO WHAT?

BUT LIKE A BUTTERFLY WHICH EMERGES FROM THE CHRYSALIS TO DAZZLE FOR BUT A BRIEF MOMENT, CITIZEN SNORK'S NEWFOUND GLORY WAS TO BE TRAGICALLY SHORT-LIVED.

THE FIRST HINT OF APPROACHING DISASTER CAME WHERE IT ALL BEGAN – ON THE VID SHOW "JUST PLAIN STUPID" —

JUST PLAIN STUPID

CITIZEN SNORK – DO YOU THINK ANYONE WILL PRODUCE A NOSE TO RIVAL YOURS?

NO WAY, BRYCE! I'LL ALWAYS BE NUMBER ONE!

IN THAT CASE, LET ME INTRODUCE CITIZEN **HERBIVORE BUNG!**

WOW! WHAT A SNITCH!

IT'S AS BIG AS SNORKIE'S!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, BUNG?

BEEN GROWIN' IT IN SECRET. THOUGHT IT WOULD GIVE YOU A SHOCK!

AN EXPECTANT HUSH FELL AS THE NOSES WERE GAUGED –

CIRCUMFERENCE:
SNORK – 97 CENTIMETRES!
BUNG – 96 CENTIMETRES!

LENGTH:
SNORK – 119 CENTIMETRES!
BUNG – 118 CENTIMETRES!

WEIGHT!
SNORK – 34 KILOS!
BUNG – 33·4 KILOS!

YOU BEAT ME THIS TIME, SNORK. YOU'RE STILL KING CONK, BUT NOT FOR LONG.

I'M GONNA KEEP WORKING! KEEP GROWING! SOONER OR LATER, **MY** NOSE WILL RULE THE WORLD!

LATER, IN THE DRESSING ROOM, SNORK CONFRONTED HIS RIVAL –

IT'S A LOUSY TRICK, BUNG! NOSES WERE **MY** IDEA! WHY COULDN'T YOU GROW SOMETHING ELSE – EARS OR SOMETHING?

EARS? DON'T BE STUPID!

A RIGHT **BIMBO** I'D LOOK WITH **BIG EARS!**

ANYWAY, YOU GOT NO **COPYRIGHT** ON NOSES! YOU'VE HAD YOUR TIME AT THE TOP, SNORK – IT'S TIME TO MAKE WAY FOR NEW BLOOD!

NOW **YOU** LISTEN, BUNG –

HEY! THE LIGHTS!

THEN THERE WAS THE SUDDEN CRASH OF GLASS -

A SCREAM!

AAAGH!

AND WHEN THE LIGHTS CAME ON AGAIN, HERBIVORE BUNG LAY ON THE FLOOR -

BY DOSE! BY DOSE!

SOMEONE'S SNATCHED IT!

JUDGES WERE SOON ON THE SCENE -

ALL RIGHT, SNORK - WHERE'D YOU HIDE THE NOSE?

M-ME? I-I DIDN'T DO IT!

DREDD

DON'T GIVE ME THAT! YOU HAD THE OPPORTUNITY - YOU HAD THE MOTIVE! BUNG WAS A THREAT TO YOU, SO YOU TOOK THE ONLY WAY OUT - YOU CUT HIM DOWN TO SIZE!

WHERE'S - THAT - NOSE?

B-But I'm Innocent! H-H-Honest!

THE LIE-DETECTOR CHECKS – HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, DREDD.

THOUGHT HE WAS. NOT MANY PLACES HE **COULD** HIDE THAT NOSE. STILL, HAD TO BE SURE.

DREDD

BROWN

GLASS INSIDE THE ROOM – TRAIL OF BLOOD UP TO THE WINDOW. ALL POINTS TO AN OUTSIDE JOB.

RECKON IT'S OUR FRIEND **THE COLLECTOR?**

THAT'S MY GUESS.

THE **COLLECTOR?**

DREDD

BROWN

HE'S A MAN WHO COLLECTS **HUMAN ODDITIES.** WE RECKON HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR FIVE **DISAPPEARANCES** AND A NUMBER OF **DISMEMBERMENTS.**

HE MUST BE A MANIAC!

YEAH. BUT A SMART ONE. **WE** STILL HAVEN'T CAUGHT HIM.

DREDD

LOOKS LIKE HE DECIDED TO ADD YOUR **NOSE** TO HIS COLLECTION – MADE A MISTAKE. GOT **BUNG'S** INSTEAD.

THANK GOODNESS!

DON'T SPEAK TOO SOON, SNORK. **THE COLLECTOR** DOESN'T SETTLE FOR SECOND BEST.

IF IT IS HIM, HE'LL BE BACK. AND THAT **NOSE** OF YOURS IS TOO **BIG** A TARGET TO MISS TWICE!

ULP!

CITIZEN SNORK

PART 3

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

IN A SECRET ROOM IN THE CITY, SOFT LIGHT PLAYS OVER A FINE ARRAY OF TROPHIES. A COLLECTOR'S ROOM. BUT NO ORDINARY COLLECTOR. . .

LOOK CLOSER...

THOSE EXHIBITS ARE HUMAN!

THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF HUMAN ODDITIES EVER ASSEMBLED!

FOR THIS IS THE HOME OF A MANIAC!

MOOSE MAN

LONGEST BEARD

LARGEST LIPS

SMARTEST MAN

TWO-THUMB HAND.

ZEBRA MAN

HAIRY MAN

BUT HUSH! THE DOOR OPENS —

THE COLLECTOR HAS RETURNED WITH ANOTHER PRIZE!

FINE REWARD FOR MY NIGHT'S WORK! COME, MY BEAUTY! LET ME GAZE UPON YOUR IMMENSITY AGAIN!

THE BIGGEST NOSE OF ALL TIME - AND IT'S MINE! MINE FOREVER!

WAIT! WHERE IS THE JEWEL-STUDDED **NOSE PIN**? SNORK ALWAYS WORE IT!

CAN IT BE? HAVE I BEEN **THWARTED**? I MUST CHECK THE NEWS—

A MYSTERY ATTACKER TONIGHT BROKE INTO THE "**JUST PLAIN STUPID**" STUDIOS AND **STOLE** THE **NOSE** OF SHOW GUEST **HERBIVORE BUNG**. WE INTERVIEWED THE ONLY WITNESS TO THE BIZARRE THEFT, **J.F. SNORK**, THE MAN WITH THE BIGGEST **NOSE** OF ALL TIME—

THE BURGLAR WAS AFTER MY NOSE—GOT **BUNG'S** INSTEAD. WHAT A DIMMO! HOW COULD ANYONE MISTAKE BUNG'S PUNY POLYP FOR MINE?

O WOE!

I'VE STOLEN THE **WRONG** NOSE!

*NEXT DAY, IN CITIZEN SNORK'S APARTMENT, **JUDGE DREDD** EXPLAINED HIS TACTICS—*

WE'VE NEVER MANAGED TO CATCH **THE COLLECTOR** BECAUSE WE'VE NEVER KNOWN WHERE HE WOULD STRIKE NEXT. THIS TIME WE DO.

THE COLLECTOR DOESN'T SETTLE FOR SECOND BEST. HE WON'T REST UNTIL HE HAS YOUR NOSE – AND WHEN HE COMES FOR IT, I'LL BE WAITING !

DREDD

YOU PEOPLE JUST GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS AS NORMAL. FORGET THAT I'M HERE !

RIGHT-O, JUDGE. I'M OFF BATTING!

ALOYSIUS SNORK WAS A BAT GLIDING FANATIC –

LOOK OUT, WORLD ! HERE COMES EASY GLIDER !

IT WAS THURSDAY WHEN THE COLLECTOR STRUCK. CITIZEN SNORK WAS OILING HIS NOSE. HIS MOTHER, MALARIA, WAS OUT SITTING WITH A FRIEND. . .

HIS FATHER WAS, AS USUAL, BATTING –

FLAPP! FLAP!

BACK SO SOON, DAD ?

GOOD THING ! GIMME A HAND TO OIL MY TIP.

I CAME FOR MORE THAN THE TIP, BEAKY !

URK ! IT-IT-IT'S THE COLLECTOR !

SHIINNNGG!

HOLD IT, CREEP!

KRASH!

KK-SHANG!

BACK OFF, LAWMAN! IT'LL BE MORE THAN HIS NOSE THAT GOES!

YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE, COLLECTOR. LET HIM GO!

OKAY – HAVE HIM!

NO!

THE GARBAGE GRINDERRRRR!

GRI NNNN

GOTTA FREE HIM! NOSE SHOT—!

BANG

PDAAH

THE COLLECTOR'S BATTING FOR IT!

DREDD

CLICK

AAAHH!

FLAPP!

FLUP!

FLUBBBB!

BY DOSE! YOU'VE SHOT OFF BY DOSE!

IT WAS YOUR NOSE OR YOUR LIFE, CITIZEN.

A JUDGE EXAMINED THE COLLECTOR'S BODY—

HIS NAME WAS ASHLEY SAKAMOTO—GOT A PLACE OVER IN DE LOREAN.

RIGHT—LET'S CHECK IT!

IN THE DE LOREAN LUX-APT, THE SECRET ROOM YIELDED UP ITS GRIM TREASURES—

SURE WAS A KOOK, ALL RIGHT!

ENOUGH HERE TO CLEAR UP FIFTY UNSOLVED CRIMES.

WORLD'S 2ND BIGGEST NOSE.

WORLD'S BIGGEST NOSE

SEVERED FROM HERBIVORE BUNG, 2106.

SEVERED FROM J. F. SNORK, 2106.

THAT'S ONE SPACE THE COLLECTOR WILL NEVER FILL.

DREDD

WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE REST OF THE COLLECTION?

FIND WHICH OWNERS ARE STILL ALIVE AND RETURN THEIR PARTS, THE REST CAN GO DIRECT TO THE NEXT OF KIN.

DREDD

THAT'LL BE A NICE SURPRISE FOR THEM.

AND WHAT OF **CITIZEN SNORK**? NEXT DAY, IN JUMBO CUMMINGS BLOCK HOSPITAL –

WE CAN FIT YOU WITH A WHOLE RANGE OF ARTIFICIAL NOSES, JAMES. TAKE YOUR PICK.

GEE, DOC! THEY'RE ALL OKAY NOSES, BUT IT'S JUST NOT THE SAME!

BULBOUS (RED)

ROMAN (CLASSIC)

HOOK (SMALL)

ROBSMITH (MARK I)

RETROUSSE (STANDARD)

BUTTON (CUTE)

SO WITH HIS NEW "**ROBSMITH**" SEWN IN PLACE, **CITIZEN SNORK** RETURNED TO DULL OBSCURITY. HIS BUTTERFLY FLIGHT WAS OVER.

AND SO'S THIS STORY!

THE END.

JUDGE DREDD

THE HAUNTING of SECTOR HOUSE 9 PART I

SECTOR HOUSE 9, ONE OF HUNDREDS OF JUSTICE DEPT. AREA CONTROL STATIONS DOTTED THROUGHOUT THE CITY.

FROM HERE, ALL ROUTINE JUDGING OF SECTOR 9 IS CARRIED OUT –

I WANNA SEE MY LAWYER!

YOU WILL, CREEP! YOU'LL BE SHARING THE SAME CUBE!

YOU WERE MUGGED BY A GANG OF FIVE-YEAR-OLDS?

THEY WAS BIG FOR THEIR AGE!

HIS NAME IS FLUFFY, A LITTLE – SNIFF! – ROBOTERRIER...

CITIZEN SCOOT BECK! COLLECT YOUR SHOULDER CLOCK FROM LOST PROPERTY!

I TELL YA, I'M INNOCENT! THEM NOSES DIDN'T BELONG TA ME!

THEN WHY WERE YOU PICKING THEM?

JUDGE DREDD!

I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO INVESTIGATE THE DEATH OF YOUR SECTOR CHIEF. CAN WE VIEW THE BODY?

WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO FIND YOUR ROBODOG, CITIZEN, BUT I WARN YOU – IF FLUFFY HAS CAUSED ANY DAMAGE OR INJURY, YOU COULD DO TIME.

JUDGE! JUDGE! THIS THING JUST ATTACKED ME IN THE STREET!

OH NO! FLUFFY!

GRRRR!

EACH SECTOR HOUSE IS A HALL OF JUSTICE IN MINIATURE, WITH ITS OWN INTERROGATION CUBES, HOLDING PENS, MEDICAL AND FORENSIC FACILITIES.

SECTOR CHIEF ERIKSON WAS FOUND SHOT DEAD LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO.

AND HE WAS ALONE IN HIS QUARTERS ?

YES.

HIS LAWGIVER WAS CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND. ONE BULLET HAD BEEN FIRED. ONLY HE COULD HAVE FIRED IT.

ALL THE MAKINGS OF A SUICIDE.

EXCEPT FOR ONE THING... JUDGES DON'T COMMIT SUICIDE !

WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE ROOM. THAT MIGHT HELP EXPLAIN THINGS.

THE SECTOR CHIEF'S QUARTERS ARE LOCATED AT THE TOP OF THE BUILDING -

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN LIKE THIS ?

FIRST WE KNEW WAS WHEN WE FOUND THE CHIEF'S BODY.

YOU'LL NOTICE THE TEMPERATURE'S TWENTY DEGREES BELOW NORMAL.

PATEL

WHAT'S THIS ?

BLOOD. AND BEFORE YOU ASK, FORENSIC HAVE CHECKED IT. IT'S NOT ERIKSON'S.

WE'VE X-RAYED THE WHOLE WALL. THERE'S NO DETECTABLE SOURCE.

HMMM...THE BLOOD - LOW TEMPERATURE - THE STATE OF THIS ROOM - ALL STRONG SIGNS OF PARANORMAL INFLUENCE...

AND THERE WAS NO VID-SURVEILLANCE OF THE INCIDENT... PITY ! I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN WHAT WENT ON IN HERE.

YOU RECKON WE'VE PICKED UP SOME KIND OF SPOOK ?

WHEN IT COMES TO PSYCHIC SENSITIVITY, I'M DOUBLE ZERO RATED - BUT EVEN I CAN TELL THERE'S SOMETHING HERE.

IT'S TIME WE CALLED IN PSI-DIVISION.

A PSI-DIVISION TELEPATH IS SOON ON THE SCENE -

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, GELLER ?

NASTY. REAL NASTY.

I GET AN IMPRESSION OF... A PRESENCE...

A SHAPELESS, BROODING EVIL – LURKING HERE... JUST OUT OF MY REACH...

WHAT IS IT? WHAT DOES IT WANT?

I...CAN'T TELL. BUT I CAN SENSE ONE THING – IT'S FAR FROM FINISHED WITH SECTOR HOUSE 9!

ALL WE CAN DO FOR THE MOMENT IS MAINTAIN A WATCHING BRIEF. GELLER – YOU'LL STAY HERE, IN THE ROOM, WHERE THE PRESENCE IS STRONGEST. TRY TO ESTABLISH SOME SORT OF COMMUNICATION.

PATEL – SET UP VID-MONITORS. GELLER MUST BE UNDER CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE.

DAY TURNS INTO NIGHT AND THE BUSINESS OF SECTOR HOUSE 9 PROCEEDS AS NORMAL....

2

SECT
HOU

3

THE HOLDING PENS FILL UP, AND ARE EMPTIED...

144 FOR TRANSPORT TO THE ISO-BLOCKS.

KEEP IN LINE THERE!

OH, FLUFFY!

IN THE INTERROGATION CUBES, ONE GRILLING ENDS, ANOTHER BEGINS...

TEN YEARS!

4

YOUR TURN, CREEP – INSIDE!

ULP!

IN SECTOR CONTROL THE FIGHT AGAINST CRIME NEVER ENDS -

ITEM! BE ON LOOKOUT - GANG ON THE DUNK, WEBBERMAN STREET AREA.

ITEM! MAJOR TRAFFIC ACCIDENT, JUNCTION DYLAN AND FIFTH.

CAMERAS TO CONTROL! JUVE SKIRMISH, GORDON BANKS BLOCK PLAZA. REQUEST ASSIST!

MEANWHILE, IN THE ROOM WHERE ERIKSON DIED -

SITUATION UNCHANGED. NOTHING TO REPORT.

EXCEPT...IT SEEMS TO BE GETTING COLDER IN HERE!

WAIT A MINUTE - THE LIGHTS FLICKERING!

INTERESTING!

THE LIGHT'S GONE! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING, ALL RIGHT. I CAN FEEL IT! IT'S COMING...!

MONITOR'S GONE HAYWIRE!

DROKK!

I BETTER GET IN THERE.

JUST HOPE I'M IN TIME!

113:

DOOR'S NOT OPENING!

KRANG!

KRANGG!

KERANGGG!

IN THE ROOM, NO SOUND PENETRATES. THE EERIE SILENCE IS BROKEN ONLY BY THE SLOW DRIP-DRIP-DRIP OF THE BLOOD-OOZE ON THE WALL...

DRIP!

THE BLOOD... IT'S RUNNING AGAIN!

DRIP!

A SHAPE FORMING!

NEXT PROG: THE CRAWLING THING!

SECTOR HOUSE 9, WHERE CHIEF ERIKSON HAS DIED IN MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES. NOW, IN ERIKSON'S QUARTERS, PSI-JUDGE GELLER WITNESSES AN HORRIFIC MANIFESTATION —

A SHAPE FORMING IN THE BLOOD-OOZE!

THE HAUNTING OF SECTOR HOUSE 9

PART 2

A... HAND!

STOMM! IT'S CRAWLING!

C-CAN'T... MOVE!

SCRIPT T.B GROVER
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T. FRAME

SOME... FORCE HOLDING ME HERE!

OH SWEET GRUD! WHY'D I LET DREDD TALK ME INTO THIS!

MEANWHILE -

DOOR WON'T OPEN!

HIGH EXPLOSIVE!

BADOOM!

DROKK!

DREDD AIMS HIS LAWGIVER...

BUT SOME UNKNOWN POWER FORCES THE GUN AWAY!

TURNING IT BACK... ON ME!

NOW I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ERIKSON!

IT'S ONLY AN APPARITION - A FIGMENT OF SOME DEMONIC IMAGINATION!

I CAN FIGHT IT!

GET OFF! OFF!

IT'S NO GOOD! IT'S... TOO STRONG!

UHHHHHHH!

ON DREDD, LESS SENSITIVE TO PARANORMAL FORCES, THE SINISTER INFLUENCE IS WEAKER —

FINGER TIGHTENING ON THE TRIGGER! GOTTA **RESIST** —

DAMNED IF I'LL GIVE IN TO A **SPOOK!**

HANDS OFF!

SPAATAT!

YOU CUT THAT A BIT CLOSE, DREDD!

LOOK AT THE **WALL**, GELLER!

WHERE FRAGMENTS OF THE GRISLY BLOOD-HAND HAVE SPATTERED, NEW IMAGES FORM —

ROT YOU, JOE DREDD!

YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SMART!
MR FANCY PANTS JUDGE!
MR BIG SHOT!
WELL YOU'RE WRONG, MEATHEAD! WRONG!
YOU'RE GONNA GET IT BUT GOOD!
YOU AN' THIS WHOLE SCUMBAG SECTOR HOUSE!
YOU'RE GONNA PAY! PAY! PAY PAY PAY PAY PAY
WATCHING IN THE MONITOR ROOM, JUDGE PATEL –
SCREENS HAVE CLEARED. ANYTHING HAPPEN DOWN THERE?
ANYTHING? JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING, PAL!
YOU LEARN ANYTHING FROM THE ENCOUNTER, GELLER?
NO MORE THAN WE KNEW ALREADY. THE ENTITY – WHATEVER IT IS – RESISTED EVERY ATTEMPT TO MAKE CONTACT. IT'S STRONG, DREDD – STRONGER THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER COME ACROSS.
SO ALL WE KNOW IS IT'S GOT SOME KIND OF GRUDGE AGAINST SECTOR HOUSE 9 – NOT TO MENTION AN INTERESTING COMMAND OF THE MEGA-CITY VERNACULAR!
WE'LL HAVE THIS ROOM CHECKED FOR FINGERPRINTS. DON'T SUPPOSE WE'LL FIND ANYTHING, BUT IT'S WORTH A TRY.
ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD!
EWINS

WE GOT TROUBLE IN THE INTERROGATION CUBES. BETTER GET DOWN THERE FAST!

BELOW, IN THE INTERROGATION CUBES –

MAPLESON WAS QUESTIONING A SUSPECT WHEN THE WHOLE ROOM STARTED FLYIN' ROUND THEIR HEADS!

WE CAN'T GET THE DOOR OPEN!

THEN **BLOW** IT IN!

BADAAM

EVERYTHING'S BACK TO **NORMAL**!

GET THAT SUSPECT TO MED-BAY!

ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD! ACCIDENT IN THE **CRASH DORM**!

A WALL COLLAPSED AND TRAPPED AMCOR AND DRUCKER. WE'VE MANAGED TO PULL THEM OUT, BUT IT LOOKS BAD FOR DRUCKER!

MUST'VE BEEN A STRUCTURAL DEFECT.

IN PLASTEEN? SINCE WHEN?

PATEL — COME WITH ME!

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, DREDD LEADS THE WAY OUTSIDE SECTOR HOUSE 9 —

OKAY, IT SHOULD BE SAFE TO TALK OUT HERE!

SEEMS OUR SPOOK'S SPREADING ITS ACTIVITIES TO THE REST OF THE SECTOR HOUSE. UNTIL IT'S **DEALT** WITH, NO ONE IS SAFE IN THERE.

I WANT THE BUILDING **EVACUATED**. DO IT QUIETLY — NO FUSS.

IF THAT **THING** DISCOVERS WE'RE TAKING ITS VICTIMS AWAY, THERE'S NO TELLING **WHAT** IT'LL DO!

NEXT PROG: THE SPECTRE HOUSE!

A SINISTER PRESENCE IS HAUNTING SECTOR HOUSE 9. ALREADY CHIEF ERIKSON HAS DIED AND NOW, IN THE MORGUE —

THEY'RE BRINGING IN DRUCKER'S BODY. ARCH COLLAPSED ON HIM.

SINCE THE SPOOK MOVED IN, NO-ONE'S SAFE.

TWO DEAD SO FAR...WHO'LL BE NEXT ?

DRUCKER ! BUT YOU'RE DEAD !

OH YEAH ?

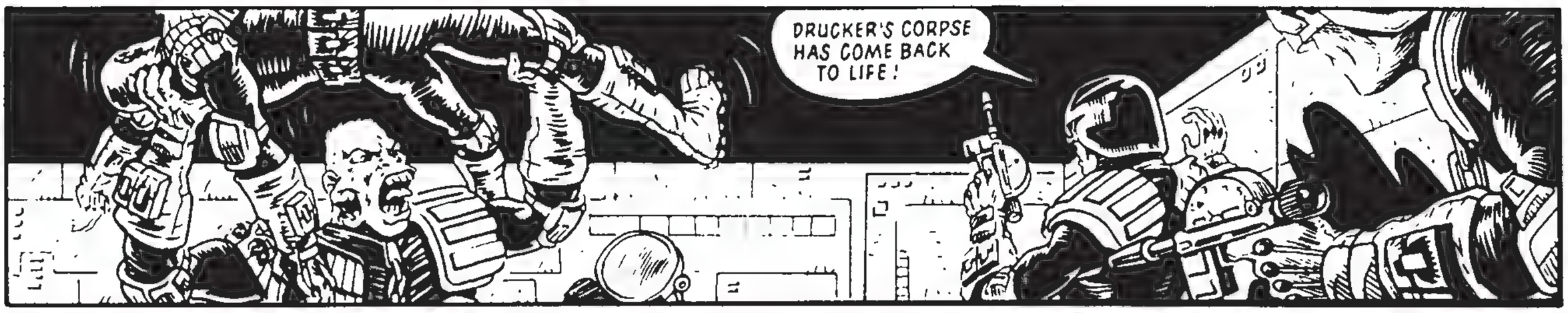
SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
BRETT EWINS
LETTERING
T FRAME

YOU'RE DEAD TOO, SCUMBAGS!

UNNN!

THE HAUNTING of SECTOR HOUSE 9

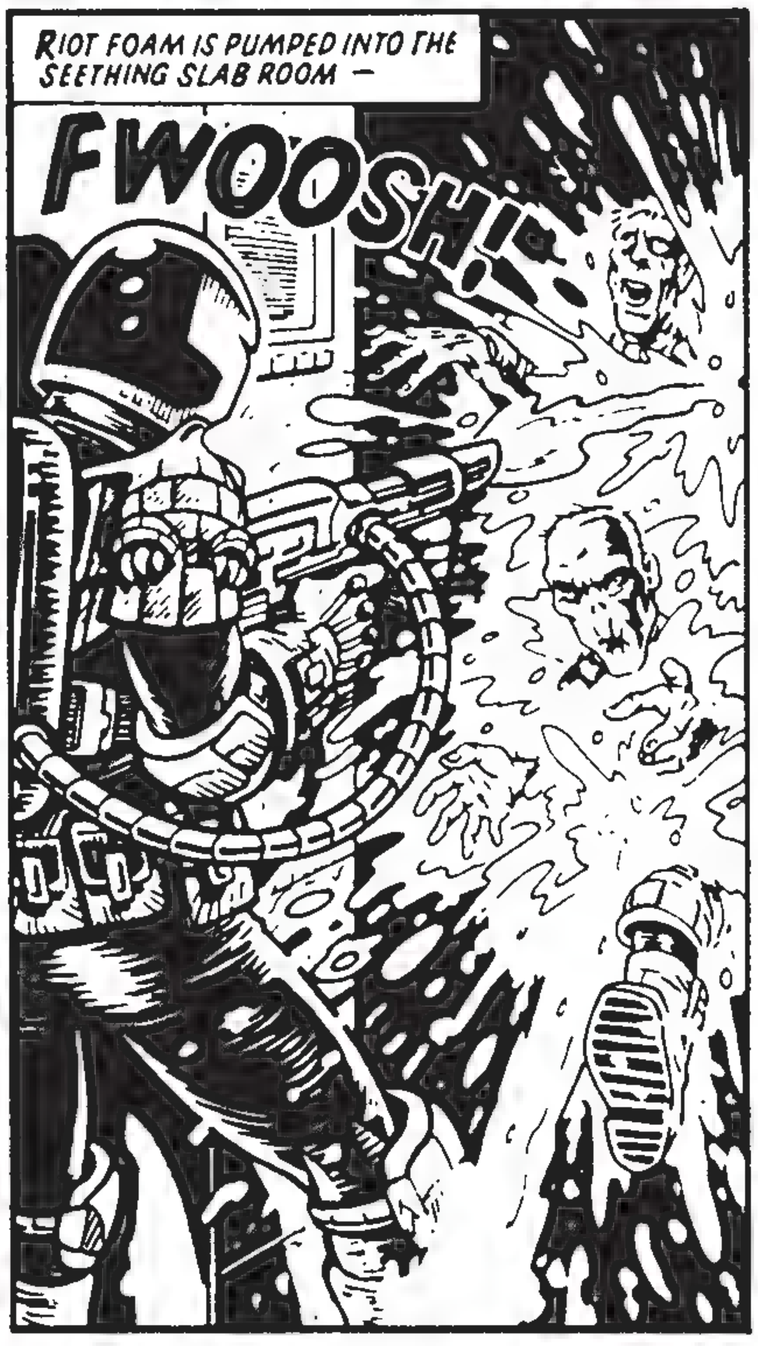
PART 3


DRUCKER'S CORPSE HAS COME BACK TO LIFE!

GRUD! THEY'RE ALL AT IT!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

ZOMBIES! THE SPOOK'S BRINGING 'EM BACK FROM THE DEAD!
THEY DIED ONCE – THEY CAN DIE AGAIN!
RILEY

FORGET IT – BULLETS AREN'T STOPPING THEM!
THIS IS HUSS IN THE MORGUE! WE GOT STIFFS A-GOGO! GET US SOME RIOT FOAM AND GET IT QUICK!


RIOT FOAM IS PUMPED INTO THE SEETHING SLAB ROOM –
FWOOSH!

THAT OUGHTA HOLD 'EM FOR A WHILE!
UNTIL THE NEXT THING HAPPENS!

MEANWHILE, IN A ROOM AT THE TOP OF THE BUILDING, JUDGE OMAR, HEAD OF **PSI-DIVISION**, HAS BEEN CALLED IN TO INVESTIGATE THE SINISTER **PRESENCE** –

YOU! WHOEVER YOU ARE! I **COMMAND** YOU – **REVEAL YOURSELF**!

SORRY, DREDD – I'M DOING NO BETTER THAN GELLER. ALL I FEEL IS AN OVERWHELMING **HATRED** FOR THIS SECTOR HOUSE!

IF THE SOURCE OF THESE HAPPENINGS IS ACTUALLY DEAD, IT CAN'T BE **LONG** DEAD. THE SECTOR HOUSE HAS ONLY BEEN IN **EXISTENCE** FOR THIRTY YEARS.

DREDD

YOU SAY IF IT'S DEAD?

RIGHT. THE USE OF **PSYCHIC BLOCKS** NORMALLY INDICATES A **LIVING** SOURCE. YET THE IMAGES USED – THE BLOOD, THE DISEMBODIED HAND, THE CREEPING DECAY – ARE ALL SYMBOLS OF **DEATH**.

DREDD

GREAT!

ON DREDD'S ORDERS, SECTOR HOUSE 9 IS SURREPTITIOUSLY EVACUATED. NOW, AS THE **HOLDING PENS** GRADUALLY EMPTY, NO NEW PRISONERS ARE ADMITTED TO FILL THEM.

ON THE STREETS, ALL ROUTINE SECTOR 9 BUSINESS IS RE-ROUTED –

EMERGENCY RESCHEDULE, GOOBER. RUN YOUR PERPS OVER TO **SECTOR 10**.

BRETT EWINS

IN SECTOR HOUSE CONTROL –

DIVERT THOSE SURVIVORS TO NEAREST BLOCK MED-UNITS.

PUT YOUR PERPS ON **HOLD**, LINVALE. AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS.

THAT'S **SECTOR 8** BUSINESS, CITIZEN. RELAY YOUR COMPLAINT THERE.

HEY! MY VID'S GOIN' CRAZY!

WHAT'S GOING ON, SKIRK?

IT'S THE CREATURE - THE **SPOOK!**

LEWIS

YOU'VE TRICKED ME! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

DON'T LIE TO ME! YOU'VE TRICKED ME!

SKRHSSH!

AAAH

AND IN THE ROOM ABOVE –

DREDD! ROT YOUR SLIMY CHIN!

YOU'VE CHEATED ME! YOU'VE BEEN CLEARING THE SECTOR HOUSE BEHIND MY BACK! YOU'VE SPOILED MY REVENGE!

NOW YOU WILL PAY!

KRAAK

DREDD!

OMAR TO ALL PERSONNEL! EMERGENCY EVACUATION! REPEAT – EMERGENCY EVACUATION!

I'M ALL RIGHT – BE NEEDING A NEW HELMET, THOUGH.

AS THE REMAINING JUDGES MAKE FOR THE EXITS, ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!

STOMM! THE WHOLE ROOM'S SPLITTING APART!

GET OUT!

CON-TOWER'S CRACKING OPEN!

LOOK – FIRE IN THE MED-BAY!

IT'S AMCOR! HE DIDN'T GET OUT IN TIME!

ELEVATORS ARE OUT! TRY THE MID-LEVEL BIKE POOL!

BIKE POOL

YOU FIT TO RIDE, DREDD?

RECKON

WHAT A MESS!

THE BIKES ARE STILL FUNCTIONAL...

...SO LET'S RIDE!

VROOOM!

DREDD! YOU'RE INJURED!

NOTHING TOO SERIOUS. I'LL LIVE.

LOOKS LIKE SECTOR HOUSE 9 BELONGS TO THAT THING NOW!

DAMNED IF I'LL LET SOME JUMPED-UP SPOOK KICK US OUT OF OUR OWN SECTOR HOUSE!

WE'RE THE LAW IN THIS CITY!

NEXT PROG: STRAIGHT FROM THE HORROR'S MOUTH!

JUDGE DREDD

A SINISTER **PRESENCE** IS WREAKING HAVOC IN **SECTOR HOUSE 9** —

THE USE OF **PSYCHIC BLOCKS** INDICATES A **LIVING** SOURCE – YET THE IMAGES USED ARE ALL SYMBOLS OF DEATH.

I WOULD SUGGEST THE **ENTITY** IS SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN – NEITHER LIVING **NOR** DEAD !

NOW THE HORROR HAS FORCED THE **EVACUATION** OF THE BUILDING —

AAAAH!

AAAAAAAAA

THE WHOLE PLACE IS CRUMBLING ROUND US !

RIDE!

THE HALINTING OF SECTOR HOUSE 9

PART 4

SECTOR HOUSE

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T FRAME

DAMNED IF I'LL LET SOME JUMPED-UP **SPOOK** KICK US OUT OF OUR OWN **SECTOR HOUSE !**

WE ARE THE LAW IN THIS CITY !

DREDD

BUT HOW CAN WE BEAT THIS THING, DREDD? WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT IS!

WE'VE GOT ONE CLUE, PATEL. ONE SMALL CHANCE -

THE THING'S LAST MANIFESTATION!

IN THE VAST DATA BANKS AT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE -

DATA INPUT COMPLETE +++ ANALYSIS PROCEEDING...

AND WITHIN SECONDS -

DENTAL RECORDS MATCH THOSE OF CITIZEN LEROY TAMERLAIN, BLEEKE MANSION, SECTOR 9. SUBJECT RECENTLY DECEASED.

COMPUTER - CHECK THE FOLLOWING DATA AGAINST ALL CITY DENTAL RECORDS:

LOWER JAW, RIGHT SIDE - PLASTEEN FILLINGS THIRD AND FIRST MOLARS, SECOND BICUSPID; SECOND MOLAR MISSING; MOCK GOLD IMPLANTS LATERAL AND CENTRAL...

A JUDGE'S TRAINING ENSURES THAT HE IS CAPABLE OF NEAR-TOTAL RECALL OF EVEN THE MOST TRIVIAL DETAILS.

TAMERLAIN - YES, HE WAS KILLED TWO DAYS AGO. GUN BATTLE WITH JUDGE BERGER.

PSI-DIVISION KNOW HIM WELL - A TOP RANK PSI-CRIMINAL. BUT TAMERLAIN NEVER HAD THE KIND OF POWER THAT THING IN THE SECTOR HOUSE IS PUTTING OUT!

WE BETTER HAVE A WORD WITH BERGER.

JUDGE BERGER -

TAMERLAIN MOVED INTO **SECTOR 9** A COUPLE OF MONTHS BACK. WE KNEW HIS REP. CHIEF ERIKSON DECIDED **INTIMIDATION** WAS THE BEST POLICY. WE CAME DOWN ON HIM **HARD.**

BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH A **PSI** - DIFFICULT TO ACTUALLY **PIN** ANYTHING ON HIM. UNTIL A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO...

...IT WAS **DRUCKER** WHO CAME UP WITH THE **TAX EVASION** CHARGE - ENOUGH TO PUT TAMERLAIN AWAY FOR **TEN!**

"I WAS ASSIGNED TO MAKE THE ARREST. TAMERLAIN TRIED TO SHOOT HIS WAY OUT-"

BERGER

AAAA

AAAH!

DEAD.

"**FORENSIC** CHECKED HIM OVER AND BAGGED HIM UP-"

WE'RE FINISHED WITH HIM, BERGER. YOU CAN CALL **RESYK.**

SO I LEFT HIM IN HIS HOUSE FOR A FEW HOURS, THEN CALLED IN RESYK.

YOU **LEFT** HIM? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, **YOU LEFT HIM?**

I... JUST LEFT HIM. COME TO THINK OF IT, WHY **DID** I...? IT'S... AGAINST ALL PROCEDURE...

I'LL TELL YOU WHY - **TAMERLAIN MADE YOU!**

WHAT?

OMAR, YOU SAID WE WERE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING THAT WASN'T DEAD - YET WASN'T ALIVE. TRY THIS SCENARIO...

SAY TAMERLAIN WASN'T DEAD - BUT BADLY HURT. HE'S IN HIS OWN HOUSE, BUT THERE'S NO ESCAPE FOR HIM. SO WHAT DOES HE DO...?

"HE USES HIS PSI-POWER TO MAKE BERGER AND FORENSIC THINK HE'S DEAD!"

ZZZZIP!

HE HAD ENOUGH POWER TO DO THAT, DIDN'T HE ?

YES, EASILY - EVEN IN A WOUNDED STATE.

"TAMERLAIN HAD TO GET BERGER OUT OF THE HOUSE - SO HE COULD CARRY OUT HIS ESCAPE PLAN..."

ZZZZIP!

"TAMERLAIN WAS ANGRY - HE WANTED REVENGE!"

"REVENGE ON THE JUDGES WHO'D BEEN HOUNDING HIM - ON SECTOR HOUSE 9!"

"FIRST THING HE NEEDED WAS SOMEBODY TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE BODY-BAG. SO HE PUTS THE WHAMMY ON SOME PASSING SAP. ANYBODY - IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO..."

"THE VICTIM ENTERS TAMERLAIN'S MANSION - TO HIS DEATH!"

YOU... SENT FOR ME ?

POISON - DRINK IT!

GLUGG!

NOW, GET INTO THAT BODY-BAG... AND **DIE**!

GRUD! SO SOME OTHER MUG TOOK THE TRIP TO RESYK!

IT'S AN INCREDIBLE THEORY, DREDD – BUT, DROKK IT! IT MAKES **SENSE**!

PATEL

IT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE SECTOR HOUSE. TAMERLAIN DIDN'T HAVE **THAT** KIND OF POWER.

PSI OMAR

HE'S GOT IT NOW. MAYBE WE'LL LEARN **HOW** WHEN WE FIND HIM!

WHERE IS HE?

WHERE HE'S BEEN ALL ALONG – **IN BLEEKE MANSION!**

NEXT PROG: ***A PSI IS JUST A PSI!***

JUDGE DREDD

THE MACABRE EVENTS AT **SECTOR HOUSE 9** HAVE BEEN TRACED TO SUPPOSEDLY-DECEASED PSI-CRIMINAL, **LEROY TAMERLAIN**. NOW **DREDD** AND THREE OTHERS ARRIVE AT TAMERLAIN'S HOME —

BLEEKE MANSION

BLEEKE MANSION! YOU PICKING UP ANY **VIBES**, OMAR ?

YES... I SENSE SOMETHING NOW. A **POWER**. . . TOO GREAT FOR ANY PSYCHIC BLOCK TO HIDE !

KEEP O
BY ORDER
JUSTICE D

SHNNNK!

WHATEVER'S IN THERE, DREDD - IT'S **DANGEROUS**.

SO AM **I**. AND THAT **THING'S** GOT A LOT TO ANSWER FOR !

DREDD

CREEEK!

THE HALINTING OF SECTOR HOUSE 9

PART 5

SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART B. EWINS
LETTERING T. FRAME

SEE IF YOU CAN GET A FIX ON THOSE EMANATIONS, OMAR.

THAT WAY.

THIS IS THE ROOM WHERE I SHOT TAMERLAIN. NOBODY HERE...

THERE - BEYOND THAT WALL. I'M **SURE** OF IT!

TRAIL OF BLOODSPOTS, DREDD. LEADS UP TO THE WALL...

TAMERLAIN MUST'VE STOOD HERE. IF THERE'S A **CONCEALED ENTRANCE**, IT'S GOTTA BE...

SNIK

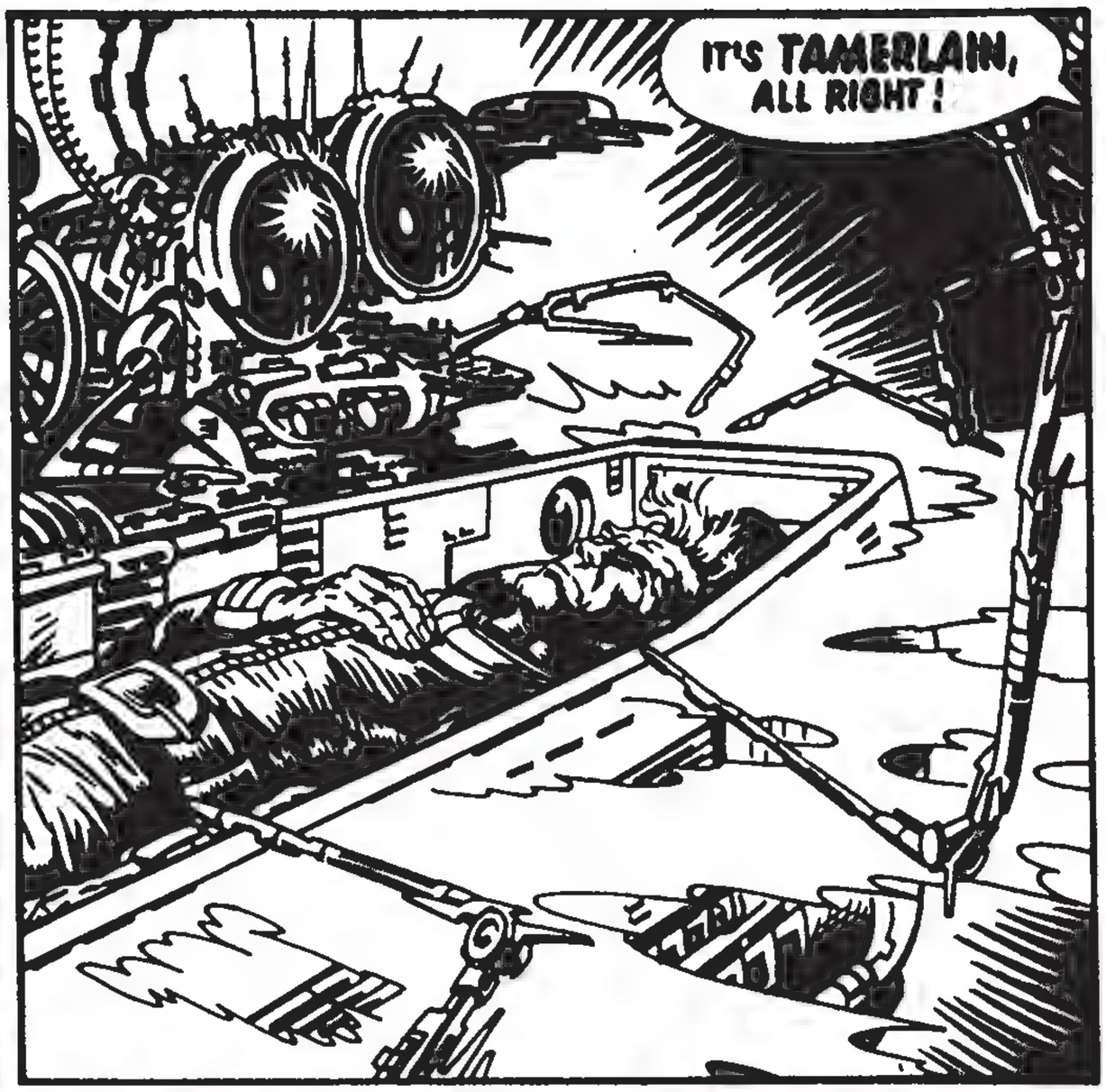
GOT IT!

VZZZZZ

SWEET LITTLE BOLT-HOLE!

I SENSE HE'S NOT AWARE OF US YET - THE SECTOR HOUSE IS TAKING ALL HIS ATTENTION. BUT GO CAREFULLY...

B B B POWER
DROKK!


IT'S TAMERLAIN, ALL RIGHT!

WHAT'S THAT GIZMO HE'S IN?
PSIONIC AMPLIFIER — CAPABLE OF MAGNIFYING AN OPERATOR'S POWER A THOUSANDFOLD! SO THAT'S HOW TAMERLAIN WAS ABLE TO TERRORISE THE SECTOR HOUSE!

HIS TERRORISING DAYS ARE OVER! I'M GONNA FINISH THE JOB I STARTED!

NO, BERGER!
YOU CAN'T SHOOT THROUGH A PSIONIC SHIELD!

ZANG!

SO! YOU'VE FOUND ME!

TOUGH LUCK ON YOU!

WHUMPP!

AAAHH!

STOMM! THE FLOOR — MELTING!

IT'S SUCKING ME DOWN!

PATEL!

A SEARING BOLT OF PSIONIC ENERGY SENDS DREDD REELING -

AK

RESIST! GOTTA TRY TO RESIST HIM!

RESIST? YOU NOVICE! YOU GOT SPUG'S CHANCE!

I'LL FRY YOUR BRAIN LIKE A LUMP OF MUNCE!

AAAAAAAAAA

NO HOPE OF BEATING HIM, UNLESS... THAT AMPLIFIER HAS TO RUN ON SOMETHING -

POWER

BAM!

THE POWER LINE!

SPITTAAKK

IAAK

YOU'VE BEEN CUT OFF, CREEP! FADE OUT!

THE EMANATIONS FROM THE GLOWING CASKET FADE SWIFTLY AWAY –

GRUD! I NEVER WANT TO GO THROUGH ANYTHING LIKE THAT AGAIN!

YOUR SHOULDER'S CRUSHED, BERGER. KEEP STILL. I'LL CALL IN THE MED BOYS.

IN THE CASKET'S DYING GLOW, AN EERIE SIGHT –

TAMERLAIN'S CRUMBLING AWAY...!

IT'S AN EFFECT OF THE **PSIONIC AMPLIFIER**. THEY **DRAIN** THE **LIFE FORCE** TO FEED THE **PSIONIC** BODY.

THAT'S WHY WE NEVER USE THEM. YOU ONLY GET **ONE** CHANCE.

TAMERLAIN'S MAD THIRST FOR REVENGE... TURNED TO **DUST**!

LET'S GET BACK TO THE SECTOR HOUSE. WE GOT **WORK** TO DO!

EVANS

THE END.

JUDGE DREDD

OVER 22,000 MILES ABOVE **EARTH**, IN GEO-STATIONARY ORBIT OVER MEGA-CITY ONE, FLOATS THE NEW **NELSON ROCKEFELLER ORBITAL SUBURB**, A LUXURY **HOUSING** DEVELOPMENT FOR THE CITY'S FILTHY RICH.

HERE THE PRICE OF THE HUMBLEST BACHELOR **HAB PAD** STARTS AT **ONE MILLION CREDITS**. IF YOU CAN AFFORD TO LIVE IN NELSON ROCKEFELLER, YOU **KNOW** YOU'RE MIXING WITH...

HIGH SOCIETY!

THE NELSON ROCKEFELLER ORBITAL SUBURB
CONSTRUCTION BY MARPLES SPACEWAYS
FINISHED 6 MONTHS EARLY!

OWNER AND MASTERMIND OF THE ORBITAL SUBURB, **BAXTER PARKES III** –

WE'VE SOLD EIGHT HUNDRED HAB UNITS ALREADY – AND ONLY TO THE VERY **BEST** PEOPLE. WE **GUARANTEE** YOU **NO** MEGA-CITY **RIFF-RAFF** – NO **NOISE** – NO **POLLUTION** – NO **VIOLENCE**!

AT **NELSON ROCKEFELLER**, YOU LEAVE THE **SORDID CITY** BEHIND!

THINK AGAIN, CITIZEN!

I'M HERE TO BRING THE **SORDID CITY** TO **YOU**!

2105.
SLUM CLEARANCE ACT

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
EMBERTON
LETTERING
T FRAME

UNDER THE **SLUM CLEARANCE ACT OF 2105**, SUBSECTION 12, ALL NEW PRIVATE HOUSING DEVELOPMENTS **MUST** PROVIDE A **29** PER CENT **DONATION** TO THE **PUBLIC SECTOR**.

WHY HAVEN'T WE HEARD FROM **YOU**, PARKES?

B-BUT WE'RE OUT IN **SPACE**! SURELY THAT DOESN'T COUNT?

YOU'RE LOCKED IN ORBIT IN **MEGA-CITY** SPACE. THAT PUTS THIS PLACE UNDER OUR **DIRECT JURISDICTION**.

NOW... LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT OUR **29 PER CENT**.

RIGHT, WE GET THE **CLORE** BLOCK, **CARNEGIE COURT** AND THE **VESTEY** WING. OUR TENANTS WILL, OF COURSE, ENJOY **FULL USE** OF ALL **ROCKEFELLER** FACILITIES.

OUT OF THE QUESTION! WE CAN'T HAVE **SLUMMIES** MIXING WITH **PRIVATE** TENANTS!

WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU SUGGEST? KEEP 'EM LOCKED IN THEIR HOUSES ALL DAY? PUSH THEIR FOOD UNDER THE DOOR?

WHY, YES! THAT'S A FINE IDEA!

IT'S A **BAD** IDEA, PARKES! CITY TENANTS GET **EQUAL** TREATMENT.

14 PER CENT OF OUR POPULATION LIVE IN CONDITIONS UNFIT FOR **RATS**. IT'S EVERY CITIZEN'S **DUTY** TO ASSIST IN REHOUSING THEM... **UNDERSTOOD?**

Y-YES, SIR!

B-BUT, JUDGE DREDD, IT'LL **LOWER** THE **TONE** OF THE WHOLE DEVELOPMENT!

MY HEART BLEEDS FOR YOU.

D.C. CAMP 17 IS AMONG THOSE CHOSEN FOR THE REHOUSING PROGRAMME –

IT'S GONNA BE **GREAT** LIVIN' UP THERE WITH THE **NOBS**! RICH PICKINGS, HUH?

YEAH, WE'LL ROB 'EM BLIND!

LINE UP HERE FOR NELSON ROCKEFELLER

D.C. – DISPLACED CITIZEN.

I GOT THREE **BRATS** IN THE **JUVE CUBES**, AND A **WIFE** DOIN' **FIVE** FOR **GBH**. THEY'LL BE JOININ' ME WHEN THEY GETS OUT, SEE?

YOU CAN HAVE A THREE-POD HAB IN VESTEY WING, CITIZEN GRUNT.

CITY

JUST THINK! A WHOLE SUBUB UP DERE, AN' NOT ONE STINKIN' **BIT** OF IT'S BEEN **VANDALISED**!

SPUG **ON**! WE'LL **RIP** IT APART!

DREDD ACCOMPANIES THE FIRST SHUTTLE IN –

OH GRUD! THEY'RE WORSE THAN I IMAGINED! A **SCABROUS HORDE**!

LOOK AT THAT STUPID NERK!

HEY, **STINKO**!

DONK!

COMMON ASSAULT – **90 DAYS**.

THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE, PARKES. WE'LL NEED A PLACE TO SET UP **HOLDING PENS**. YOUR OFFICES WILL DO FOR NOW. WE'LL SHUTTLE YOUR PERPS BACK TO THE CITY, BUT WE'LL CONSIDER BUILDING A PROPER **ISO-BLOCK** ON ROCKEFELLER.

OH LORD! I'M **RUINED!**

THE NEW TENANTS' PRESENCE SOON MAKES ITSELF FELT. **GARBAGE** PILES UP IN THE CORRIDORS. INFESTATIONS OF **HEADLICE, NITS** AND **RAD FLEAS** REACH EVEN THE PRIVATE BLOCKS.

CHRS CLORE KILLS NOBS

HATE

?

SPUG

ONCE PLEASANT WALKWAYS ARE **VANDALISED** BEYOND RECOGNITION. LEISURE AREAS BECOME THE HAUNT OF **JUVE GANGS** AND **MUGGERS.**

BURGLARY AND **THEFT** ARE RIFE. FOUR JUDGES ARE PLACED ON PERMANENT ROCKEFELLER PATROL –

AAGH!

BLAM!

ROBBERY IN PROGRESS, MIDAS MANSIONS!

BAXTER PARKES III IS BESIEGED BY ANGRY PURCHASERS –

OUR CONTRACTS SAY YOU'VE GOT TO MAINTAIN THE **EXCLUSIVE STANDARDS** OF THE SUBURB!

AND YOU'VE FAILED! WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK!

FINALLY, ONE MONTH AFTER THE FIRST CITY TENANT MOVED IN, THE LAST PRIVATE OWNER MOVES OUT –

LEAVE THE SORDID CITY BEHIND, HUH? **MORON!**

DUMPY DUZ

WHAT HAVE THEY **DONE** TO ME?

HEY, SPUGGY!

CHOPPER IS OUT! - BINN

DONK!

A WEEK LATER. IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE –

INTERESTING ITEM ON THE HOUSING FRONT, DREDD. CITY BUYERS HAVE JUST PURCHASED THE **REST** OF **NELSON ROCKEFELLER ORBITAL SUBURB.** PICKED IT UP FOR A **SNIP.**

SEEMS ONCE **OUR** TENANTS MOVED IN, CITIZEN PARKES COULDN'T SELL ANOTHER HAB UNIT. HE'S GIVEN UP AND RETURNED TO MEGA-CITY.

MMM... WHO'D BE A PRIVATE LANDLORD?

STILL, HIS BAD LUCK IS **GOOD LUCK** FOR SIX MORE **D.C. CAMPS.**

WE'RE ALREADY SHUTTLING THEM OUT TO ROCKEFELLER.

AND SO IT WAS THAT **BAXTER PARKES III** FELL FROM THE APEX OF **HIGH SOCIETY** INTO BANKRUPT **OBSCURITY...**

CITY HOUSING OFFICE

HOMES STILL AVAILABLE IN ROCKEFELLER ORBITAL SUBURB

ROCKEFELLER? OH NO! **OH NO!**

I'M HAPPY RIGHT HERE IN THE GUTTER!

AND BAXTER'S BRAINCHILD, THE NELSON ROCKEFELLER ORBITAL SUBURB, BECAME MEGA-CITY ONE'S FIRST **ORBITAL SLUM.**

DREDD

DUGYA ALL

NEXT PROG: **THE PENSIONER PERPS FROM RUNNER'S WALK!**

JUDGE DREDD

MEGA-CITY NIGHT. JUDGES CONVERGE, ON AN AREA OF **OLD TOWN** —

4440→ KIZMO

KREB

ESCAPED PERP **REUBEN HENK** LAST SEEN OLD TOWN – VICINITY **DWIGHT** AND **KIZMO!**

DWIGHT St.

HE CAN'T BE FAR! SPREAD OUT! **BLANKET SEARCH!**

WEEOOOWWEE

I GOTTA GET OFF THE STREETS!

ACANC

PPRRINGGG!

KOING HOUSE

YE-ES?

YOUR SIGN SAYS "VACANCIES".

IT DOES INDEED, YOUNG MAN. DO COME·IN!

SCRIPT T B GROVER ART EMBERTON LETTERING T FRAME

AND WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING, MR...?

MARROW... LARRY MARROW. I'M, ER...ON **WELFARE** – LIKE MOSTA THE CRUMBS IN THIS CITY!

OH, SPLENDID! WE ALWAYS **INSIST** ON OUR LODGERS BEING ON WELFARE, DON'T WE, EFFIE?

WE DO INDEED, MAUDE! THEN THEY **NEVER** HAVE TO LEAVE THE HOUSE – AND **NOBODY** AT ALL WORRIES IF THEY'RE NEVER SEEN AGAIN!

AND IT'S EVER SO EASY FOR US TO CASH THEIR **WELFARE CHEQUES!**

LOOK, I'M IN A HURRY – DO I GET THE ROOM OR DON'T I?

OF COURSE, YOUNG MAN

CLICK!

YAAAH!

WE ALWAYS HAVE A VACANCY FOR THE **RIGHT** KIND OF GENTLEMAN!

SHUNK!

KLIK!

KLIK!

THE HOUSE ON...

RUNNER'S WALK

12

WHAT'S THE GAME ? WHAT ARE YOU **OLD BATS** UP TO ?

TSK ! TSSK ! **LANGUAGE**, MR MARROW !

DON'T YOU WORRY ! WE'RE ONLY GOING TO MAKE A **TINY** LITTLE HOLE IN YOUR SKULL AND SCREW IN THIS **CONTROL MODULE.**

WHAAAT ? YOU'RE CRAZY !

ALL OUR LODGERS SAY THAT AT FIRST. BUT THEY CHANGE THEIR MINDS ONCE THE CONTROL MODULE IS IMPLANTED.

THEN, THEY DO WHATEVER WE TELL THEM !

ZZEEEE

HELLLPP !

TRINGG !

OH, FIDDLESTICKS ! THERE'S THE DOORBELL !

JUST YOU WAIT RIGHT HERE, MR MARROW.

AND FEEL FREE TO **SCREAM** ALL YOU LIKE. THE CELLAR IS QUITE, QUITE SOUNDPROOF !

YE-ES ?

WE'RE CONDUCTING HOUSE-TO-HOUSE ENQUIRIES, CITIZENS.

A SHORT WHILE AGO THIS MAN ESCAPED FROM A CATCH-WAGON EN ROUTE TO THE ISO-CUBES. HE'S A **DANGEROUS CRIMINAL**. HAVE YOU SEEN HIM ?

REUBEN HENK

WHY, NO. WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM – HAVE WE, MAUDE ?

NO INDEED, EFFIE.

VERY WELL. KEEP YOUR DOOR LOCKED. IF YOU SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS, CALL US IMMEDIATELY.

ANY LUCK, DREDD ?

NOT SO FAR. GIVE THE HOUSE-TO-HOUSE ANOTHER HOUR. IF WE HAVEN'T FOUND HIM BY THEN, WE CAN ASSUME HE'S GOT CLEAR.

YOU NAUGHTY MAN! YOU **FIBBED** TO US! YOU'RE NOT ON WELFARE AT ALL. YOU'RE A... A COMMON **CRIMINAL!**

WE CAN'T HAVE CRIMINALS LODGING WITH US! OH NO!

THANK SPUG FOR THAT! NOW LET ME OUTTA HERE!

AND HAVE YOU SAYING NASTY THINGS ABOUT OUR BOARDING HOUSE? CERTAINLY **NOT!**

MR FI-ITCH! WILL YOU AND THE OTHER GENTLEMEN COME DOWN HERE, PLEASE?

WHAAT YOU WANNNT, LADIEES?

OH MOLEY! THEY **ALL** GOT THEM CONTROL BOXES — **THEY'RE ALL ZOMBIES!**

NAUGHTY MR MARROW — I MEAN, **MR HENK** — WON'T BE STAYING.

KINDLY DISPOSE OF HIM!

YOURR WISSH ISS OUR COMMMAND, EFFFIEE.

YEAAAGH!

SUCH MODEL LODGERS! **PERFECT** GENTLEMEN!

WE CAN'T ALLOW ONE BAD APPLE TO SPOIL THE BARREL, CAN WE?

DAWN – AND A BODY IS FISHED FROM AN OLD TOWN **CHEM-PIT**...

HENK, ALL RIGHT. SKULL SMASHED – AND STRANGLED TO BOOT! LOOKS LIKE HE FOUND SOMEONE **MORE** DANGEROUS THAN HE WAS!

ANY CLUES?

JUST ONE. WE FOUND SEVERAL HAIRS ON HIS CLOTHING – TREATED **RAT HAIR**.

TREATED?

WHAT THEY CALL "MOCK CONEY" JUST A FANCY NAME FOR RAT PELTS. THEY MAKE CHEAPSKATE **LOW-FASHION FURS** OUT OF THEM.

FORENZIK

HMM...THE OLD CRONES UP AT RUNNER'S WALK– **THEY** WERE WEARING FURS.

BACK AT THE BOARDING HOUSE –

I'M MAKING FURTHER ENQUIRIES INTO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF REUBEN HENK. LAST NIGHT YOU DENIED SEEING HIM – STILL STICK TO THAT STORY?

YES, OF COURSE. H-HE DIDN'T COME HERE, DID HE, EFFIE?

THIS TIME, DREDD USES HIS ***LIE DETECTOR*** –

YOU'RE LYING, CITIZEN.

OH... NOW YOU MENTION IT, HE **DID** COME HERE.

YES... THAT'S RIGHT. HE CAME HERE, AND THEN... AND THEN HE WENT AWAY AGAIN!

YEAH? IN A **BOX**?

DEARIE ME! I THINK THE GAME MIGHT BE UP, EFFIE! YOU'D BETTER COME IN, MR JUDGE...

EFFIE — THE TRAPDOOR!

YANK!

DREDD

UUNHH!

DREDD

OKAY, LADIES — THE FULL STORY. AND THIS TIME, THE TRUTH!

I-I SUPPOSE IT HAD TO END SOMETIME, EFFIE.

DREDD

PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER MEET OUR LODGERS. THAT OUGHT TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

GENTLEMEN... JUDGE DREDD.

JUDDGE DREDDDD? YOU WANTT USS KILLL HIM TOOOO?

I'M AFRAID IT'S... TOO LATE FOR THAT, MR FITCH.

DROKK-ZOMBIES! CONTROLLED BY A MECHANISM IMPLANTED IN THE BRAIN!

HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON?

MR FITCH HERE IS OUR LONGEST-SERVING LODGER. WE'VE HAD HIM SIXTEEN YEARS NOW.

MR PRINGLE HAS BEEN WITH US TWELVE YEARS, MR ROSENBOTHAM NINE, AND MR BORKER — HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN NOW, MR BORKER?

TWOO YEARRS, EFFFIEE...

ORR IS IT SEVVENNN?

ONE MORE QUESTION — WHY?

IT'S THE PERFECT ARRANGEMENT, OF COURSE. WE SEE TO ALL THEIR NEEDS — MAKE SURE THEY'RE COMFY — AND IN RETURN, THEY GIVE US THEIR **WELFARE CHEQUES**.

AND THEY'RE SUCH **WONDERFUL** LODGERS. NEVER GIVE US A **BIT** OF TROUBLE!

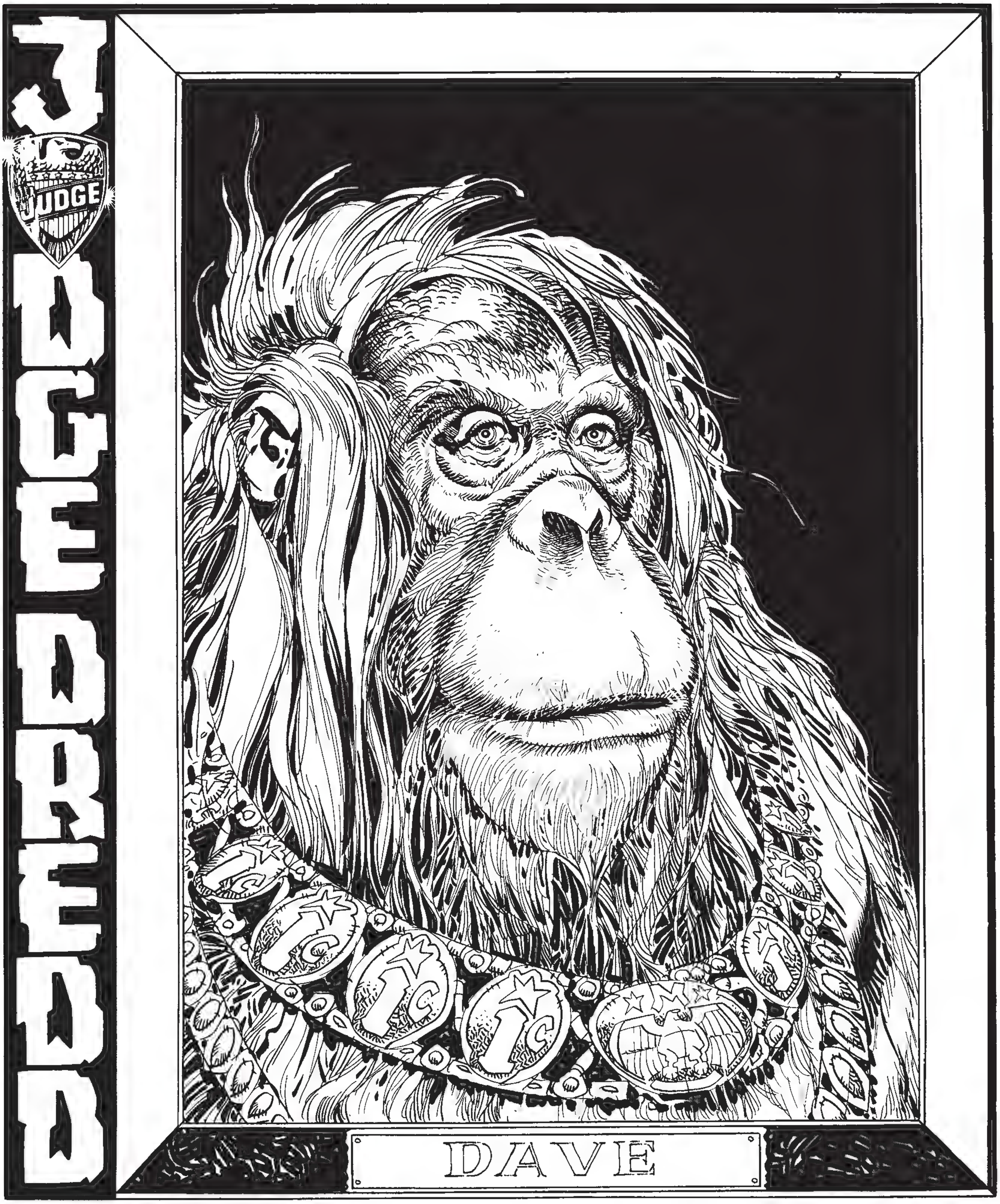
AND IF YOU HADN'T KILLED HENK, THIS LITTLE RACKET COULD HAVE GONE ON FOR YEARS.

I KNOW. BUT WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY CHOICE, YOU SEE. HE **HAD** TO GO.

HE JUST WASN'T **OUR** KIND OF GENTLEMAN AT ALL!

THE END.

NEXT PROG: MONKEY BUSINESS!


JUDGE
DEATH
DAVE

PORTRAIT of a POLITICIAN Part 1

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME

IT COULD BE ANY BAR IN MEGA-CITY ONE. A LOW BUZZ OF CONVERSATION FILLS THE AIR...

I DUNNO, DAVE... IT'S GETTIN' SO A GUY CAN'T ENJOY A QUIET DRINK NO MORE WITHOUT BEIN' SURROUNDED BY FREAKS AN' MUGGLIES.

NOT THAT WE CAN AFFORD TO DRINK ANYWAYS. THE PRICE A' **MUNSKA** THE WAY IT IS! AN' THAT **BANANARAK** O' YOURS AIN'T EXACTLY PEANUTS NEITHER.

I TELL YA, DAVE, WE'RE GONNA HAFTA FIND SOME WAYA MAKIN' SOME MORE **MOOLAH**.

HEY, MO! SAME AGAIN!

SUDDENLY THE CONVERSATION DIES. A **JUDGE** HAS ENTERED.

HIS KEEN EYES SCAN THE ROOM . . , AND SETTLE ON –

THE APE WITH **YOU**?

Y-YES, SIR.

NAME?

DAVE, SIR. BUT HE'S AN **ORANG UTAN**.

NO! **YOUR** NAME!

S-SMAIRT, SIR. **BILLY SMAIRT!**

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE RUNNIN', SMAIRT – SOME KIND OF CIRCUS?

DREDD

DAVE ? HE'S OKAY ! HE'S MY PAL !
GOT A LICENCE ?
RIGHT HERE, JUDGE DREDD !
I BOUGHT HIM LEGAL – GOT HIM OFF THE MENAGERIE THAT CLOSED AFTER THE WAR.
YOU'RE AWARE OF THE LAW REGARDING PUBLIC NUISANCE ?
DICE
WHAAT ? DAVE ? HE AIN'T NO NUISANCE ! AIN'T THAT RIGHT, MO ?
SURE THING, JUDGE. OL' DAVE'S ONE OF MY BEST CUSTOMERS. JUS' DRINKS HIS BANANARAK AN' DON'T BOTHER A SOUL.
MAKE SURE IT STAYS THAT WAY.
THE JUDGE SURVEYS THE BAR ROOM ONE LAST TIME...
...BUT FINDING NOTHING SUSPICIOUS, RESUMES PATROL.
AND THE BAR BREATHES EASY AGAIN...
I DUNNO, DAVE ! IT'S GETTIN' SO A GUY CAN'T TAKE HIS ORANG UTAN FOR A QUIET DRINK NO MORE WITHOUT BEIN' HASSLED BY THE LAW.
HEY, MO ! SAME AGAIN !
WOULDJA LISTEN TO THAT, BILLY !
WHAT ?
THEM DUMB SPORTS EXPERTS ON THE VID.

SO WE'RE ALL AGREED THEN – IT'S THE **SOUTH SIDE RADIATORS** TO **WHIP** THE **OLD TOWN RATS** IN NEXT WEEK'S **SUPERBOWL**! SORRY, **RATS**, BUT THOSE **RADIATORS** ARE JUST TOO **HOT** FOR YOU!

THEM BAMBOS! THEY NEVER GET NOTHIN' RIGHT! **SIX** OUTTA **TWENTY** YESTERDAY – I ASK YOU! WHY, OL' **DAVE** HERE COULD PICK THE WINNERS BETTER'N THEM! THAT'S RIGHT – **DAVE**!

I GOT HALF A MIND TO VID IN AN' TELL 'EM SO! THAT'D WIPE THOSE SMILES OFF THEIR STUPID FACES!

YEAH – **SPUG IT**! THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GONNA DO!

WELL, WE'VE GOT OUR FIRST **CALLER** HERE. AND IT'S **MO MOLINSKI**, THE BARMAN DOWN AT **SALMONELLA'S**.

GO AHEAD, MO – YOU'RE THROUGH!

YOU DUMB CLUCKS! I GOT A **MONKEY** HERE COULD PICK THE WINNERS BETTER'N YOU!

DAVE'S AN **ORANG UTAN**, MO.

RIGHT! AN **ORANGYTANG**!

HEY, HEY, HEY! THAT'S SOME CLAIM, MO! WHY DON'T WE PUT IT TO THE **TEST**? LET'S SEE WHO YOUR ORANG UTAN PICKS TO WIN NEXT WEEK'S BIG FOOTBALL GAME – THE **SUPERBOWL**!

YOU'RE ON!

OKAY – I GOT A PICTURE OF THE **RATS** AND A PICTURE OF THE **RADIATORS**.

WHO'S GONNA WIN IT, DAVE?

DAVE GOES FOR THE RATS!

THE RATS! HE'S GOTTA BE JOKING!

SO MUCH FOR THE MONKEY!

PUT HIM BACK IN HIS BOX, MOLINSKI!

THEM WISEBUTTS! I GOTTA GOOD MIND TO CALL 'EM BACK AN' GIVE 'EM SOME ABUSE!

AW, FORGET IT, MO.

DAVE DUNNO NOTHIN' ABOUT FOOTBALL, ANYWAYS.

C'MON, BUDDY. TIME WE WAS HITTIN' THE ROAD.

I DUNNO, DAVE! IT'S GETTIN' SO A GUY CAN'T HAVE A QUIET DRINK WITHOUT THE BARKEEP PHONIN' UP SOME DINGBAT VID SHOW!

AS THE DAYS PASS THE INCIDENT FADES FROM BILLY SMAIRT'S MIND. BUT AS ALL **JUDGE DREDD** READERS KNOW, THE **SUPERBOWL** DOES NOT GO AS EXPECTED.

IN FACT, THE **OLD TOWN RATS** ROMP TO A **LANDSLIDE VICTORY** AGAINST A DEPLETED AND DISPIRITED **RADIATORS** SQUAD.

RATS 94
RADIATORS 00

FOR BILLY SMAIRT AND DAVE, THE VICTORY BRINGS ONLY A MOMENT'S SATISFACTION.

WHADDYA KNOW! YOU WAS RIGHT, DAVE! YOU SHOWED THEM SO-CALLED TIPSTERS!

BUT IN THE OFFICES OF CHANNEL 9'S **"TIPSTERS TONITE"** –

SO ALL OUR EXPERTS GOT IT WRONG – AND THIS **MONKEY** GETS IT RIGHT!

ORANG UTAN, P.J.

ORANGYTANG, THEN!

THE POINT IS, WE'RE THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF THE SPORTS WORLD! OUR TIPSTERS CAN'T DO BETTER THAN A DUMB **APE**! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

ONLY ONE THING WE **CAN** DO, P.J.

WE HIRE THE MONKEY!

NEXT PROG: **DAVE: TIP FOR THE TOP!**

PORTRAIT of a POLITICIAN Part 2

HI THERE, VIDDERS, AND WELCOME TO "TIPSTERS TONITE"! THIS EVENING WE HAVE A NEW MEMBER ON OUR PANEL OF EXPERTS—

DAVE THE ORANG UTAN!

WELCOME TO THE SHOW, DAVE. AS EVERYONE KNOWS, YOU WERE THE ONLY TIPSTER TO PREDICT LAST NIGHT'S SUPERBOWL RESULT.

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU MAKE OF TONIGHT'S GAMES. FIRST — JETBALL.

T.V.

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

PICTURES OF COMPETING TEAMS ARE SHOWN TO THE ORANG UTAN—

HE'S THINKING! HE'S THINKING!

DAVE PICKS THE TORNADOS TO BEAT THE REDS!

...THE METEORS TO WIN AGAINST W.E. JOHNS BLOCK FLIERS!

...AND IN THE LOCAL DERBY OVER IN SECTOR 3, DAVE PLUMPS FOR PHIL ROTH BLOCKBUSTERS!

THERE YOU GO, FOLKS! AND IF YOU BELIEVE THAT, YOU'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING!

THE "TIPSTERS TONITE" PANEL OF EXPERTS HAS ITS SAY—

TOO RIGHT! THE APE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING! MOST OF THOSE TEAMS WON'T GET OFF THE GROUND!

DAVE SHOULD STICK TO THE KIND OF PICKING HE DOES BEST— HIS *NOSE!*

HE HAD A *FLUKE* RESULT ON THE SUPER-BOWL—IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

Y'SEE, THERE'S NO REPLACEMENT FOR GOOD INTELLIGENT ANALYSIS. YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT FROM A *DUMB ANIMAL.*

OH, YEAH? I'D GO WITH THE MONKEY EVERY TIME!

YOU BET, PAL! THEM NERK EXPERTS NEVER GET NOTHIN' RIGHT!

DAVE'S A REGULAR CUSTOMER IN HERE REAL NICE APE. GOT MORE SAVVY IN HIS *LITTLE FINGER* THAN ALL THEM BAMBOS GOT BETWEEN 'EM!

FOR BILLY SMAIRT, DAVE'S OWNER, THE ORANG UTAN'S TIP FOR THE SUPERBOWL HAS BEEN A REAL WINDFALL—

NEVER MIND, DAVE—EVEN IF YOU NEVER GET ANOTHER RESULT RIGHT, THE CASH FROM YOUR FIRST SHOW IS ENOUGH TO KEEP US PROPPIN' UP THE BAR AT *SALMONELLA'S* FOR MONTHS!

AND HERE ARE TONIGHT'S JETBALL RESULTS...

TORNADOS 11 - REDS 4

SKANKERS 3 - ERASMICS 17

METEORS 7 - FLIERS 6

CREATORS 2 - BLOCKBUSTERS 6

LYNYARD SKYNYRD 7 - TYRANNOSAURS 34

HOLY ZOOT, DAVE! YOU GOT *FOUR* OUTTA *FIVE* SO FAR!

AND FINALLY, *FILBERTS* 21 - *HELLFIRES* 9.

FIFTEEN OUTTA *TWENTY!* YOU *DONE* IT, DAVE! *YOU DONE IT!*

THIS MEANS MORE APPEARANCES - MORE *MONEY! WE'RE MADE, DAVE! WE'RE IN THE PROVERBIAL CREMOLA!*

DAVE— I LOVE YA!

SMAKK!

HEY, DREDD! THAT APE BEAT THE *TIPSTERS* AGAIN. SCORED 75 PER CENT RIGHT! AMAZING!

NOT REALLY.

BY THE LAW OF AVERAGES, EVEN A *CHICKEN* WOULD SCORE *50* PER CENT.

YEAH? SO HOW COME ALL THE EX-PERTS REGULARLY SCORE IN THE LOW *TWENTIES*?

I'LL LET YOU DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS.

DREDD

*MIRACULOUSLY, DAVE'S LUCK HOLDS. EVEN AFTER HIS FIRST **WEEK** ON "**TIPSTERS TONITE**", HIS AVERAGE IS STILL **61** PER CENT— WHICH IS TWICE AS HIGH AS HIS NEAREST HUMAN RIVAL. THE WHOLE CITY IS VIDDING IN TO CHANNEL 9 TO SEE HIS PREDICTIONS——*

*EVERYBODY LOVES A WINNER, AND DAVE, BY GRUD, **IS** A WINNER——*

GOOD OLD DAVE! WHATTA APE!

DAVE ON CHANNEL 9

I'LL SAY! I BET FIFTY CREDS ON EVERY ONE OF HIS SELECTIONS. MADE A *PACKET!*

GAMBLING'S *ILLEGAL*, MUGGEE!

I'LL TAKE THAT!

WHOKK!

DAVE ON CHANNEL 9

GOOD OL' DAVE!

THE ONLY CITIZENS NOT HAPPY ABOUT DAVE'S SUCCESS ARE HIS FELLOW TIPSTERS—

HE'S MAKING A MONKEY OUT OF *US*, THAT'S WHAT HE'S DOING!

RELAX— TONIGHT WE'LL SHOW HIM UP FOR THE *FRAUD* HE IS!

GOOD EVENING AND WELCOME! AS YOU KNOW, OUR CITY WILL ELECT A *NEW MAYOR* NEXT WEEK. WE'RE SURE YOU VIDDERS WOULD *LOVE* TO KNOW WHO OUR *STAR TIPSTER* PICKS TO WIN!

SO WE'VE GOT PICTURES OF ALL THE CANDIDATES AND IT'S— *OVER TO DAVE!*

HE'S LOOKING 'EM OVER! HE'S THINKING!

HEBISMOND DE SMART

"LIL THRIP- ALL OUT WAR PARTY"

"PETE PORKY- LIB-LAB-FLAB ALLIANCE"

WORKS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THAT BRAIN!

HE DOESN'T LIKE *THAT* CANDIDATE! HE'S *BITING* HIM!

THEY'RE MAKING FUN OF DAVE! THEY SHOULDN'T OUGHTA DO THAT!

OH, HE'S *FOUND* ONE! YES, FOLKS— THAT'S GOTTA BE THE WINNING CANDIDATE!

LET'S SEE WHO IT *IS*, DAVE!

AND DAVE'S CHOICE FOR MAYOR IS... *DAVE!*

WE'VE GOT TO CONFESS, VIDDERS— WE SLIPPED DAVE'S PICTURE IN WITH THE CANDIDATES JUST TO SHOW YOU WHAT A *FAKE* HE IS!

HE CAN'T WIN THE ELECTION— HE'S NOT EVEN *NOMINATED*!

IT'S LIKE I'VE SAID ALL ALONG—

—THE CHIMP'S A CHUMP!

I LIKE DAVE

HEY, THAT AIN'T FAIR! '*COURSE* HE'S GONNA PULL HIS OWN PICTURE OUT— HE'S A GOOD-LOOKIN' APE!

ANYWAY, DAVE'D MAKE A DARN SIGHT BETTER *MAYOR* THAN ANY OF THOSE OTHER DINGBAT CANDIDATES!

YOU SAID IT, PAL! WHY, FOR TWO CREDS I'D PHONE UP AN' NOMINATE HIM NOW!

I'LL SECOND THAT, MO!

DAVE

YOU GOT MY NOMINATION TOO!

THAT GOES FOR US!

DAVE'S THE BOY! DAVE KNOWS!

RIGHT! THAT *DOES* IT!

HELLO – JUSTICE DEPT. *ELECTORAL REGISTER*? THIS IS *MO MOLINSKI* DOWN AT *SALMONELLA'S*. I GOT *THIRTY* NOMINATIONS HERE – *DAVE THE ORANG UTAN FOR MAYOR!*

BY LAW, 1000 NOMINATIONS FROM INDIVIDUAL CITIZENS ARE REQUIRED BEFORE A CANDIDATE CAN RUN FOR MAYOR. TWENTY MINUTES INTO "TIPSTERS TONITE", DAVE HAS ACQUIRED 37,000 NOMINATIONS. A MEETING IS CONVENED IN THE HALL OF JUSTICE —

THERE'S NOTHING IN THE STATUTES THAT *FORBIDS* AN ORANG UTAN RUNNING FOR MAYOR.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, DREDD?

I SEE NO REASON TO OPPOSE IT. SOME *GOOD* MAY EVEN COME OF IT.

DAVE MIGHT GET *ELECTED!*

AND SO, ON CHANNEL 9 —

SOME SHOCK NEWS JUST IN FROM JUSTICE DEPT. IT, ER ... IT SEEMS *DAVE THE ORANG UTAN* IS NOW AN *OFFICIAL CANDIDATE* FOR *MAYOR!*

NEXT PROG: **THE BANANA REPUBLICAN!**

JUDGE DREDD

PORTRAIT of a POLITICIAN Part 3

WOULD YOU BUY A USED POD FROM THIS APE?

FOLLOWING HIS STARTLING SUCCESS AS A FORECASTER ON "TIPSTERS TONITE", DAVE THE ORANG UTAN HAS BEEN NOMINATED TO RUN FOR MAYOR OF MEGA-CITY ONE —

PAY NO HEED TO THEIR SMEAR CAMPAIGN, DAVE! AFTER YOU'RE ELECTED YOU'LL MAKE A MONKEY OUTTA THEM!

DAVE

DAVE

VOTE YES FOR SANITY ✓

VOTE NO TO DAVE ✗

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T. FRAME

CITIZEN SMAIRT - I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO GUARD THE CANDIDATE UNTIL AFTER THE ELECTION.

DAVE? HE DON'T NEED NO BODYGUARD! EVERYBODY LOVES DAVE!

SEZ WHO-?

BADAM!

AAGH!

GEDDOWN!

PTANG! PTANG!

ODDBALL FACTION ACTIVIST - TRYING TO SWING THE ODDS IN HIS CANDIDATE'S FAVOUR.

WHO'DA THUNK IT!

DAVE

BELIEVE ME, SMAIRT, I DON'T ENJOY PLAYING NURSEMAID TO A MONKEY. BUT UNTIL THE VOTES ARE IN, EVERY CANDIDATE NEEDS A BODYGUARD.

DREDD

AS EVER IN MEGA-CITY ONE, ELECTION TIME IS VIOLENT. ALL OVER THE CITY, RIVAL SUPPORTERS CLASH IN THE STREETS –

WE GOT A THREE-WAY CONFRONT, STALLONE SQUARE! **UGLIES** AND **YOUNG NORMS** ATTACKING A **LIB-LAB FLAB** RALLY!

VOTE REVOLTING!

FLAB IS FAB!

FAT CITY!

PROUD TO BE NORM!

YEEEUCH! UGLIES RULE!

KELLEHER

DAYSTICKS! BREAK 'EM UP!

WAKK! THOK! AAAH!

CONTROL – BETTER **SCRUB** THAT LIB-LAB FLAB CANDIDATE!

DAVE'S POPULARITY MAKES HIM AN EARLY FAVOURITE. HIS CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS – **SALMONELLA'S BAR** – COMES UNDER FREQUENT ASSAULT –

C'MON OUTTA THERE, DAVE! THE **ALL-OUT-WAR PARTY** IS GONNA **BASH YOUR STUPID HEAD IN!**

FIGHT IS RIGHT

DAVE'S H.Q.

YOU CREEPS **WANT** ALL-OUT WAR, **YOU GOT IT!**

BUDDA! BUDDA BUDDA!

WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANY TROUBLE WITH OL' DREDD AROUND!
MORE WAR
MEGA-CITY MURDERERS
MAYORS FOR MAYHEM
FIGHT IS RIGHT!
HEY, EVERYBODY! I JUST HEARD! DAVE'S **TEN POINTS AHEAD** IN THE LATEST OPINION POLL!
DAVE
YEEHAA! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

LOU! HANK! CHUCK! GET THESE BILLS POSTED DOWN IN THE SOUTH SIDE! **SAM** – I WANNA SEE EVERY JUVE IN THE CITY WEARIN' A **DAVE BADGE**. HE'S **BIG** WITH THE JUVES!
DAVE

OKAY, CAMPAIGNERS! WE'RE ALMOST THERE! IN THE FINAL RUN-UP WE WANT TO STRESS DAVE'S **STRONG** POINTS. FIRST – HE'S **HONEST**. NEVER TELLS A LIE.

HE'S **CUDDLY** – A REAL **LADIES'** APE!
ABOVE ALL, DAVE GETS THINGS RIGHT. **DAVE KNOWS!**

YOU RECKON DAVE **CARES** WHETHER HE GETS ELECTED, BILLY ?

FRANKLY, MO, I DON'T THINK DAVE EVEN KNOWS HE'S **RUNNING**.

AH, WHAT DOES IT MATTER ? LOOK AT HIM – A **NATURAL POLITICIAN** !

ANOTHER **BANANARAK** FOR OUR NEW **MAYOR** !

DAVE'S SCHEDULE IS CROWDED WITH CROSS-PARTY DEBATES –

THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM IS ONE THAT BOTHERS MANY, MANY CITIZENS. HOWEVER, WE IN THE **APATHETIC FRINGE** DON'T REALLY GIVE A HOOT.

DAVE OUTLINES HIS POLICIES IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS –

EEEEEEEE

EEEEE

I DON'T CARE IF HE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOIN' ! HE STILL MAKES MORE SENSE THAN THOSE OTHER CLUCKS !

I'M FOR DAVE ! HE'S MY KIND OF APE !

BY ELECTION NIGHT, *DAVE'S LEAD IN THE POLLS HAS INCREASED TO TWENTY PER CENT – "*

GOOD EVENING, CITIZENS. IN A FEW SECONDS WE'LL BE VOTING TO CHOOSE A NEW MAYOR. ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS PRESS THE **VOTING BUTTONS** ON YOUR **VID PANEL** AND YOUR VOTES WILL BE RECORDED AUTOMATICALLY ON OUR FRIENDLY CITY HALL COMPUTER

BARNEY.

HIYA, FOLKS. BE SURE AN' VOTE NOW, Y'HEAR ?

READY – **VOTE NOW** !

LINE UP, EVERYBODY ! IT'S VOTIN' TIME !

DAVE

DAVE

YOUR VOTES ARE FLOODING IN NOW. IN JUST A FEW MOMENTS WE'LL KNOW WHO IS THE NEXT **MAYOR** OF **MEGA-CITY ONE** !

THE VOTES ARE COUNTED NOW. AND THE WINNER - BY A **LANDSLIDE** MARGIN -

DAVE THE ORANG UTAN !

YEEHAAA! WE DONE IT !

WHOO WHOO WHOO !

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN !

DAVE SURE SHOWED THEM EXPERTS ! HE PICKED THE WINNER AGAIN !

THE CHIEF JUDGE PRESENTS THE TRAPPINGS OF OFFICE -

CONGRATULATIONS, MR, ER, MAYOR. MAY YOU, AH... PRESIDE WISELY.

I SUPPOSE MY CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER, TOO.

ON THE MAYOR'S BEHALF I THANK YOU, JUDGE DREDD.

YOU KNOW, DREDD, I'M NOT SURE WE DID THE RIGHT THING, LETTING THAT APE RUN FOR MAYOR.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. STILL, LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE -

DREDD

JUDGING BY HIS PREDECESSORS, DAVE COULD BE A DEFINITE IMPROVEMENT !

THE END.

JUDGE DREDD

A JUDGE ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLES UPON A ROBBERY – AND PAYS THE PRICE!

AAH!

BLAMM!

BADAM!

CLOSED

CRAKKK!

DROKK!

GORT ← KLAATU

BARADA NIKTO ARG

DREDD TO CONTROL! POSSIBLE ARV IN PROGRESS, CITY CREDIT. AM INVESTIGATING!

ARV – ARMED ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.

TURBO BOOST!

KERASSSH!

THE SWITCH!

SCRIPT T. B GROVER

ART JIM BAIKIE

LETTERING P KNIGHT

WHUMPHH!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, DINGBAT!

THIS IS DREDD. THE ARV'S A DEFINITE, PERP'S UNDER WRAPS. BETTER SEND OVER A **MEAT WAGON** - WE GOT A **DEAD JUDGE** HERE!

I HOPE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, CREEP - I WANT YOU TO SERVE YOUR **FULL** SENTENCE!

WITHDRAWALS

GRAKK

I'M **ALIVE** ALL RIGHT!

UNNHH -

ALIVE AND **KICKING!**

DROKK!

FHUMPP!

YAAHH!

SMAKKK

YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD, CREEP—

WHOKK!

BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

FLESH MASK. LET'S SEE WHO YOU REALLY ARE, PAL.

HMM... NOBODY I KNOW.

DREDD TAKES HIS PRISONER TO THE NEAREST SECTOR HOUSE—

HIS PRINTS MATCH THOSE OF CITIZEN **HUCKLEBERRY PYM...** UNEMPLOYED MASSEUR, APARTMENT 81G, P.J PROBY SPLIT-LEVEL NO PREVIOUS FORM

THIS YOUR FIRST ROBBERY?

YEAH. THAT JUDGE WASN'T SCHEDULED TO TURN UP. JUST BAD LUCK!

PYM

YOU'RE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE. WHY DID YOU DO IT?

WHY DO YOU *THINK*? I WANTED THE CREDS!

LIE DETECTOR CHECKS ON THAT, DREDD. HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.

MAYBE... BUT SOMETHING BOTHERS ME ABOUT YOU, HUCK. I LOOK AT YOUR FILE AND WHAT DO I SEE..?

NOTHING. A NOBODY. JUST ANOTHER JOE CITIZEN WHO'S NEVER DONE ANYTHING WORTH MENTIONING.

THEN SUDDENLY YOU DECIDE TO PULL A ROBBERY. YOU NOT ONLY DO IT, YOU DO IT LIKE A PRO. YOU OUTGUN ONE JUDGE, AND NEAR AS DAMMIT MARK MY CARD. NOT EXACTLY YOUR AVERAGE JOE CITIZEN. SO LET'S HAVE IT, CREEP—

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

I - I'M HUCKLEBERRY PYM!

TRUTH

LIE

YOU'RE LYING!

I WANT THE TRUTH!

AFTER A LENGTHY INTERROGATION-

WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET ANYTHING OUT OF HIM THIS WAY. PUT HIM IN A CUBE AND TRANQ HIM.

AND CALL IN THE DREAM POLICE.

THE DREAM POLICE - A SPECIAL CORPS OF JUDGES AUTHORISED TO PRY INTO A LAWBREAKER'S SUBCONSCIOUS-

CONNECTING HIM UP.

SHOULD BE GETTING VISUAL ANY SECOND.

ON THE DREAM MACHINE THE SUBJECT'S BRAINWAVES ARE TRANSLATED INTO IMAGES-

HE'S DREAMING ABOUT A JUDGE. CAN YOU GET SOME CLARITY ON THAT BADGE?

SURE.

DANA!

DANA – HE GOT SENT TO *TITAN PEN* ABOUT FOUR YEARS AGO. CORRUPTION CHARGE, WASN'T IT?

YEAH. EXCEPT MAYBE HE NEVER *GOT* TO TITAN!

YOU THINK *THIS* IS DANA?

ONE WAY TO FIND OUT – ALL JUDGES HAVE THEIR *APPENDIX* CHEMICALLY *DISSOLVED* ON ENTRANCE TO THE ACADEMY. RECORDS SAY PYM'S STILL GOT HIS.

BRING IN A *BODY SCANNER.*

NO APPENDIX! THEN IT COULD BE HIM.

BUT IF *THIS* IS DANA, *WHO'S* SERVING TWENTY YEARS ON TITAN?

MY GUESS IS... *HUCKLEBERRY PYM!*

FACED WITH THE NEW EVIDENCE, THE PERP CRACKS –

YES, I'M DANA! I KNEW THEY WERE GOING TO ARREST ME THAT MORNING. BUT I WASN'T GOING TO TITAN... *NO WAY!*

SO YOU PULLED SOME POOR SAP OFF THE STREET, USED A *FACE CHANGER* TO SWITCH YOUR FEATURES AND PRINTS – *RIGHT?*

THAT'S IT. I PUT HIM UNDER DEEP *HYPNOSIS* – FED HIM ENOUGH INFO TO PASS HIM OFF AS ME THEN I SENT HIM TO CONFESS.

AND HE'S STILL UP THERE – STILL THINKING HE'S A BENT JUDGE – STILL DOING *YOUR* TIME!

POOR DUMB SAP!

THE **PENAL COLONY** ON **TITAN**, ONE OF SATURN'S BLEAK MOONS, IS RESERVED FOR **JUDGES**. HERE, THEY SEAL UP THEIR **MOUTHS** AND **NOSES**, ADAPTING THEIR BODIES TO WORK IN A VACUUM.

IT IS A CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT, AS BEFITS THOSE SERVANTS OF THE LAW WHO BREAK THEIR VOWS OF JUSTICE.

TAKE THE PRISONER AWAY. BRING ME THE ONE WHO HAS BEEN KNOWN AS **DANA**.

SHUTTLE

THE SWITCH IS EXPLAINED—

CITIZEN PYM, YOU HAVE BEEN THE VICTIM OF A **GROSS INJUSTICE**. NO WORDS OF MINE—AND NO COMPENSATION THE CITY CAN OFFER—WILL MAKE UP FOR THE SUFFERING YOU'VE ENDURED.

HOWEVER, THERE IS ONE CONSOLATION. THE MAN WHO DID THIS TO YOU IS TAKING YOUR PLACE. FOR HIM, THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE—

—THIS TIME THE SENTENCE IS **LIFE**.

DANA

NEXT PROG:

SUPER BOWL

JUDGE DREDD

THE GREAT GAME OF **AMERICAN FOOTBALL** IS ONE OF THE FEW TRADITIONS TO SURVIVE THE TURMOIL OF THE 21st CENTURY INTACT WELL, **ALMOST** INTACT...

GRRRR!

RRRR!

HUP! HUP! **HUP!**

GRRRHH!

THE PLAYERS **HAVE** CHANGED A LITTLE — THEY'RE **BIONIC**. AT LEAST, UNDER THE **BIONIC LIMITATION CODE** OF THE M.F.L. **25 PER CENT** OF THEIR BODIES ARE BIONIC.

THE RULES, HOWEVER, REMAIN EXACTLY THE SAME...

SNECKER!

EAT **THIS!**

GRRRAAAAHHH!

GRRRAAAAHHH!

KILL! KILL! **KILL!**

YA SPLUG!

TONIGHT, THE **SOUTH-SIDE RADIATORS** FACE THE **OLD TOWN RATS** IN THE FINAL OF GRIDIRON FOOTBALL'S ANCIENT CHAMPIONSHIP — **SUPERBOWL CXXXIV!**

BAGGLIO

WASSAMATTA WITCHA, YA BIMBOS? YER PLAYIN' LIKE A BUNCHA **NANCY-JUVES!**

KOWALSKI! WHAT WAS YA DOIN' WID DAT BALL-CARRIER— **KISSIN'** HIM?

SORRY, COACH. MY BIONICS IS PLAYIN' UP!

YOU **FLINK A TACKLE** LIKE DAT TONIGHT, AN' WE CAN ALL KISS DA SUPERBOWL **GOODBYE!**

MAYBE YOU CAN KISS IT GOODBYE ANY-WAY, COACH BAGGLIO.

WE JUST HAD A CALL. SOME **MANIAC'S** OUT TO **BLOW THE RADIATORS** TO **HELL** — BEFORE THEY EVEN **REACH** THE **SUPERBOWL!**

SUPER BOWL

PART 1

SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER

ART
KIM RAYMOND

LETTERING
T. JACOB

IT'S A *HOAX*, RIGHT?

MORE THAN LIKELY. ON THE OTHER HAND, THERE COULD BE A 100% GENUINE *CRAZY* OUT THERE WITH A HEAVY DUTY *SPIT GUN* AND A FISTFUL OF *EXPLOSIVES*. WE DON'T KNOW YET.

UNNGHH!

MY RADIATORS ARE *CERTS* TO WIN THE SUPER-BOWL! YOU GOTTA GIVE US *PROTECTION!*

THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE. CARRY ON WITH YOUR TRAINING SESSION, COACH. WE'LL GET ON WITH OUR WORK.

WITH JUDGE DREDD, HIS LATEST ROOKIE, DEKKER —

WE'VE GOT JUDGES CHECKING RADIATOR SECURITY. AN H-WAGON'S TAKING A LOOK FROM THE AIR. WHAT'S THE NEXT STEP, DEKKER?

IF THIS KOOK'S SERIOUS, COULD BE HE'S *ALREADY* PLANTED SOME-THING — BOOBY-TRAP MAYBE, OR A BOMB.

TO EARN THE FULL EAGLE AND BLACK HELMET OF A JUDGE, EVERY ROOKIE IS TESTED IN ACTUAL COMBAT CONDITIONS UNDER THE STERN EYE OF A SENIOR JUDGE —

WE'LL CALL IN A TEK-SQUAD TO CHECK OUT ALL TEAM AREAS. THE MOST LIKELY PLACE FOR A DEVICE IS THE *LOCKER ROOM*. WE BETTER GET STARTED THERE.

GOOD. CALL IN YOUR SQUAD AND GET ON WITH IT.

IN THE TEAM LOCKER ROOM —

OPENING LOCKERS IS ALWAYS RISKY. YOUR BIKE EXPLOSIVES METER WON'T PICK UP BOOBYTRAPS.

OPEN FROM A DISTANCE. KEEP YOUR BODY SHIELDED WATCH FOR THREADS OR TRIPWIRES.

WELL, WELL.. WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

BENGHAZI

STOOKIE PILLS! THE ILLEGAL YOUTH DRUG.

AND THE PENALTY FOR POSSESSION?

12 MONTHS, MANDATORY. THE QUANTITY INVOLVED HERE IS SMALL. PENDING FURTHER INVESTIGATION, I'D RECOMMEND THE MINIMUM.

WHAT ABOUT *PUBLIC VIZ?*

OH, YES— *PUBLIC VISIBILITY.* "A PERSON IN THE PUBLIC EYE MUST BE PUNISHED *MORE* SEVERELY, AS AN EXAMPLE TO OTHERS"

LET'S SLAP ON ANOTHER THREE MONTHS.

BENGHAZI

FIFTEEN MONTHS IT IS, THEN. BENGHAZI'S LOCKER, EH? WONDERED HOW THE OLD VET KEPT HIMSELF SO YOUNG.

AFTER THE RADIATORS' TRAINING SESSION—

WE'VE CHECKED THE ENTIRE GROUND— FOUND NO SIGN OF ANY ATTACK OR ATTACKER HOWEVER, WE *DID* FIND ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO CONVICT *THREE* OF YOUR TEAM ON *CRIMINAL CHARGES.*

CH BAGGLIO

WHAAAAT?

BENGHAZI— POSSESSION OF STOOKIE PILLS *FIFTEEN MONTHS.*

SABATA— POSSESSION OF BANNED VID-ZINES. *SIX MONTHS.*

HOWLITZ— POSSESSION OF AN UNLICENSED FIREARM. *TWO YEARS.*

B-BUT DEY'RE THREE OF MY *KEY* GUYS! YOU *CAN'T* ARREST DEM!

RADIATORS 38

RADIATORS 77

WOULD YOU HAVE US *IGNORE* EVIDENCE OF A CRIME, COACH BAGGLIO?

ER... NO, OF COURSE NOT! ALL I'M SAYIN' IS— CAN'T IT WAIT TILL *AFTER* DA *SUPERBOWL?*

GET THIS AND GET THIS STRAIGHT, BAGGLIO - THE *LAW* DOES *NOT* WAIT FOR *FOOTBALL GAMES!* YOUR PLAYERS COMMITTED A CRIME - THEIR *TIME* STARTS *NOW!*

ULP! A-ALRIGHT, ALREADY!

TAKE 'EM AWAY!

THE ROOKIE'S DISPLAYING A GOOD POSITIVE ATTITUDE— SHE'S ESTABLISHED HER AUTHORITY IMMEDIATELY LET'S SEE IF SHE KEEPS IT UP.

CONTROL TO DREDD. JUST HAD ANOTHER CALL FROM YOUR *RADIATOR HATER*. CLAIMS HE'S GOT AN *INSIDE MAN* HELPING HIM — ONE OF THE TEAM.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT, DEKKER?

SOUNDS MORE AND MORE LIKE A HOAX, SIR STILL, WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES. *LIE DETECTOR* TESTS ON THE WHOLE TEAM IS THE EASIEST WAY TO CHECK.

OFFICES

OKAY— HANDLE IT. I WANT TO GO OVER ROUTE SECURITY TO THE SUPER-BOWL.

AS THE HOUR OF THE GAME APPROACHED, DREDD FINALISED HIS PREPARATIONS—

SECURITY

SECTOR 28

SUPERBOWL

SECURITY COVER AT THE BOWL ITSELF IS MASSIVE. AN H-WAGON WILL PICK UP YOUR MEN AND FLY THEM DIRECTLY TO THE STADIUM.

THE H-WAGON'S COMING IN NOW. GET YOUR TEAM LINED UP.

The Crater Bowl

HOME OF THE SOUTH-SIDE RADIATORS!

LET'S SEE... *SHOOTER*, YOU'RE NEXT FOR THE LIE DETECTOR.

AIN'T GOT TIME NOW, HONEY WE'RE LEAVIN'!

MAKE TIME!

DO YOU KNOW OF ANY PERSON OR PERSONS WHO WISH TO STOP THE RADIATORS WINNING TONIGHT?

N-NO! 'COURSE I DON'T!

FUNNY. LIE DETECTOR SAYS YOU *DO*

GYM

SPUG YOU AND YOUR SNOOPIN' MACHINE!

CRASH

YOU AIN'T TALKIN' TO NOBODY, GIRL!

UNNHH!

DAMN IT—

THE WEIGHTS!

NEXT PROG *The End of a Promising Career!*

JUDGE DREDD

QUASI-BIONIC AMERICAN FOOTBALL! TONIGHT, THE SOUTH SIDE RADIATORS MEET THE OLD TOWN RATS IN THE FINAL OF SUPERBOWL CXXXIV – BUT AN UNKNOWN MANIAC HAS THREATENED TO BLOW THE RADIATORS' TEAM SKY HIGH!

RADIATORS FOREVER

JUDGE DREDD AND HIS LATEST ROOKIE, DEKKER, ARRIVE TO PROVIDE PROTECTION. BUT NOW, IN THE RADIATORS' LOCKER ROOM –

THE WEIGHTS –!

GOTTA ROLL!

SWASH!

YOU MOVE FAST, HONEY – BUT I AIN'T FINISHED WITH YOU YET!

YOU'RE FINISHED ALL RIGHT...

SUPER BOWL PART 2

SCRIPT T.B GROVER
ART KIM RAYMOND
LETTERING T.FRAME

...HONEY!

WHUMMPP!

TROUBLE?

NOT ANY MORE, SIR.

I ASKED **SHOOTER** HERE THE STANDARD QUESTION - "DO YOU KNOW OF ANY PERSON WISHING TO STOP THE RADIATORS WINNING TONIGHT?" CAME UP **POSITIVE** ON THE **LIE DETECTOR**.

OKAY, CREEP! WHAT'S YOUR CONNECTION WITH THE MANIAC WHO'S THREATENING THE RADIATORS ?

IT AIN'T WHAT YOU THINK - **HONEST!** LEMME EXPLAIN... I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!

ABOVE, THE RADIATORS TEAM BOARDS THE H-WAGON THAT WILL TAKE THEM TO THE SUPERBOWL -

SHOOTER! WHERE'S SHOOTER?

RIGHT HERE!

OH NO! NOT **ANUDDER** ONE UNDER ARREST! DON'T TELL ME DAT **SHOOTER'S** WORKIN' WID DIS MANIAC ?

HE'S NOT. BUT THE LIE DETECTOR TEST TURNED UP SOMETHING ELSE -

SEEMS YOUR MAN SHOOTER'S BEEN TAKING **BRIBES** FROM A GAMBLING SYNDICATE TO **THROW** THE SUPERBOWL GAME.

I AIN'T TAKIN' ALL THE RAP! **DONOVAN** THERE WAS IN ON IT, TOO!

NO! NOT MY **QUARTERBACK!**

CLIK!

SORRY, COACH. THE MONEY WAS TOO GOOD TO RESIST!

DAT'S **FIVE** OF MY KEY PLAYERS **DOIN' TIME** SINCE YOU SHOWED UP, JUDGE DREDD! I THOUGHT YOU WAS HERE TO **PROTECT** US!

I TOLD YOU BEFORE – WE CANNOT IGNORE EVIDENCE OF A CRIME.

*MINUTES LATER, THE DEPLETED RADIATORS SQUAD SETS OFF. JUSTICE DEPT. H-WAGONS PROVIDE AN ESCORT ALL THE WAY TO THE **SUPERBOWL** –*

A SOLID WALL OF MEGA-CITY'S FINEST SCREENS THE PLAYERS' ENTRANCE –

OUR MANIAC MIGHT STRIKE DURING THE GAME. HOW'S BOWL SECURITY HOLDING UP?

WE'RE **X-RAYING** EVERYONE ENTERING THE GROUND. IF YOUR MAN SHOWS, HE'S NAILED!

AS THE KICK-OFF APPROACHES, EXCITEMENT BUILDS TO FEVER PITCH –

OLD TOWN RATS

IT'S A FINE EVENING HERE IN THE **SUPERBOWL**, SPORTS FANS, AND THE TEAMS WILL BE COMING OUT SOON! THE **RADIATORS** ARE STILL **HOT FAVOURITES** – ALTHOUGH I'VE HEARD THERE ARE LAST-MINUTE **TEAM CHANGES**!

IN THE RADIATORS' DRESSING ROOM –

OKAY – WE'VE LOST **FIVE GOOD MEN**. IT'S GONNA BE **TOUGH** OUT DERE – BUT ARE WE OUTTA DA GAME?

NO!

RADIATORS 10

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DAMN RIGHT WE AIN'T! WE'RE GONNA GO OUT DERE AN' **PULP 'EM**! WE'RE GONNA **BREAK BONES**!

KOWALSKI! DAT QUARTERBACK OF THEIRS HAS GOTTA BE **TAKEN OUT**. HIT HIM EARLY – **FOUL** HIM IF YOU HAVETA! **I – WANT – DAMAGE**!

HE'S DAMAGED, COACH!

AHEM...

COACH BERNACIOUS BAGGLIO – I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR **INCITEMENT** TO **VIOLENCE.**

WHAAAT? B-B-BUT THAT WAS JUST **TEAM TALK!** I DIDN'T REALLY **MEAN** FOR 'EM TO ACTUALLY **HURT** ANYBODY!

LIE DETECTOR SAYS YOU **DID.** OWING TO THE PARTICULARLY VICIOUS NATURE OF YOUR INTENTIONS, I'M SENTENCING YOU TO **FIVE YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE.**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE **SNIGGERING** AT, KOWALSKI –

CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT VIOLENCE – **TWELVE MONTHS!**

GOOD JOB YOU PICKED UP ON THAT, DEKKER. IF YOU'D MISSED IT, I'D HAVE FAILED YOU.

CLIK!

CONTROL TO DREDD.. EMERGENCY'S OVER. YOUR MANIAC MADE THE MISTAKE OF USING THE SAME PHONE BOOTH AGAIN – WE PICKED HIM UP. HE WAS JUST A **HOAXER.**

FIGURED HE WAS. I'LL CALL OFF THE OPERATION.

YOU HEARD THE NEWS. YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR. CARRY ON –

OH...AND GOOD LUCK WITH THE BALL GAME.

SKEGG

DREDD

OKAY! WE'VE LOST **SIX GOOD MEN** – AND THE **COACH**. IT'S GONNA BE **TOUGH** OUT THERE, BUT WE'RE GONNA GO OUT AND PLAY... ER... **HARD!**

WELL, ER... **QUITE** HARD!

THE TEAM WHICH RUNS OUT ONTO THE FIELD IS A PALE SHADOW OF THE MIGHTY RADIATORS –

AND HERE COME **THE RADIATORS!** BUT WHERE ARE THEIR STAR NAMES? WHERE'S **BENGHAZI – SABATA – HOWLITZ**? WHERE'S **SHOOTER**? AND THE QUARTERBACK – **DONOVAN**? AND WHERE'S THEIR POWERHOUSE TACKLE, **KOWALSKI**?

COME TO THINK OF IT – WHERE'S **COACH BAGGLIO**?

I'LL TELL YA WHERE – IN DA **POKEY**! DO ME A FAVOUR, DREDD. . .

NEXT TIME DA RADIATORS NEED PROTECTION – DON'T **GIVE** US NO PROTECTION!

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, CREEP – AT LEAST YOU'RE FIELDING A **CLEAN TEAM!**

EPILOGUE: *DISPIRITED AND DEMORALISED, THE HALF-STRENGTH RADIATORS CRASH TO THE* **BIGGEST DEFEAT** *EVER WITNESSED IN THE* **SUPERBOWL'S** *LONG AND ILLUSTRIOUS HISTORY –*

OLD TOWN RATS 94

RADIATORS 00

ISO-CUBE 133, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS BUILDING UP THE NUCLEUS OF A DARNED FINE FOOTBALL TEAM!

NEXT PROG: **BINGO!**

JUDGE DREDD

BINGO!

ALONG WITH **DEKKER**, HIS LATEST ROOKIE, **JUDGE DREDD** IS INVESTIGATING AN ABANDONED '**DUST ZONE** WAREHOUSE –

MUST BE A THOUSAND **SENIOR CITIZENS** IN THERE. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, ROOKIE ?

YOU GET THAT MANY **OVER-SIXTIES** IN ONE BASKET, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING IT **CAN** MEAN – **ILLEGAL BINGO GAME !**

IT WAS ANOTHER **RELIC** FROM THE **20TH CENTURY**. A GAMBLING GAME SO **COMULSIVE** IT COULD **NEVER** BE STAMPED OUT –

TWO FAT KNEEPADS – 66 !

WHAT'S THE STANDARD OPERATIONAL PROCEDURE ?

IN VIEW OF THE ADVANCED AGE OF THE PARTICIPANTS, THE MATTER NEEDS CAREFUL HANDLING. YOU KNOW WHAT THESE **OLD CROCKS** ARE LIKE –

"WE GO STROLLING IN THERE, THE **SHOCK** OF SEEING US COULD RESULT IN A **SERIOUS MASS MEDICAL BACKLASH."**

THE BOARD CHECKS OUT, CALLER. WE GOT OURSELVES A **WINNER !**

UH-UUUH-UUUH !

"EVEN THE SHOCK OF **WINNING** CAN BE **FATAL** –"

HEART ATTACK ! GET THAT OXYGEN ON HER – **QUICK !**

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART KIA RAYMOND
LETTERING T. FRAME

COME ON, YOU OLD BIDDY! DON'T **DIE** ON US!

SHE'S COMING ROUND!

WUMP!

CONGRATULATIONS, MADAM! YOU HAVE WON A **DE LUXE DIGITAL CORSET!**

WE GO IN THE BACK WAY - TRY TO BUST THE **BINGO OPERATORS** WITHOUT ALARMING THE **PUNTERS.**

YOU'RE IN CHARGE. LEAD THE WAY.

SILENCERS ON!

DEKKER'S GOOD - MY BEST ROOKIE EVER. NOW LET'S SEE IF SHE CAN MATCH HER **TEXTBOOK** LEARNING WITH A LITTLE **PRACTICAL APPLICATION.**

WAIT... BINGO GANG **LOOK-OUT!**

YOU STAY HERE.

PSSSSST!

HUH-?

WHAPP!

GOOD TECHNIQUE!

CREEP'S OUT FOR THE COUNT, SIR.

DOOR'S LOCKED— METAL CROSSBAR. IT'S LIFTING—

SOUNDS LIKE THE GAME'S STILL RUNNING.

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, ROOKIE—

WHOOP-DE-DOO...32!

KELLY'S EAR...NUMBER 17!

POST-WAR RATIONS... BLIND ZERO!

YOUR NUMBER'S UP, CREEP!

I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR ILLEGAL GAMING. FREEZE!

DAMN ROOKIE! EAT LEAD—

I SAID FREEZE!

FTT!

UUNHH!

WANT TO JOIN HIM?

N-NO!

GOOD. THE ILLEGAL PROCEEDS ARE CONFISCATED. ON YOUR FEET!

HOW MANY MORE INSIDE THE HALL?

TH-THREE! THE CALLER AND TWO ASSISTANTS.

FEELING FINE... 99!

YOU'RE GOING TO WALK OUT THERE NICE AND QUIET - TELL THE CALLER TO SHUT DOWN THE GAME. I'LL BE WATCHING YOU ALL THE WAY - SO NO TRICKS, NO EXCITEMENT.

WHAT? DROKK!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! OWING TO...ER... CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL, WE MUST CLOSE TODAY'S SESSION RATHER EARLY - IN FACT, RIGHT NOW!

THIS WILL ALSO BE THE LAST BINGO GAME TO BE HELD ON THESE PREMISES FOR, UM... QUITE SOME TIME!

TYPICAL! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO CALL BLOCK!

OH DEAR! WHATEVER ARE WE GOING TO DO?

I'VE HEARD THERE'S ANOTHER GAME OVER ON BOUVERIE STREET. LET'S TRY THERE.

BACKSTAGE, DEKKER MAKES HER ARRESTS -

GAMBLING IS ILLEGAL. YOUR CRIME IS PARTICULARLY HEINOUS BECAUSE YOU PREY ON THE ELDERLY - TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THEIR TRAGIC COMPULSION TO MILK THEM OF EVERY CRED YOU CAN GET.

FIVE YEARS' HARD!

GOOD WORK, ROOKIE. WHAT ACTION DO WE TAKE AGAINST THE PLAYERS?

NONE. THEY CAN'T HELP THEMSELVES.

THEY'RE BINGOHOLICS. THEIR ADDICTION TO THE GAME IS A MEDICAL PROBLEM. IT'S BEEN WITH US FOR 200 YEARS - I DON'T SUPPOSE WE'LL EVER WIPE IT OUT.

CORRECT - UNFORTUNATELY.

STRANGE. WE CAN COLONISE DISTANT PLANETS - WE CAN SEND PROBES THROUGH THE HEART OF THE SUN -

BUT WE STILL CAN'T FIND A CURE FOR BINGO.

NEXT PROG: THE MAKING OF A JUDGE!

JUDGE DREDD

IN

THE MAKING OF A JUDGE.

BULLION CARRIER ONE-O-ONE ON SKEDWAY SOUTH. EMERGENCY CODE RED! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK! REPEAT —

UNDER ATTACK!

CONTROL TO DREDD — **BULLION HEIST** IN PROGRESS SKEDWAY SOUTH!

MOVE IT, DEKKER!

***DEKKER**, JUDGE DREDD'S LATEST **ROOKIE** — STRIVING TO WIN THE **BLACK HELMET** AND **FULL EAGLE** OF A TRUE JUDGE —*

SO FAR, THE ROOKIE'S DONE WELL. **NOW FOR THE TEST OF FIRE!**

BZZT! FZZT!

12 SECONDS! HURRY IT UP WITH THOSE **LAZ-SAWS!**

FZZZZZZZZ

SCRIPT T B GROVER

ART KIM RAYMOND

LETTERING T FRAME

40 SECONDS! TIME'S UP! LEAVE THE REST – LET'S GO! GO! GO!

TIME FOR JUST ONE MORE –

NO TIME, CHUGGIE!

A-AAGH!

BADDABAKKA BADDABAKK

DON'T GO TALKIN' TO ANY JUDGES, HEAR?

SKREEE!

WEEOOWAA

SCKREEE!

IT'S YOUR SHOW, DEKKER!

THE HEISTERS – WHERE?

TOOK OFF DOWN THE SKED! THEY'RE IN A DARK PUCE FOORD HUTCHBACK STATWAG!

LET'S RIDE!

ROOKIE DEKKER TO CONTROL! BULLION HEISTERS IN DARK PUCE STATWAG LAST SEEN HEADING EAST ON THE SKEDWAY. REQUEST **H-WAGON** SURVEILLANCE!

H-WAGON AVAILABILITY MINIMUM TEN MINUTES.

OKAY – **CANCEL!**

WATCHING BAY 1150 TO DEKKER! GOT YOUR PUCE FOORD ON VISUAL. THEY'RE TURNING DOWN **FOAMER'S WAY.** LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HEADING INTO THE **BARRYO HOUSING COMPLEX!**

THE BARRYO'S A MAZE OF RABBIT WARRENS! GOT TO HEAD 'EM OFF BEFORE THEY REACH IT.

COMPUTER – PLOT ME AN **INTERCEPT!**

DOWNTOWN EXIT. TURN RIGHT ON SCULLY'S RISE. WHEN YOU HIT X-PRESSWAY CUT AGAINST THE FLOW. PROJECT INTERCEPT AT LLOYD BRIDGES BRIDGE APPROACH.

TEXTBOOK PROCEDURE. QUICK, DECISIVE THINKING. USES HER BIKE WELL. KEEP IT UP, DEKKER.

AT THE ***X-PRESSWAY,*** *DEKKER'S SIREN BLARES A WARNING TO THE ONRUSHING TRAFFIC –*

WEEEEEEEOOOOOOOAAAAAA

GRUD! JUDGES ON THE SLIP-STRIP!

MANIACS!

LLOYD BRIDGE

THERE THEY ARE!

JUDGES!

BIKE CANNON!

BUDDABUDDABUD

VDDDOOOKPH!

YEEAGH!

BLAM! BLAM!

UUNHH–

LOSE 'EM IN THE BLOCK!

CLEAR THE WAY! CLEAR THE WAY, I SAID!

HMMM... VOICE COULD USE MORE **AUTHORITY**. STILL – THAT SHOULD COME WITH TIME.

ELEVATOR 109

THEY'VE TAKEN THE ELEVATOR. WE WAIT – CHECK WHAT LEVEL THEY GET OUT.

*THE TRAIL LEADS TO AN APARTMENT ON THE **109TH FLOOR** –*

THEY'RE IN WITH THE CONNORS, JUDGE!

ALL RIGHT. GET BACK TO YOUR HOMES, CITIZENS. WE'LL HANDLE THIS.

WE GOT **HOSTAGES**! YOU JUDGES BEAT IT – OR THEY **DIE**!

WAIT HERE, SIR. I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK-SEE FROM THE FLOOR ABOVE!

IN APARTMENT 110b –

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT BUSINESS, CITIZEN. YOU'LL BE FULLY REIMBURSED.

THEY'VE GOT A YOUNG COUPLE IN THERE, HOLDING GUNS TO THEIR HEADS! RECKON I CAN NAIL 'EM BEFORE THEY GET A CHANCE TO SHOOT!

IT'S YOUR DECISION, DEKKER.

IT BETTER BE A GOOD ONE! IF SHE'S **RIGHT**, THE CITY GAINS ANOTHER JUDGE.

"IF SHE'S **WRONG** –"

BEFORE HER BOOTS HIT FLOOR, DEKKER FIRES TWICE –

AGH!

BDAM! BDAM!

AHH!

CRACKK!!

DEKKER?

DON'T EVEN **THINK** ABOUT IT, CREEP!

YOU PEOPLE ALL RIGHT?

YES! THANKS TO YOU, JUDGE!

SHE AIN'T NO JUDGE - SHE'S JUST A **ROOKIE!**

CORRECTION, CITIZEN. AS OF THIS MOMENT, **SHE IS A JUDGE!**

AT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, A SOLEMN CEREMONY TAKES PLACE -

DEKKER, YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELF WORTHY TO WEAR THE **BLACK HELMET** AND **FULL EAGLE BADGE** OF A **MEGA-CITY JUDGE.**

WEAR THEM WITH **HONOUR.**

YOU'LL MAKE A FINE JUDGE, DEKKER. YOUR PERFORMANCE WAS PRACTICALLY FAULTLESS.

I CAN'T TAKE ALL THE CREDIT - I HAD A GOOD **TEACHER.**

YOUR OWN TEXTBOOK - **DREDD'S COMPORTMENT** - WAS MY STANDARD REFERENCE AT THE ACADEMY.

SEE YOU ON THE STREETS, DREDD!

NEXT PROG: **THE WRECKERS!**

JUDGE DREDD

YOU SEE THE SIGN AS YOU COME OUT OF **SECTOR 26** ON THE THROUGHWAY. SECTOR 27 WAR DAMAGE ZONE AHEAD – **BEWARE OF WRECKERS.**

SECTOR 27 WAR DAMAGE ZONE AHEAD
BEWARE OF WRECKERS

MINIMUM SPEED 250KPH

ONE WAY

SOME PEOPLE CHICKEN OUT AT THE LAST MINUTE – TAKE THE DETOUR. BUT NOT YOU. . .

JUSTICE DEPT. RECOMMENDED DETOUR
GET IN LANE

OH NO! AND ADD **50 KILOMETRES** TO YOUR JOURNEY? YOU GOTTA BE JOKING!

YOU'VE MADE THIS RUN PLENTY TIMES BEFORE. NOTHIN' EVER HAPPENED. NOTHIN' WILL HAPPEN TONIGHT.

SO WHY ARE YOU **SWEATING**?

WHY DO YOU HUNCH DOWN TIGHTER IN YOUR SEAT AS YOU PASS THE LAST NEON WARNINGS?

MAINTAIN SPEED
CLOSE ALL WINDOWS
DO NOT STOP FOR ANY REASON

'COS THE **WRECKERS** ARE OUT THERE – AND TONIGHT COULD BE **YOUR** NIGHT!

THE WRECKERS!

PART 1

LET'S DO IT!

NO ENTRY

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T FRAME

AND SUDDENLY — YOU'RE DEAD!

CRASH!

AAAAH!

SHATTAAA

KERUMP!

EEEAAAGH!

CRAASH!

SWEET JOSH! PILE-UP!

THE BRAKES, MARVIN!

THEN THE WRECKERS COME OUT TO PREY!

OH MY GOD!

LOCK THE DOORS!

HELP!

NO! NO!

M-MY JEWELS!

T-TAKE WHAT YOU WANT! JUST DON'T KILL US!

ATTENTION ALL UNITS VICINITY 27 THROUGHWAY! WRECKING IN PROGRESS!

DREDD HERE – RESPONDING!

AAAWOOOAAAWOOOAAAW

JUDGES!

JUDGES!

ROAD'S BLOCKED AHEAD –

LEAP 'EM!

ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THIS —

BIKE CANNON!

BUDDA! BUDDA!!

AAGH!

JUDGES CONVERGING FROM OTHER DIRECTIONS ROUND UP ONE OR TWO —

URRG!

UNNH!

BUT THE **WRECKERS** ARE MELTING AWAY — DISAPPEARING INTO THE NIGHTMARE LANDSCAPE...

STASHING THE EVIDENCE —

BECOMING ORDINARY CITIZENS AGAIN.

AND IF THE NEIGHBOURS SUSPECT ANYTHING... WHY, THEY WON'T SAY A WORD. THEIR HUSBANDS ARE PROBABLY OUT THERE WRECKING TOO!

TWO WRECKERS DEAD — FOUR CAPTURED. SMALL CHANGE, AS USUAL!

AND NO TIME TO FOLLOW UP ON THE OTHERS.

ATTENTION ALL UNITS VICINITY **B. HAYNES WAY. WRECKING IN PROGRESS!**

RENSKI, TAKE CARE OF THINGS HERE! THE REST OF YOU — **RIDE!**

*NEXT DAY, DREDD SEES THE **CHIEF JUDGE** —*

THE **WRECKERS** IN SECTOR 27 ARE GETTING OUT OF HAND. IT'S TIME WE CRACKED DOWN. I WANT YOU IN CHARGE OF THE OPERATION.

I'M PULLING IN 100 JUDGES FROM OTHER DETAILS. THAT'S ALL WE CAN SPARE, I'M AFRAID.

YOU HAVE 48 HOURS. **CLEAN OUT THE WRECKERS!**

CONSIDER 'EM CLEANED!

NEXT PROG: **CRACK DOWN — CRACK UP!**

JUDGE DREDD

FROM HIS APARTMENT WINDOW, **JOE GIBBS** PEERS OUT ON THE NIGHTMARE LANDSCAPE OF SECTOR 27.

DARKNESS IS FALLING. A **MIST** IS CREEPING IN OVER THE WAR-TORN TERRAIN.

EAST

SECTOR 27

RECKON I'LL GO OUT FOR A WHILE.

BE CAREFUL, JOE.

AIN'T I ALWAYS?

IN THE ABANDONED APARTMENT NEXT DOOR, JOE COLLECTS HIS GEAR FROM ITS HIDING PLACE.

OUTSIDE, THE MIST IS THICKENING FAST. VISIBILITY IS DOWN TO 15 METRES. IT'S GOING TO BE A GOOD NIGHT. . .

A GOOD NIGHT FOR...

THE WRECKERS! PART 2

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T FRAME

WHERE'S THE **ACTION** TONIGHT ?

HEARD THERE'S SOMETHIN' HAPPENIN' ON THE **CAUSEWAY.**

NAH! NOT MUCH **TRAFFIC** THERE. POOR PICKIN'S !

GOT A FANCY FOR THE **THROUGHWAY TUNNEL** – DROP THAT BIG OLD SIGN RIGHT DOWN ON THEIR HEADS !

YEAH ! PASS THE WORD – **THE THROUGHWAY TUNNEL !**

THE WRECKERS GATHER ABOVE THE APPROACH TO THE THROUGHWAY. THERE'S **STRENGTH** IN NUMBERS. THEY'LL ATTACK **TOGETHER.**

BEWARE OF WRECKERS

BELOW, THE DRIVERS STREAK BY, NEVER DREAMING TO LOOK **UP.** THEIR EYES ARE FIXED ON THE ROAD. THE **SOONER** THEY'RE CLEAR OF THIS SECTOR, THE **BETTER.**

27 IS **BAD WRECKING COUNTRY !**

AND NO WONDER. THE WHOLE SECTOR SHOULD HAVE BEEN CONDEMNED AFTER THE WAR. UNFIT FOR HUMAN HABITATION.

BUT WHAT COULD YOU DO ? PEOPLE HAVE TO LIVE SOMEWHERE. AND IF THAT SOMEWHERE HAPPENS TO BE A RATHOLE LIKE **SECTOR 27,** THEN SO BE IT.

BUT DON'T EXPECT THE RESIDENTS TO **LOVE** YOU.

IN FACT, YOU PASS THROUGH **27** AND YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE THOSE SELF-SAME RESIDENTS ARE GOING TO BE OUT THERE DOING THEIR DAMNEDEST TO **NAIL** YOU.

OKAY – **DROP IT !**

SHNNK

SHANNG!

OH MY SWEET CREMOLA!

BEWARE BADDANNG!

AAAH!

TAKE 'EM!

BUT TONIGHT A **DEADLIER** CREW IS ON THE ROAD!

ATTENTION **JUDGE DREDD!** WRECKING IN PROGRESS, THROUGHWAY TUNNEL!

RESPONDING!

WE'RE ALSO GETTING REPORTS OF A POSSIBLE INCIDENT ON **LINCOLN CAUSEWAY!**

HEGLER - TAKE TWENTY FIVE AND PEEL OFF. **SECURE THAT CAUSEWAY!**

NOOOO!

VROOM!

VROOM!

THE WRECKERS ARE TRAPPED IN THE TUNNEL –

BUDDA! BUDDA!

AAAH!

JUDGES!

HALF DREDD'S FORCE APPROACH FROM THE SECTOR 26 END –

YOU'RE SURROUNDED, CREEPS! SURRENDER WHILE YOU CAN!

AGHH!!

NOT ONE WRECKER ESCAPES –

26 SIDE SECURE, DREDD!

GOOD WORK!

CATCH WAGONS AND MED-SQUADS, MOVE IN!

IT IS FORTUNATE FOR JOE GIBBS THAT HE CHOSE THE **CAUSEWAY** WRECKING –

JUDGES! SCATTER!

HERE THERE ARE MORE **ESCAPE ROUTES** – MORE CHANCES OF **LOSING YOURSELF** AMONG THE RUINS –

STOP – OR I FIRE!

AAAH!

HOLY MOLEY! NEVER SAW SO MANY JUDGES!

HEGLER TO DREDD. WE GOT 14 WRECKERS UNDER WRAPS, ANOTHER 11 FOR THE MEAT WAGON. RECKON ABOUT 10 GOT AWAY.

OKAY – IMMEDIATE HOUSE TO HOUSE SEARCH. I'LL KEEP 40 JUDGES ON RESERVE, SEND THE REST TO YOU.

IT TAKES TWENTY HAIR-RAISING MINUTES FOR JOE GIBBS TO REACH HIS APARTMENT –

JOE! WHAT HAPPENED?

BIG JUDGE **CRACK-DOWN**... I WAS LUCKY TO GET **AWAY.**

CRASH!

ROUTINE SEARCH, CITIZEN. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT — UNLESS YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO **HIDE**.

CLAYTON

THESE BLOODSTAINS. **EXPLAIN!**

I...ER...

WE FOUND THIS DISGUISE UNDER THE FLOOR OF THE NEXT DOOR APARTMENT.

IT'S NOT MINE! I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE!

WE'LL SEE WHAT YOUR STORY IS WHEN FORENSIC HAVE FINISHED WITH YOU. **MOVE!**

YOU TOO, CITIZEN.

*THAT NIGHT AND THE NEXT, DREDD'S FORCE KEEPS UP ITS RELENTLESS PRESSURE ON THE WRECKERS. WHEN THE 48 HOURS ALLOTTED TO THE CRACK-DOWN ARE UP, SECTOR 27 IS **QUIET**.*

OPERATION COMPLETED. ALL PERSONNEL RETURN TO NORMAL DUTIES.

*DREDD KNOWS HE HASN'T **CURED** THE PROBLEM. HE HASN'T CAUGHT **ALL** THE WRECKERS. AND IN ANY CASE, A SEWER LIKE SECTOR 27 **BREEDS** WRECKERS.*

AND SOMETIME — AND IT WON'T BE LONG — HE'LL BE ON PATROL AND HE'LL HEAR THE MESSAGE COMING THROUGH —

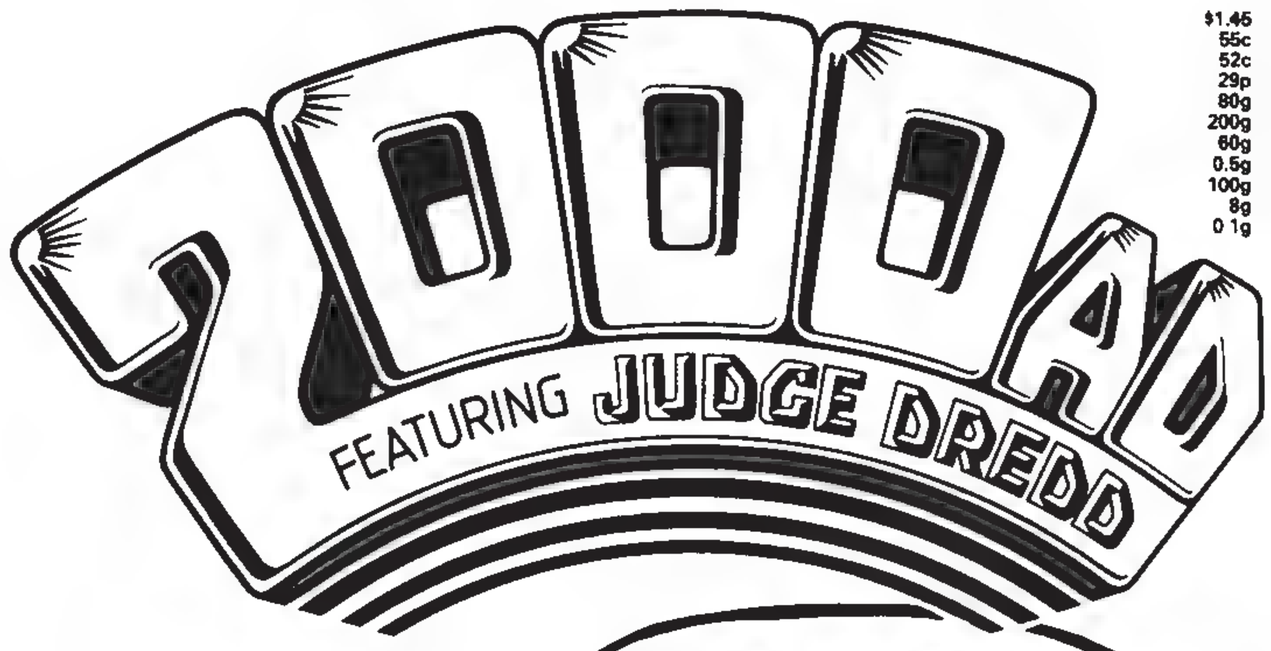
ATTENTION ALL JUDGES VICINITY 27 STRIPWAY — WRECKING IN PROGRESS!

*AND HE'LL KNOW SECTOR 27 IS **BUZZING** AGAIN.*

THE END

PROG 328
6 AUG 83

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY



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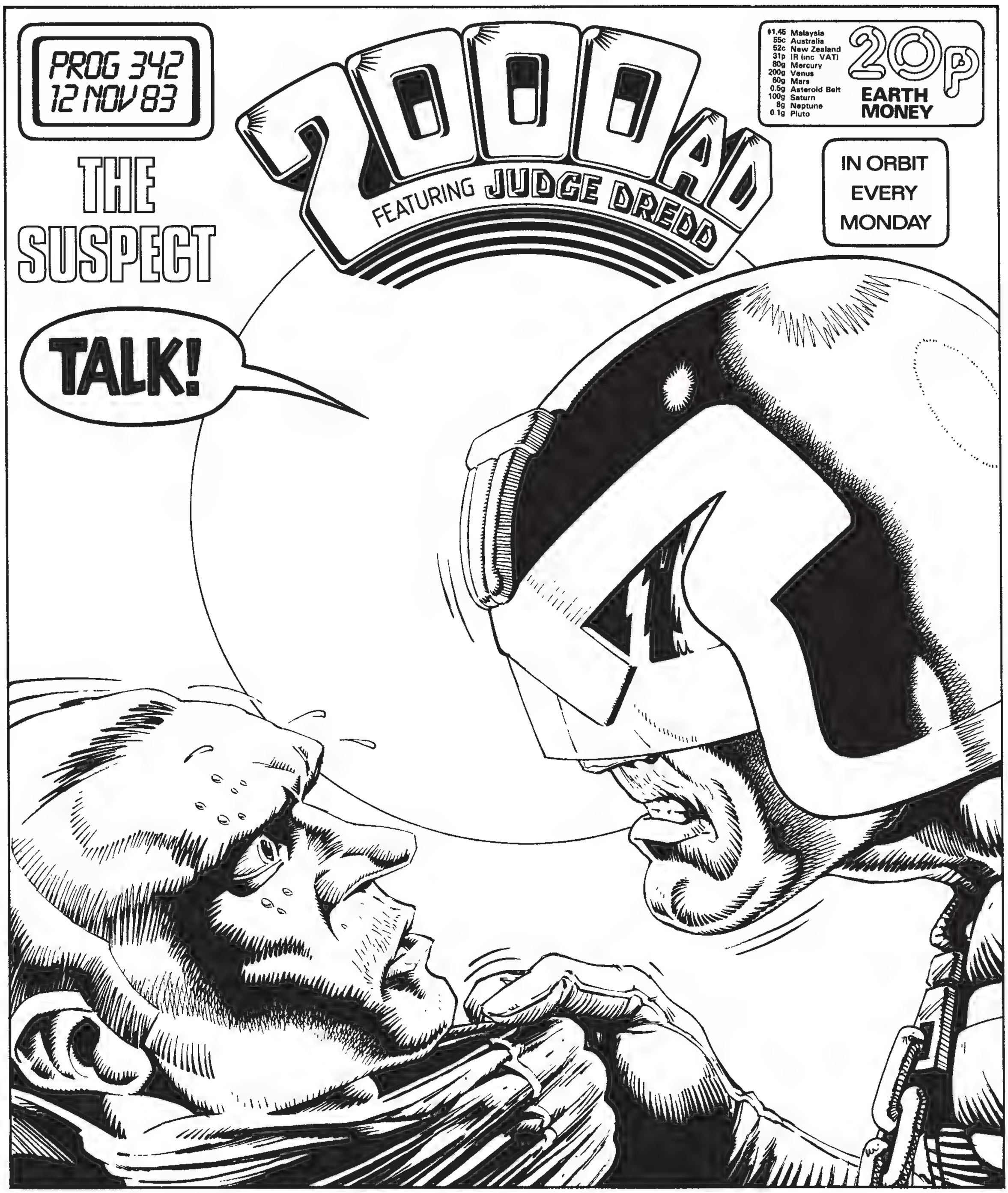
2000 AD Prog 328: Cover by **Steve Dillon**



2000 AD Prog 342: Cover by **Cam Kennedy**

WRITERS

With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name – not to mention over *250 Daily Star Judge Dredd* strips – **Alan Grant's** prolific creative record speaks for itself. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title, as well as his work on *Lobo, Tank Girl* and *The Terminator*. He has also adapted Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels *Kidnapped* and *Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde* in Graphic Novel format with artist Cam Kennedy. His television work includes scripts for the BBC series *Ace Lightning and the Carnival of Doom*.

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Ace Trucking, Al's Baby, Button Man,* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars, Lobo, The Punisher* and the critically-acclaimed *A History of Violence,* which was made into an award-winning movie by director David Cronenberg.

ARTISTS

Steve Dillon is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* writer and artist, and the creator of both *Hap Hazzard* and the Irish Judge Joyce. His writing for the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Future Shocks* and *Rogue Trooper*, while Dillon's pencils have graced *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Bad Company*, *Judge Dredd*, *Harlem Heroes*, *Ro-Busters*, *Rogue Trooper* and *Tyranny Rex*. Dillon shot to international superstardom as a result of his work on DC/Vertigo's *Preacher*, co-created with *2000 AD*'s Garth Ennis, but he has also worked on *A1*, *Animal Man*, *Captain Britain*, *Deadline*, *Hellblazer* and *Punisher*.

As co-creator of *Judge Dredd*, **Carlos Ezquerra** designed the classic original costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. He also co-created *Strontium Dog*. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Al's Baby* and *Cursed Earth Koburn* amongst many others. Outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', Ezquerra first illustrated *Third World War* in *Crisis* magazine, and has since become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis, working on *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade*, *Bloody Mary*, *Just a Pilgrim*, *Condors* and *The Magnificent Kevin*. He also pencilled two special *Preacher* episodes.

Ron Smith drew many *2000 AD* stories including some of the epic *Judge Dredd* tale "The Day The Law Died." His other work for *2000 AD* includes *Chronos Carnival* and *Tales of The Doghouse*.

Cam Kennedy is another hugely popular *2000 AD* artist, having illustrated many *Judge Dredd* strips and co-created luckless wannabe creator Kenny Who? and the Taxidermist. A key early *Rogue Trooper* artist, he has also drawn *Batman/Judge Dredd: Vendetta in Gotham*, *Judge Dredd*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *The V.C.'s*. His extracurricular work includes *Axel Pressbutton*, *Batman*, *Lobo*, *Nick Fury: Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.*, and *Star Wars*.

One of *2000 AD*'s best-loved and most honoured artists, **Ian Gibson** is responsible for the co-creation of *The Ballad of Halo Jones* (with Alan Moore), and created Bella Bagley, an unfortunate character in Judge Dredd's world who fell head-over-heels in love with 'Old Stoney Face' himself! His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad*, *Star Wars*, *X-Men Unlimited*, plus the designs for the TV series *Reboot*.

Kim Raymond illustrated various *2000 AD* strips including *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, and *Time Twisters*.

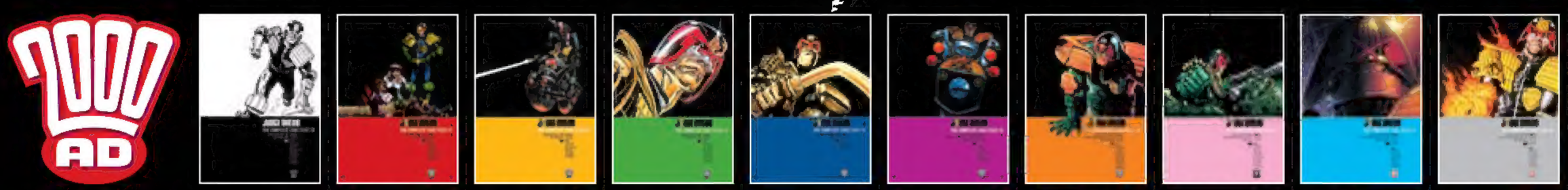
Since his Future Shock debut in Prog 37, **Brett Ewins** has been one of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic's most beloved artists. Co-creator of the classic *Bad Company*, Ewins has also contributed to *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Ro-Jaws*, *Robo-Tales* and *Universal Soldier*. Beyond *2000 AD*, Ewins was a co-founding editor of *Deadline* magazine, and co-pencilled and inked the hugely acclaimed *Skreemer* series, which he co-created with writer Peter Milligan. He also created *Johnny Nemo*, which was released by Cyberosia Publishing in the US.

Jim Baikie is co-creator of one of the more lovable aliens to ever feature in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic – *Skizz*. In addition to co-creating the character Baikie has illustrated *Cursitor Doom*, *Future Shocks* and *Judge Dredd*. He also co-created the hard-hitting political superhero series, *New Statesmen*, in *Crisis* magazine, and contributed to *Warrior* magazine's *Laser Eraser and Pressbutton*. In the US, Baikie has contributed to the *America's Best Comics Sketchbook*, DC's *Blackmask*, *Clive Barker's Nightbreed*, *Deathblow*, *Electric Warrior*, *Tomorrow Stories* and *Vigilante*.

JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES COLLECTION

THE LAW IN ORDER!



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